

A NEW SELECT
COLLECTION
OF
EPI T A P H S,

By T. WEBB.

VOL. II.
HUMOROUS, WHIMSICAL, SATYRICAL,
AND
INSCRIPTIVE.

Life's little Stage is a small Eminence,
Inch-high the Grave above ; the Theme of Man,
Where dwells the Multitude : We gaze around,
We read their Monuments, we sigh, and while
We sigh, we sink ; and are what we deplor'd ;
Lamenting, or lamented, all our Lot !

YOUNG.

Life soon expires ; and tho' 'tis fancy'd long,
Youth dies a Child, and Age itself is young.

OGILVIE.



L O N D O N :

Printed for S. BLADON, No. 16, Pater-Noster-Row.

MDCCLXXV.

A NEW SELECT

COLLECTION

W. Ausgrave



A NEW
~~SELECT COLLECTION~~
 OF
 E P I T A P H S.

HUMOROUS, WHIMSICAL, and
 SATYRICAL.

HOWE! howe! who is heare, *On the upper End.*
 I Robyn of Doncastere, } *On the right Hand*
 And Margaret my feare* } *Side.*
 That I spent, that I had; *On the lower End.*
 That I gave, that I have; } *On the left Hand*
 That I leste, that I losse. } *Side.*

On the Middle,

A. D. 1579.

Quoth ROBERTUS BYRKES
 Who in this Worlde
 Dyd reyne thre
 Skore Yeares and Seven
 And yet lyved not One.

[*Doncaster, Yorkshire.*]

Here lyeth the worthy Warriour
 Who never bloodied Sword;
 Here lyeth the noble Counsellor,
 Who never held his Word;

Here lyeth his Excellencie,
 Who ruled all the State;
 Here lyeth the Earl of *Leceſter*,
 Whom all the World did hate.

Sepultus apud *Warwick*, 10 *Octobris*, 1588.
 Obijt apud *Wichwood* Com. *Oxon.* 4 *Septembris*.

Ten in the Hundred lies here engrav'd,
 'Tis a Hundred to Ten his Soul is not sav'd;
 Many Man ask, who lies in this Tomb?
 Oho! quoth the Devil, 'tis my *John a Combe*.
 W. SHAKESPEAR.

This *Shakespear* wrote at the Desire of Mr. *Combe*.

For TOM A COMBE, *alias* THIN BEARD,
 Brother to JOHN A COMBE, said also to have
 been written by *Shakespear*.

Thin in Beard, and thick in Purse,
 Never Man beloved worse,
 He went to the Grave with many a Curse:
 The Devil and he had both one Nurse.

Mons sacer *Otwelli* sacratus Nomine Christi
 Hoc in *Monte* Deum Noſte Dieque colens:
 Hoc in *Monte* Dei Populo Jus dicit, et inde
 Moribus infames ad meliora vocat.
 Excipiunt *Montes* Domini *Montem* morientem,
Mons *Lincoln* Corpus, *Monsque* *Sion* Animam.

Which I think may be thus Engliſhed:

‘ On Doctor *Otwell* Hill.

- ‘ ‘Tis *Otwell* Hill, a holy Hill,
- ‘ And truly ſooth to ſay,
- ‘ Upon this Hill, he praised ſtill
- ‘ The Lord both Night and Day.

‘ Upon

- ‘ Upon this *Hill* this *Hill* did cry
- ‘ Aloud the Scripture Letter,
- ‘ And strove your wicked Villains by
- ‘ Good Counsel to make better.
- ‘ And now this *Hill*, tho’ under Stones,
- ‘ Has the Lord’s *Hills* to lie on ;
- ‘ For Lincoln *Hill* has got his Bones,
- ‘ His Soul the *Hill* of Sion.’

Here lieth *John Cruker*, a Maker of Bellows ;
His Craft’s Master, and King of Good Fellows ;
Yet when he came to the Houre of his Death,
He that made Bellowes could not make Breath.

J. HOSKINES.

*On the Cambridge Carrier, who sickened in the
Time of his Vacancy, being forbid to go to
London, by reason of the Plague.*

Here lies old *Hobson*, Death hath broke his Girt,
And here, alas ! hath laid him in the Dirt :
Or else, the Ways being foul, twenty to one,
He’s here stuck in a Slough, and overthrown.
’Twas such a Shifter, that if Truth were known,
Death was half glad when he had got him down ;
For he had any Time this ten Years full,
Dodg’d with him betwixt *Cambridge* and the *Bull*.
And surely Death could never have prevail’d,
Had not his weekly Course of Carriage fail’d :
But lately finding him so long at Home,
And thinking now his Journey’s End was come,
And that he had ta’en up his latest Inn,
In the kind Office of a Chamberlain,
Shew’d him his Room where he must lodge that Night,
Pull’d off his Boots, and took away the Light ;
If any ask for him, it shall be said,
Hobson has slept, and’s newly gone to bed.

JOHN MILTON.

E P I T A P H S.

On the same.

Here lieth one who did most truly prove,
 That he could never die while he could move.
 So hung his Destiny, never to rot
 While he might still jog on and keep his Trot ;
 Made of Sphere Metal, never to decay
 Until his Revolution was at stay.
 Time numbers Motion, yet (without a Crime
 'Gainst old Truth) Motion number'd out his Time :
 And, like an Engine mov'd with Wheel and Weight,
 His Principles being ceas'd, he ended strait.
 Rest, that gives all Men Life, gave him his Death,
 And too much Breathing put him out of Breath ;
 Nor were it Contradiction to affirm,
 Too long Vacation hasten'd on his Term.
 Merely to drive the Time away he sicken'd,
 Fainted and died, nor would with Ale be quicken'd.
 Nay, quoth he, on his Swooning-Bed outstretch'd,
 If I mayn't carry, sure I'll ne'er be fetch'd ;
 But vow, though the cross Doctors all stood Hearers,
 For one Carrier put down to make six Bearers.
 Ease was his chief Disease, and to judge right,
 He dy'd for Heaviness that his Cart went light.
 His Leisure told him that his Time was come,
 And lack of Load made his Life burthensome,
 That e'en to his last Breath, (there be that say't)
 As he were press'd to Death, he cry'd more Weight ;
 But had his Doings lasted as they were,
 He had been an immortal Carrier.
 Obedient to the Moon, he spent his Date
 In Course reciprocal, and had his Fate
 Link'd to the mutual Flowing of the Seas,
 Yet (strange to think) his Wain was his Increase ;
 His Letters are deliver'd all and gone,
 Only remains this Superscription.

JOHN MILTON.

HUMOROUS, WHIMSICAL, &c. 5

Here lieth old Beck, who sold Fruit at the Cross,
And now she's departed, we shall have a Loss;
She was a good Wife, and a kind loving Mother,
And all Things consider'd, we've scarce such another.

Here snug in Grave my Wife doth lie,
Now she's at Rest, and so am I.

Musicus et Logicus *Wynal* hic jacet ecce *Johanne*;
Organa namque loqui fecerat ille quasi.

Which may be thus translated:

Musician and Logician eke,
Wynal lo! *John* lies here;
Who made the Organs for to speak
Just e'en as if it were.

[*York Cathedral.*]

Here lies the Body of *Daniel Saul*,
Spittlefields Weaver, and that's all.

[*St. Dunstan's, Stepney.*]

Here lies the Corpse of *William Prynn*,
A Bencher late of *Lincoln's-Inn*,
Who restless ran through thick and thin.

This grand scripturient Paper-spiller,
This endless, needless Margin-filler,
Was strangely tost from Post to Pillar.

His Brain's Career was never stopping,
But Pen with Rheum of Gall still dropping,
Till Hand o'er Head brought Ears to cropping.

Nor would he yet surcease such Themes,
 But prostitute new Virgin Rheims
 To Types of his fanatic Dreams.
 But whilst he this hot Humour huggs,
 And for more length of Tedder tugs,
 Death fang'd the Remnant of his Lugs.

S. BUTLER.

*On WILLIAM LAWES, a Musician, killed at the
 Siege of West Chester.*

Concord is conquer'd ; in this Urn there lies
 The Master of great Musick's Mysteries ;
 And in it is a Riddle, like the Cause,
Will Lawes was slain by those whose *Wills* were *Lawes*.

On Admiral BLAKE.

Here lies a Man made *Spain* and *Ho'land* shake,
 Made *France* to tremble, and the *Turks* to quake ;
 Thus he tam'd Men ; but if a Lady stood
 In's Sight, it rais'd a Palsy in his Blood ;
Cupid's Antagonist, who on his Life
 Had Fortune as familiar as a Wife.
 A stiff, hard, iron Soldier ; for he,
 It seems, had more of *Mars* than *Mercury* ;
 At Sea he thunder'd, calm'd each raging Wave,
 And now he's dead, sent thundering to the Grave.

Intended by Mr. PRIOR for his own Monument.

As Doctors give Physick by way of Prevention,
Matt alive and in Health of his Tomb-stone took
 care ;
 For Delays are unsafe, and his pious Intention
 May haply be never fulfill'd by his Heir.
 Then take *Matt's* Word for it, the Sculptor is paid ;
 That the Figure is fine, pray believe your own Eye ;
 Yet credit but lightly what more may be said ;
 For we flatter ourselves, and teach Marble to lye.

HUMOROUS, WHIMSICAL, &c. 7

Yet counting so far as to Fifty his Years,
His Virtues and Vices were as other Men's are;
High Hopes he conceiv'd, and he smother'd great Fears;
In a Life party-colour'd, half Pleasure, half Care.
Nor to Business a Drudge, nor to Faction a Slave,
He strove to make Int'rest and Freedom agree;
In publick Employments industrious and grave;
But alone with his Friends, Lord! how merry was he!
Now in Equipage stately, now humbly on Foot,
Both Fortunes he try'd, but to neither would trust,
And whirl'd in the Round, as the Wheel turn'd about,
He found Riches had Wings, and knew Man was but
Dust.

This Verse, little polish'd, tho' mighty sincere,
Sets neither his Titles nor Merits to View:
It says, that his Relicks collected lie here,
And no Mortal yet knows too if this may be true.
Fierce Robbers there are that infest the Highway;
So *Matt* may be kill'd, and his Bones never found;
False Witness at Court, and fierce Tempests at Sea,
So *Matt* may yet chance to be hang'd or be drown'd.
If his Bones lie in Earth, roll in Sea, fly in Air,
To Fate we must yield, and the Thing is the same;
And if passing thou giv'st him a Smile or a Tear,
He cares not—yet pr'ythee be kind to his Fame.

Written by Mr. GAY for his own Monument.

Life is a Jest, and all Things show it:
I thought so once, but now I know it.

On Mr. COLMAN.

If *Heav'n* be pleas'd, when Sinners cease to Sin,
If *Hell* be pleas'd, when Souls are damn'd therein;
If *Earth* be pleas'd, when it's rid of a Knave;
Then *all* are pleas'd; for *Colman's* in his Grave.

[*Sherborne.*]

8 E P I T A P H S.

On FRANCIS THOMPSON.

Beneath the Droppings of this Spout *,
There lies the Body, once so stout,

Of Francis Thompson.

A Soul this Carcase long possess'd,
Which for its Virtue was caref's'd,
By all who knew the Owner best.
The *Rufford* † Records can declare
His Actions, who for Seventy Year
Both drew and drank its potent Beer.
Fame mentions not, in all that Time,
In this great Butler the least Crime,
To stain his Reputation.

To Envy's self we now appeal,
If aught of Fault she can reveal,
To make her Declaration.

[*Allerton, Nottinghamshire.*]

On J. B——d, Esq. late Alderman of D——.

Here, fast asleep, upon his Back,
By Death extended, lies plump Jack:
A Sleeper ne'er to be forgot,
Renown'd as *Ch—y*, or as *Trott*.
Oft has he slept (we've heard him snore)
Within these sacred Walls before;
Yet, charm'd a while by *Morpheus'* Rod,
He soon shook off the feeble God,
And soon victorious 'gan to rise,
And yawn and stare, and rub his Eyes.
Now vanquish'd quite, behold him fall,
Attack'd by Sleep, and Death and all.

* The Stone joins to the South Wall of the Church
under one of the Spouts.

† *Rufford* Abbey, now the Seat of Sir *George Savil*,
Baronet, in whose Family this Person had lived as Butler.

HUMOROUS, WHIMSICAL, &c. 9

Be serious, Muse.—The Day will come
When he, fresh-rising from this Tomb,
Shall Life and other Realms explore,
And wake to dye, to sleep, no more.

*Politianus in hoc tumulo jacet Angelus, unum
Qui caput, et linguas, res nova! tres habuit.*

In English thus:

Within this Tomb the fam'd *Politian's* laid,
Who had (most strange!) three Tongues within one Head.

[*Florence.*]

Here lies the last King *Charles* of Spain,
Who all his Life ne'er made Campaign:
He made no Children, Girl nor Boy,
Nor gave two Wives one nuptial Joy.
What has this valiant Prince then done,
Who long possesst so vast a Throne?
E'en nothing, neither good nor ill,
Nay, not so much as made his Will.

On JOHN SPRONG.

Fell'd by Death's surer Hatchet, here lies *Sprong*,
Who many a sturdy Oak has laid along;
Posts oft he made, yet ne'er a *Place* could get;
And liv'd by *railing*, tho' he was no Wit:
Old *Saws* he had, altho' no Antiquarian;
Stiles he *corrected*, yet was no Grammarian.
Long liv'd he *Ockham's* premier Architect;
And lasting as his Fame a Tomb t'erec't,
In vain we seek an Artist such as He,
Whose Pales and Gates were for Eternity.
Here doth he rest from all Life's Cares and Follies;
O spare, kind Heav'n! his Fellow-Lab'rer *Hollis*.

[*Ockham, in Surrey.*]

On Sir JOHN VANBRUGH, the Architect.

*Lie light upon him, Earth! tho' he
Laid many a heavy Load on thee.*

Under this Marble, or under this Sill,
Or under this Turf, or e'en what they will;
Whatever an Heir, or a Friend in his Stead,
Or any good Creature shall lay o'er my Head,
Lies one who ne'er car'd, and still cares not a Pin,
What they said, or may say, of the Mortal within:
But, who living and dying, serene, still, and free,
Trusts in God, that as well as he was he shall be.

A. POPE.

For one who would not be buried in Westminster Abbey.

Heroes and Kings! your Distance keep;
In Peace let one poor Poet sleep,
Who never flatter'd Folks like you;
Let *Horace* blush, and *Virgil* too.

A. POPE.

On Mr. DEMAR, who died July 6, 1720.

Beneath this verdant Hillock lies
Demar the wealthy and the wise.
His Heirs, that he might safely rest,
Have put his Carcase in a Chest;
The very Chest, in which, they say,
His *other Self*, his Money, lay.
And if those Heirs continue kind
To that dear *Self* he left behind,
I dare to swear that Four in Five
Will think his better *Self* alive.

Dean SWIFT.

HUMOROUS, WHIMSICAL, &c. IT

On Mr. PARTRIDGE.

Here five Feet deep, lies on his Back
A Cobler, Star-Monger, and Quack;
Who to the Stars in pure Good-will,
Does, to his best, look upwards still.
Weep, all ye Customers, that use
His *Pills*, his Almanacks, or Shoes:
And you that did your Fortunes seek,
Step to his Grave but once a Week:
This Earth which bears his Body's Print,
You'll find has so much Virtue in't,
That, I durst pawn my Ears, 'twill tell
Whate'er concerns you full as well,
In *Physic*, *stolen Goods*, or *Love*,
As he himself could, when above.

Dean SWIFT.

Here lies a round Woman, who thought mighty odd
Ev'ry Word that she heard in this Church about God.
To convince her of God the good Dean did endeavour,
But still in her Heart she held *Nature more clever*.
Tho' she talk'd much of Virtue, her Head always run
Upon something or other she found *better fun*.
For the Dame, by her Skill in Affairs astronomical,
Imagin'd to live in the Clouds was but *comical*.
In this World, she despis'd ev'ry Soul she met here,
And now she's in t'other she thinks it but *queer*.

Dean SWIFT.

On FRANCIS CHARTRES, Esq.

Here *Francis Chartres* lies—Be civil!
The rest God knows.—Perhaps the *Devil*.

Dean SWIFT.

Well then, poor G—— lies under Ground!

So there's an End of honest Jack!

So little Justice here he found,

'Tis ten to one he'll ne'er come back.

Dean SWIFT.

From OrCADE Isles to Egypt's Coast,
His Travels * Sawney still would boast,
And lov'd about the World to roam.
Howe'er, at the last Trumpet's Sound,
He promis'd he would here be found,
And tarry quiet now at Home.

HIL. JACOB.

Here *Delia's* buried at Fourscore;
When young, a lewd, rapacious Whore,
Vain, and expensive; but when old,
A pious, sordid, drunken Scold.

HIL. JACOB.

Beneath this Stone, *fair Ladies*, lies
Your once profound adorer;
His Soul then liv'd by your bright Eyes,
Ah! can't they now restore her?
Struck by the Lustre of your Charms,
The Twenty-eighth of May,
He fell quite ravish'd from your Arms
For ever and for aye.
If common Mortals Tears attend,
Far more *his* Virtues crave,
Then, Ladies, meekly condescend
To Piss upon this Grave.
So what inspired Bards have told,
Shall be fulfill'd, we trust:
His Memory shall ne'er grow Stale,
But savour in the Dust.

HIL. JACOB.

* Mr. A. H.

Here

HUMOROUS, WHIMSICAL, &c. 13

Here he lies, beside a Witch,
Hated both by Poor and Rich.
Where he is, or how he fares,
No-body knows, no-body cares.

Here lies one who was born and cried,
Told Threescore Years, and then he died.
His greatest Actions that we find,
Were, that he wash'd his Hands and din'd.

On a certain Alderman.

That he was born it cannot be denied;
He eat, drank, slept, talk'd Politics, and died.

J. CUNNINGHAM.

Stay, *Bachelor*, if you have Wit,
A Wonder to behold!
Husband and Wife in one dark Pit,
Lie close, and never scold!
Tread softly though, for Fear she wakes——
Hark! she begins already!
“ You’ve hurt my Head—my Shoulder akes; ”
“ These Sots can ne’er move steady. ”
Ah! Friend, with happy Freedom blest!
See! how my Hopes miscarried!
Not Death itself can give you Rest,
Unless you die unmarried.

AARON HILL.

How apt are Men to lye! how dare they say,
When Life is gone, all Learning fleets away?
Since this glad Grave holds *Chloe* Fair and Young,
Who where she is, first learnt to hold her Tongue.

AARON HILL.

On Master JOHN GILL.

Beneath this smooth Stone by the Bone of his Bone
 Sleeps Master *John Gill*;
 By *Lies* when alive this Attorney did thrive,
 And now that he's dead he *lies still*.

On a Letter-Founder at Oxford.

Under this Stone lies honest *Syl*,
 Who dy'd—tho' sore against his Will;
 Yet in his Fame he shall survive,
 Learning shall keep his Name alive:
 For he the Parent was of Letters,
 He founded to confound his Betters.
 But what those Letters should contain,
 Did never once disturb his Brain.
 Since therefore, Reader, he is gone,
 Pray let him not be trod upon.

On an Undertaker.

Here lyeth *Robin Masters*.—Faith, 'twas hard,
 To take away our honest *Robin's* Breath.
 Yet surely *Robin* was full well prepar'd;
Robin was always looking out for Death.

On Mr. JOHN MILLS.

Here lies *John Mills*, who over Hills
 Pursu'd the Hounds with Hollow;
 The Leap tho' high, from Earth to Skie,
 The *Huntsman* we must follow.

HUMOROUS, WHIMSICAL, &c. 15

On this Marble drop a Tear,
Here lies fair *Rosalind*;
All Mankind was pleas'd with her,
And she with all Mankind.

Mrs. Monk.

Beneath this Stone —'s Dust is laid,
Who drank his *Passing-cup*, and reel'd to Bed;
Death reach'd the *Bowl*, and this Prescription gave;
“Dose now thy Senses sober in the Grave.”

Life paid the present *Shot*; but Oh! the Fears,
When Morn awakes him to his long Arrears,
Charg'd with the Revels of each former Day!
For there's a *dreadful Reck'ning* still to pay.

On a Country Inn-Keeper.

Here! hark ye! old Friend! what wilt pass, then,
without
Taking notice of *honest plump Jack*?
You see how 'tis with me, my Light is burnt out,
And they've laid me here flat on my Back.

That Light in my Nose, once so bright to behold,
That Light is extinguish'd at last;
And I'm now put to Bed in the dark and the cold,
With Wicker, and so forth made fast.

But now wilt oblige me? Then call for a Quart
Of the *best* from the House o'er the Way;
Drink a Part on't thyself, on my Grave pour a Part,
And walk on.—Friend, I wish thee good Day.

Here

Here lies little * * * a Yard deep or more,
That never lay quiet or silent before.

Her Head always working, her Tongue always prating,

And the Pulse of her Heart continually beating,
To the utmost Extremes of Loving and Hating.

Her Reason and Humour were always at Strife,
And yet she perform'd all the Duties of Life;
An excellent Friend, and a pretty good Wife.

So indulgent a Lover, that no Man could say,
Whether *Patty* or *Minta* did rule or obey,
For the Government chang'd some ten Times a Day.

At the Hour of her Birth some lucky Star gave her
Wit and Beauty enough to have lasted for ever.
But Fortune, still froward where Nature is kind,
A narrow Estate maliciously join'd
To a truly great Genius, and right noble Mind.

Her Body was built of such superfine Clay,
That at length it grew brittle for want of Allay:
Her Soul then too busie on some foreign Affair,
Of its own pretty Dwelling took so little Care,
That the Tenement fell, for want of Repair.

Now far be from hence the Fool and the Knave!
But let all that pretend to be witty or brave,
Whether generous Friend, or amorous Slave,
-Contribute some Tears to water her Grave.

Beneath this Stone lies the old * *Kath'rine Grey*,
Chang'd from a busy Life to lifeless Clay.
By Earth and Clay she got her Pelf,
Yet now she's turn'd to Earth herself.

* An old Woman, who kept a *Potter's* Shop in the
City of *Chester*.

HUMOROUS, WHIMSICAL, &c. 17

Ye weeping Friends, let me advise,
Abate your Grief and dry your Eyes:
For what avails a Flood of Tears?
Who knows but, in a Run of Years,
In some tall Pitcher, or broad Pan,
She in her Shop may be again?

Beneath in the Dust the mouldy old Crust
Of *Nell Bachelor* lately was shoven;
Who was skill'd in the Arts of Pyes, Custards, and Tarts,
And knew every use of the Oven.

When she'd liv'd long enough she made *her last Puff*,
A *Puff* by her Husband much prais'd;
Now here does she lie, and *makes a Dirt Pye*,
In hopes that *her Crust will be rais'd*.

On Mr. MADDOX, a Dancing-Master, and his Wife.

They were lovely and pleasant in their Lives, and in
their Deaths they were not divided.

Hail happy Pair! predestin'd long to prove
The chastest Raptures of connubial Love:
Who took no *Step* thro' Life's perplexed *Dance*,
But what would well your mutual Bliss advance;
Who *figur'd* not a Plan but what was meant,
Again to *join your Hands* with fresh Content.
Tho' ceremonious—yet with Ease still fraught;
The very Image of the Art you taught!
Polite in all Life's mazy Measures try'd—
As the gay Partner to his destin'd Bride.
Twice Thirty Years in gentle Wedlock past,
The first was not so happy as the last!
Still each to each so complaisantly gay,
As raptur'd Lovers on their nuptial Day!
All wing'd with Down their Years advancing roll,
And still improve this Unison of Soul!

Unvarying

Unvarying—courtly to his latest Breath,
 He gave his Spouse Precedence e'en in Death,
 The truest *Honours* to each other given,
 He just surviv'd, then *led her up* to Heaven.

On *****

Here old ——— lies,
 Upon very odd Terms;
 First a Prey to the *Flies*,
 Now a Prey to the *Worms*.
 Let those who grieve for him not wonder he's flown,
 For the Carcase must rot when the Flesh is Fly-blown.
 Yet this may be said in his Praise,
 Tho' Death, cruel Death, from us tore him,
 He died by endeavouring to raise
 His Friend, who lay dead before him.

On the Parson of—Parish, in —.

Come, let us rejoyce, merry Boys, at his fall;
 For, egad, had he liv'd, he'd a-bury'd us all.

On CHRISTOPHER SMITH, *alias* THUMB, an
industrious, not a free, Mason, died January
 21st, 1742-3. Aged 66.

Stretcht underneath this Stone is laid
 Our Neighbour Goodman Thumb:
 We trust, altho' full low his Head,
 He'll rise i'th' World to come.
 This humble Monument will shew
 Where lies an honest Man:
 Ye Kings, whose Heads are laid as low,
 Rise higher, if you can.

[Frome, Somersetshire.]

HUMOROUS, WHIMSICAL, &c. 19

On a Miser.

Reader, beware immoderate Love of Pelf;
Here lies the worst of Thieves—who robb'd himself.

*In Memory of DAVID FLETCHER, Smith to this
Church, who died Feb. 14, 1744, aged 48.*

My Sledge and Hammer lie reclin'd,
My Bellows too have lost their Wind;
My Fire's extinguish'd; Forge decay'd;
And in the Dust my Vice is laid;
My Coal is spent; my Iron gone;
The last Nail's driven—My Work is done.

Finis coronat Opus.

[Lincoln Church.]

*Mr. JOHN FLIN, a Painter, of Galway, in Ire-
land, though a Roman Catholic, wrote the
following Epitaph for himself.*

Here lies *John Flin*,
To Worms akin;
Eftsoons by vagrant Boys bely'd,
That while he liv'd, he often dy'd.
Saints oft he painted,
Himself not fainted;
Yet leaves perhaps a Fame as fair,
As many Souls of them that are.
He laught at Fate;
Despis'd the Great;
Was happy in his fav'rite Dram;
And pity'd those who others damn.
Liv'd to the Age of Sixty-seven,
Spurn'd at this Earth, and flew to Heav'n.

Here

Here lies the Corpse of Lady *Ann*,
 Blame her who list, and praise who can ;
 Tho' skill'd in deep *Astrology*,
 She could not read her *Destiny*.
 In her observe each Creature's Lot ;
 And mend thy Manners, *Master Scott*.
 Sure as thou didst her Coffin make,
 So Death thy Doom shall undertake.
 Dec. 12, 1750.

Here lies a Head that often ach'd,
 Here lie two Hands that always shak'd ;
 Here lies a Brain of odd Conceit,
 Here lies a Heart that often beat ;
 Here lie two Eyes that daily wept,
 And in the Night but seldom slept ;
 Here lies a Tongue that whining talk'd,
~~Here lie two Feet that feebly walk'd ;~~
 Here lie the Midriff and the Breast,
 With Loads of Indigestion prest ;
 Here lies the Liver full of Bile,
 That ne'er secreted proper Chyle ;
 Here lie the Bowels, human Tripes,
 Tortur'd with Wind, and twisting Gripes ;
 Here lies that livid Dab, the Spleen,
 The Source of Life's sad, tragic Scene,
 That left Side Weight that clogs the Blood,
 And stagnates Nature's circling Flood ;
 Here lie the Nerves, so often twitch'd
 With painful Cramps, and poignant Stitch ;
 Here lies the Back oft rack'd with Pains,
 Corroding Kidneys, Loins and Reins ;
 Here lies the Skin *per* Scurvy fed,
 With Pimples and Eruptions red.
 Here lies the Man from Top to Toe,
 That Fabrick sam'd for Pain and Woe :
 He caught a Cold ; but colder Death
 Compress'd his Lungs, and stopt his Breath ;
 The Organs could no longer go,
 Because the Bellows ceas'd to blow.

Thus

HUMOROUS, WHIMSICAL, &c. 21

Thus I direct this honest Friend,
Who ne'er till Death was at Wit's End;
For want of Spirits here he fell,
With higher Spirits let him dwell,
In future State of Peace and Love,
Where just Men's perfect Spirits move.

WILLIAM GOODWIN.

The learned and facetious Author of this was Fellow
of *Eaton College*, and Vicar of *St. Nicholas*, in *Bristol*.
He died in *June*, 1747.

Here old *John Randal* lies, who telling of his Tale,
Liv'd Threescore Years and Ten--such Virtue was in *Ale*.
Ale was his Meat, *Ale* was his Drink, *Ale* did his Heart
revive ;
And if he could have drunk his *Ale*, he still had been
alive;

Interr'd beneath this Marble Stone,
Lie saunt'ring *Jack*, and idle *Joan*.
While rolling Threescore Years and One,
Did round this Globe their Courses run ;
If human Things went ill or well ;
If changing Empires rose or fell ;
The Morning past, the Ev'ning came,
And found this Couple still the same.
They walk'd and eat ; good Folks ! what then ?
Why then they walk'd and eat again :
They soundly slept the Night away ;
They did just nothing all the Day ;
And having bury'd Children four,
Would not take Pains to try for more.
Nor Sister either had, nor Brother ;
They seem'd just tally'd for each other.
Their Morals and Economy
Most perfectly they made agree.
Each Virtue kept its proper Bound,
Nor trespass'd on the other's Ground.

Nor

Nor Fame, nor Censure they regarded;
 They neither punish'd nor rewarded.
 He car'd not what the Footmen did;
 Her Maids she neither prais'd nor chid:
 So ev'ry Servant took his Courfe;
 And, bad at first, they all grew worse.
 Slothful Disorder fill'd his Stable,
 And fluttish Plenty deckt her Table.
 Their Beer was strong, their Wine was Port;
 Their Meal was large; their Grace was short.
 They gave the Poor the Remnant Meat,
 Just when it grew not fit to eat.
 They paid the Church and Parish Rate;
 And took, but read not the Receipt:
 For which they claim'd their Sunday's Due,
 Of slumb'ring in an upper Pew.
 No Man's Defects sought they to know,
 So never made themselves a Foe.
 No Man's good Deeds did they commend;
 So never rais'd themselves a Friend.
 Nor cherish'd they Relations poor;
 That might decrease their present Store;
 Nor Barn, nor House did they repair;
 That might oblige their future Heir;
 They neither added nor confounded,
 They neither wanted, nor abounded.
 Each Christmas they Accounts did clear;
 And wound their Bottom round the Year.
 Nor Tear, nor Smile did they employ
 At News of public Grief or Joy.
 When Bells were rung, and Bonfires made,
 If ask'd, they ne'er deny'd their Aid;
 Their Jug was to the Ringers carry'd,
 Whoever either dy'd or marry'd;
 Their Billet at the Fire was found;
 Whoever was depos'd or crown'd.
 Nor good, nor bad, nor Fools, nor Wise;
 They would not learn, nor could advise;
 Without Love, Hatred, Joy, or Fear;
 They led a kind of—as it were;
 Nor wish'd, nor car'd, nor laugh'd, nor cry'd;
 And so they liv'd, and so they dy'd.

Under

HUMOROUS, WHIMSICAL, &c. 23

Under this Stone cramm'd in a Hole doth lie,
The best of Wives that ever Man laid by.

[*In the Church-Yard of St. Olave's in Marygate, York.*]

On a Young Gentleman that killed himself with drinking October Beer.

Here lie I must,
Wrapp'd up in Dust,
Confined to be sober;
* Clarke, take Care,
Lest you come here,
For faith here's no *October*.

D. R.

On a Gentleman whose Name was EARTH.

Stop, gentle Reader, and peruse this Stone,
The friendly Covering of my lifeless Bone.
Earth—was I brought into the spacious World,
And now to Mother *Earth*—again am hurl'd.
Being born mere *Earth*,—you may with Justice say,
That which was *Earth*—is fairly turn'd to Clay.

LUCAS.

On a Gin-Drinker.

Half burnt alive! beneath this Dung-hill lies
A Wretch, whose Memory the Sage despise.
Her Brain all Tumult, ragged her Attire;
The Sport of Boys, when wallowing in the Mire.
Life did, to her, as a wild Tempest seem;
And Death, as sinking to a horrid Dream.

* His Pot-companion.

Hence

Hence learn, ye Brutes, who reel in human Shape,
To you superior is the grinning Ape;
For Nature's wise Impulses they'll pursue,
Whilst each dread Start of Frenzy governs you.

*Written with Chalk on the Tombstone of an OLD
MAID, who a little before her Death de-
clared she was but 53 (though it was known
she was at least 60) and her Age was engraven
on the Stone 53 accordingly.*

A stiff-starch'd Virgin of unblemish'd Fame—
And spotless Honour, *Bridget Cole* by Name,
At length the Death of all the Righteous dies,
Aged but three-and-fifty—*Here she LIES.*

*Intended for a Lady, who resolved to die a
Maid.*

Here lies (her Debt of Nature paid)
An handsome, proud, and ancient Maid,
Who us'd (you'll think it strangely odd)
This as a Plea to cheat her God :
That few were blest, tho' fondly wed,
So rare the Joys of Marriage-bed :
Thus broke the Law that first was giv'n
By the kind Hand of Parent Heav'n :
Be wise, ye Fair, and this apply—
God orders you to multiply.

F. W.

On JANE PARKER.

Here lieth a Midwife brought to Bed,
Deliveresse delivered ;
Her Body being churched here,
Her Soul gives Thanks to yonder Sphere.

[*Peterborough Cathedral.*]

ON MARGARET SCOTT.

Stop, Passenger, until my Life you've read ;
 The Living may get Knowledge by the Dead.
 Five Times Five Years I liv'd a Virgin Life ;
 Ten Times Five Years I was a virtuous Wife ;
 Ten Times Five Years I liv'd a Widow chaste ;
 Now, tir'd of this mortal Life, I rest.
 I, from my Cradle to my Grave, have seen
 Eight mighty Kings of Scotland, and a Queen.
 Four Times Five Years the Commonwealth I saw :
 Ten Times the Subjects rose against the Law,
 Twice did I see old Prelacy pull'd down :
 And twice the Cloak was humbled by the Gown.
 An End of *Stuart's* Race I saw : No more !
 I saw my Country sold for English Ore.
 Such Desolations in my Time have been ;
 I have an End of all Perfection seen.

ON SAUNDERS SCOTT.

Here fast asleep lies *Saunders Scott*,
 Lang may he snort and snore ;
 His Bains are now in *German's* Pot,
 That us'd to strut the Streets before.
 He liv'd a lude and tustrel Life,
 For Gude he nae regarded ;
 His perjur'd Clack rais'd mickle Strife,
 For wilk belike he'll be rewarded.
 Ill temper'd Loon, that us'd to snort
 When ilk his Neighbour fell in Trouble ;
 His Gybes do now lie in the Dirt,
 To satisfy his Brethren double :
 The Bread of Life was offer'd him
 For to abate his Evil :
 But he refus'd, and sae he's dead ;
 Wha kens but now he's with the Devil.
 But syne he's gane, I'll say nae mair,
 In *Abraham's* Bosom may he waken,
 But gin he meet with sic gude Fare,
 There's mair than ane will be mistaken.

Hence learn, ye Brutes, who reel in human Shape,
To you superior is the grinning Ape;
For Nature's wise Impulses they'll pursue,
Whilst each dread Start of Frenzy governs you.

*Written with Chalk on the Tombstone of an OLD
MAID, who a little before her Death de-
clared she was but 53 (though it was known
she was at least 60) and her Age was engraven
on the Stone 53 accordingly.*

A stiff-starch'd Virgin of unblemish'd Fame
And spotless Honour, *Bridget Cole* by Name,
At length the Death of all the Righteous dies,
Aged but three-and-fifty—*Here she LIES.*

*Intended for a Lady, who resolved to die a
Maid.*

Here lies (her Debt of Nature paid)
An handsome, proud, and ancient Maid,
Who us'd (you'll think it strangely odd)
This as a Plea to cheat her God:
That few were blest, tho' fondly wed,
So rare the Joys of Marriage-bed:
Thus broke the Law that first was giv'n
By the kind Hand of Parent Heav'n:
Be wise, ye Fair, and this apply—
God orders you to multiply.

F. W.

ON JANE PARKER.

Here lieth a Midwife brought to Bed,
Deliveress delivered;
Her Body being churched here,
Her Soul gives Thanks to yonder Sphere.

[*Peterborough Cathedral.*]

ON MARGARET SCOTT.

Stop, Passenger, until my Life you've read ;
 The Living may get Knowledge by the Dead.
 Five Times Five Years I liv'd a Virgin Life ;
 Ten Times Five Years I was a virtuous Wife ;
 Ten Times Five Years I liv'd a Widow chaste ;
 Now, tir'd of this mortal Life, I rest.
 I, from my Cradle to my Grave, have seen
 Eight mighty Kings of Scotland, and a Queen.
 Four Times Five Years the Commonwealth I saw :
 Ten Times the Subjects rose against the Law.
 Twice did I see old Prelacy pull'd down :
 And twice the Cloak was humbled by the Gown.
 An End of *Stuart's* Race I saw : No more !
 I saw my Country sold for English Ore.
 Such Desolations in my Time have been ;
 I have an End of all Perfection seen.

ON SAUNDERS SCOTT.

Here fast asleep lies *Saunders Scott*,
 Lang may he snort and snore ;
 His Bains are now in *German's* Pot,
 That us'd to strut the Streets before.
 He liv'd a lude and taffrel Life,
 For Gude he nae regarded ;
 His perjur'd Clack rais'd mickle Strife,
 For wilk belike he'll be rewarded.
 Ill temper'd Loon, that us'd to snort
 When ilk his Neighbour fell in Trouble ;
 His Gybes do now lie in the Dirt,
 To satisfy his Brethren double :
 The Bread of Life was offer'd him
 For to abate his Evil :
 But he refus'd, and sae he's dead ;
 Wha kens but now he's with the Devil.
 But syne he's gane, I'll say nae mair,
 In *Abram's* Bosom may he waken,
 But gin he meet with sic gude Fare,
 There's mair than ane will be mistaken.

Upon a Clergyman, passionately fond of Music.

Here TRILLO lies, a laughing, merry Priest,
 Who lov'd good Ale, a Fiddle, and a Jest;
 Death took him in the Middle of a Song,
 Ty'd all his Fingers, and untun'd his Tongue;
 Low rest his Bones, his Soul ascends on high,
 In sure and certain Hopes its Heaven is nigh,
 Where he may Sing and Play to all Eternity!

G.

*On the late Mr. TIMOTHY WHITENOSE,
alias JEMMY JEWELL.*

'Tis odd, quite odd, that I should laugh,
 When I'm to write an Epitaph.—
 Here lie the Bones of rakish *Timmy*,
 Who was a *Jewell* and a *Jemmy*.
 He dealt in Diamonds, Garnets, Rings,
 And twice ten thousand pretty Things;
 Now he supplies Old *Nick* with Fuel;
 So there's an End of *Jemmy Jewell*.

*On the Death of a favourite Dormouse, said
to be writ by a Lad of about Eleven Years
Old.*

I.

Beneath this Place, in Paper Case,
 A pretty Dormouse lies;
 And soon or late, decreed by Fate,
 Each Mouse, each Monarch dies.

II.

Ye Men of Care, whoe'er you are,
 Attend instructive Rhyme;
 No Sins had *Dor* to answer for,
 Pray think of yours in Time.

On CHRISTOPHER HOLT.

Our *Holt* (alas!) hath stint his *Hold*,
 By Death call'd hence in Haste,
 Whose Christen Name being *Christopher*
 With *Christ* is better plac'd.
 In *Sawton* born of gentle Race,
 In *London* spent his Dayes;
 A Clerk that was in Custom House,
 In Credit many Wayes.
 So that altho' we feel the Losse
 (Of this so dear a Friend,
 His Life well spent while he was here
 Hath gain'd a better End.

[*All-Hallows, Staining, London.*]

On Sir ANTONY DENNY.

Death and the *King* did, as it were, contend,
 Which of the two bare *Denny* greatest Love:
 The *King*, to show his Love gan farre extend,
 Did him advance his Betters far above:
 Nere Place, much Wealth, great Honour eke him gave,
 To make it knowne what Power great Princes have.
 But when *Death* came with his triumphant Gift,
 From worldly Carke he quit his wearied Ghost,
 Free from the Corpes, and straight to Heaven it lift,
 Now deeme that can who did for *Denny* most:
 The *King* gave *Wealth*, but fading and unsure,
Death brought him *Blisse* that ever shall endure.

HENRY Earl of SURREY.

On little STEPHEN, a noted Fiddler in Suffolke.

Stephen and Time are now both even;
Stephen beat Time, now Time's beat *Stephen*.

In Memory of THOMAS THETCHER, a Grenadier in the North Battalion of the Hampshire Militia, who died of a Fever, contracted by drinking Small Beer when hot, the 12th of May, 1764.—In grateful Remembrance of whose universal Goodwill towards his Comrades, this Stone is placed here at their Expence, as a small Testimony of their Regard and Esteem.

Here rests in Peace a Hampshire Grenadier,
Who kill'd himself by drinking poor Small Beer ;
Soldiers, be warn'd by his untimely Fall,
And when you're hot drink Strong, or none at all.

[Cathedral Church-Yard, Winchester.]

On a Miser.

Reader! survey this monumental Pile,
Nor drop a Tear of Pity all the while :
It rose, enjoin'd by Will, at mighty Cost,
For dead, by it the Miser nothing lost.
He died, a Victim at the Shrine of Pelf :
He died, because he never lov'd himself ;
He died, a great Revenge inspir'd the Whim,
Mankind he hated, Mankind hated him :
He died, Fate ne'er like him could Debts forgive ;
He died, because he knew not how to live.

W. STEVENSON, Esq.

Hic jacet Richardus Colwel, quondam Major istius Villæ de Feverham, qui obiit---1533.

Who so him bethoſt inwardly and oft
How hard it were to ſlitt from bed unto the Pitt,
From Pitt unto Peyne, that nere ſhall ceaſe certeyne,
He wold not doe one Sinn, all the World to winn.

[Feverham.]

HUMOROUS, WHIMSICAL, &c. 29

On JAMES MURRAY.

Stay, Passenger, and shed a Tear,
For good *James Murray* lieth here :
He was of *Philip Haugh* descended,
And for his Merchandize commended.
He was a Man of a good Life,
Marry'd *Betbia Mauld* to his Wife :
He may thank God that e'er he gat her,
She bore him three Sons and a Daughter.
The first he was a Man of Might,
For which the King made him a *Knight*.
The second was both wise and wily,
For which the Town made him a *Bailly* :
The third a *Pastor* of Renown,
Both in *Campbire* and in this Town.
His Daughter was both grave and wise,
And married was to *James Elies*.

He died 30th April, 1649 ; of his Age the 79th Year.

[*Old Gray Friars, Edinburgh.*]

Vitæ Volumine petactio
Hic Finis JACOBI TONSON
Perpoliti Sociorum Principis,
Qui, velut Obstetrix Muliarum,
In Lucem edidit
Felices Ingenii Partus.
Lugete, Scriptorum Chorus, et frangite Calamos,
Ille vestris qui Chartis Vitam dedit,
E Vitæ Margine erasus, deletur.
Sed hæc postrema Inscriptio
Huic primæ Mortis Paginæ
Imprimatur,
Ne Prælo Sepulchri commissus
Ipse Editor careat Titulo;
Hic jacet Bibliopola,
Folio Vitæ delapso,
Expectans novam Editionem
Auctiorem et Emendatiorem.

*Translation of an Epitaph in the Church of St.
Botolph, Bishopsgate, London.*

Below an Husband and a Wife are laid,
One Flesh when living, and one Dust now dead.
A Sister's Ashes mingle in the Urn,
And thus three Bodies to one Dust return;
But thou, O Three in One, Almighty Pow'r,
From this one Dust three Bodies wilt restore.

On Captain JOHN DUNCH.

Tho' Boreas' Blasts and Neptune's Waves
Have toss'd me to and fro;
In spite of both by God's Decree,
I harbour here below;
Where I do now at Anchor ride
With many of our Fleet;
Yet once again I must set Sail,
Our Admiral Christ to meet.

[*St. Dunstan's, Stepney.*]

On an old Hawker found dead in the Highway.

John Sherry lies here, whose fixed Abode
Before was no-where, for he liv'd on the Road;
And when with Age grown scarce able to creep,
He there laid him down, and he died in a Sleep.
But some Friends who lov'd him soon heard his Mishap,
And hither remov'd him to take out his Nap.

J. KIRK.

Here he lies, beside a Witch,
Hated both by Poor and Rich.
Where he is, or how he fares,
No-body knows, No-body cares.

Garrit

HUMOROUS, WHIMSICAL, &c. 31

Garret some call'd him, but that was too high ;
His Name is *Garrard* that now here doth lie.
He in his Youth was toss'd with many a Wave,
But now at Port arriv'd rests in his Grave.
The Church he did frequent while he had Breath,
And wisht to lie therein after his Death.
Weep not for him, since he is gone before
To Heav'n, where *Grocers* there are many more.

This is upon a Stone under the *Grocers Arms*, in *St. Saviour's Church, London*.

Beneath this Stone lies * *Tretplaid John*,
His Length of Chin and Nose.
His crazy Brain, unhum'rous Vein
In Verse and eke in Prose.
Some Plays he wrote, sans Wit or Plot,
Adventures of Inferiors !
Which with his Lives of *Rogues* and *Thieves*,
Supply the Town's Posteriors !
But, ah, alack ! he broke his Back
When Politics he try'd :
For like a Part he play'd his Part,
Crackt loudly, stunk, and died.

On Sir EDWARD GILES and his Lady, at Dean Prior, Devon.

No Trust to Metals, nor to Marbles, when
These have their Fate, and wear away as Men ;
Times, Titles, Trophies, may be lost and spent ;
But Virtue rears th' eternal Monument.
What more than these can Tombs and Tomb-stones pay ?
But *here's* the Sunset of a tedious Day ;
These two asleep are, I'll but be undrest,
And so to Bed ; pray wish us all good Rest.

1642.

— HERRICK.

* A Name assumed by the Author of the Paper called
the *Jacobite Journal*.

The World's a City full of crooked Streets,
 And Death's the Market-place where all Men meet:
 If Life was Merchandise that Men could buy,
 The Rich would always live, the Poor would die.

[Stoke, near Guildford.]

Here lies *John Duke of Marlborough*,
 Who run the *French* thorough and thorough;
 He marry'd *Sarah Jennings*, Spinster,
 Dy'd at *St. James's*, bury'd at *Westminster*.

This was written by *Dr. Evans of Oxford*, when the
Duchess offered a considerable Reward to him that should
 write the best Epitaph on the Duke.

Body.] I, *Mary Pawson*, ly below slepyng.
Soule.] I, *Mary Pawson*, sit above waking.
Both. } We hope to meete again with Glory cloathed;
 } Then *Mary Pawson* for ever blessed.

[*St. Margaret's Moses, London.*]

Here lyeth *Humphrey Gossing*, of *London*, Vintner,
 Of the *Whyt Hart*, of this Parish, a Neighbour;
 Of vertuous Behaviour; a very good Archer;
 And of honest Mirth; a good Company Keeper.
 So well inclyned to Poor and Rich;
 God send more *Gossings* to be fich.

[*St. John's' Westminster.*]

On RICHARD SAY.

Beneath this Earth-bound Cell lies *Richard Say*,
 Whose Hopes were fix'd on the great Judgment Day;
 Whether in Vice or Virtue's Path he trod,
 That Day will prove his Judge, the awful God.

On the Rev. Mr. WILLIAM COLE.

Reader, behold the pious Pattern here,
Of true Devotion and of holy Fear:
He fought God's Glory and the Church's Good,
Idle Idol Worship firmly he withstood.
Yet died in Peace, whose Body here doth lie,
In Expectation of Eternity,
And when the latter Trump of Heav'n shall blow,
* *Cole now rak'd up in Aspes then shall glow.* 1600.

[*Lincoln Cathedral.*]

Here lies *Randolph Peter*, of *Orisl*, the Eater.
Whoe'er you are, tread softly, I intreat you,
For if he chance to wake, be sure, he'll eat you.

On Mr. WILLIAM WHEATLY.

Whoever treadeth on this Stone,
I pray you tread most neatly;
For underneath the same doth lie
Your honest Friend, *Will Wheatly*.

*On Master WILLIAM BIRD, who died the 2d
of October, 1698, aged Four Years.*

One charming *Bird* to *Paradis* is flown,
Yet are we not of Comfort quite bereft;
Since one of this fair Brood is still our own,
And still to chear our drooping Soul is left.
This stays with us, whilst That his Flight doth take,
That Earth and Skies may one sweet Concert make.

[*St. Lawrence Jury, London.*]

* He died about Michaelmas 1600.

On ALEXANDER LAYTON, *Master of Defence*, 1679.

His Thrusts like Lightning flew ; but skilful Death
Parry'd 'em all, and put him out of Breath.

[*St. Dunstan's in the West, London.*]

On the Rev. Mr. WILLIAM LAWRENCE.

With Diligence and Trust most exemplary,
Did *William Lawrence* serve a Prebendary ;
And for his Pains now past, before not lost,
Gain'd this Remembrance at his Master's Cost.
O read these Lines again ! you'll seldom find
A Servant faithful and his Master kind.
Short Hand he wrote, in Prime his Flow'r did fade ;
And hasty *Death Short Hand* of him hath made.
Well couth he numbers ; and well *measure Land* ;
Thus doth he now that Ground whereon you stand,
Wherein he lies. So geometrical
Art maketh some, but thus will Nature all.

Obiit December 29. 1621. *Ætat. suæ 29.*

[*Westminster-Abbey*]

On Mr. ROGER GARDINER.

Roger lies here before his Hour,
'Thus doth the Gardener lose his Flow'r.

[*Thunderidge in the Vale, Hertfordshire.*]

The Lord saw good, I was lopping of Wood,
And down fell from the Tree ;
I met with a Check, and I broke my Neck,
And so Death lopp'd off me.

New Church, Amsterdam.

Effen Uyt.

These *Flemish* Words are on a very antient funeral Monument of whitish Marble, on which are engraved a Pair of Slippers of a very singular Kind. *Effen Uyt* means *Exactly*. The Story is, that a Man tolerably rich, and who dearly loved good Eating, took it into his Head that he was only to live a certain Number of Years, and no longer. In this Whimsy he counted that if he spent so much a-Year, his Estate and his Life would expire together. It happened by Chance that he was not deceived in either of these Computations. He died precisely at the Time he had prescribed to himself in his Imagination, and had then brought his Fortune to such a Pass, that, after paying his Debts, he had nothing left but a Pair of Slippers. His Relations buried him creditably, and would have the Slippers carved on his Tomb, with the abovementioned *Laconic Device*.

On a large fat Physician.

Take heed, O good Trav'ler, and do not tread hard,
For here lies Dr. *Str—yf—rd* in all this Church-Yard.

You see old *Scarler's* Picture stand on high,
But at your Feet there doth his Body lie;
His Grave-stone doth his Age and Death-time show;
His Office by these Tokens you may know.
Second to none for Strength and sturdy Limb,
A Scare-babe mighty Voice with Visage grim;
He had interr'd two Queens within this Place,
And this Town's Householders in his Life's Space
Twice over; but at length his own Turn came;
What he for others did, for him the same
Was done; no Doubt his Soul doth live for aye
In Heav'n; though here his Body's clad in Clay.

July 2, 1594, R. S. Ætatis 98.

[*Peterborough Cathedral.*]

As Nurfes strive to Bed their Babes to hie,
 When they too liberally the Wantons play;
 So, to prevent * his future grievous Crimes,
 Nature, his Nurse, got him to Bed betimes.

[*St. Leonard's, Bromly.*]

Here lyeth *Katherine Prettyman*,
 A Mayde of seventeen Yeeres,
 In *Suffolke* borne, in *London* bred,
 As by her Death appears.
 With Nature's Gifts she was adorn'd,
 Of honest Birth and Kin,
 Her virtuous Minde, with modest Grace,
 Did Love of many win.
 But when she should with honest Match
 Have liv'd a wedded Life,
 Stay there, quoth *Jove*, the World is nought,
 For she shall be my Wife.
 And Death, since thou hast done thy Due,
 Lay nuptial Rites aside,
 And follow her unto the Grave,
 That should have been your Bride:
 Whose honest Life, and faithful End,
 Her Patience therewithall,
 Doth plainly shew, that she with *Christ*
 Now lives, and ever shall.
 She departed this Life the 11th Day of *August*, 1594.

[*St. Benner's, London.*]

On Sir HENRY CROFT.

Six Lines this Image shall delineate,
 Hight *Croft*, high borne, in Spirit and Vertue high,
 Approv'd, belov'd, a Knight, stout *Mars* his Mate,
 Love's Fire, War's Flame, in Heart, Head, Hand, and
 Eye;
 Which Flame War's Comet, Grace now so refines,
 That fixt in Heav'n, in Heav'n and Earth it shines.
 Prosopopeia.

* The Child of *William Ferrers*, Esq.

HUMOROUS, WHIMSICAL, &c. 37

The Womb and Tomb in Name be not so near,
 As Life to Death, and Birth is to the Bier:
 Oh then how soon to Bier are Captains brought,
 That now do live, and die now with a Thought:
 Then, Captains, stay and read, still think on me;
 For with a Thought, what I am, you may be.
 As *Mars* near *Mors* doth sound,
 So *Mors* near *Mars* is found.

[*St. Paul's Cathedral.*]

H ere or elsewhere (all's one to you, or me)
 E arth, Air or Water gripes my ghostless Dust,
 N one knows when brave Fire shall set it free.
 R eader, if you an oft-try'd Rule will trust,
 Y ou'll gladly do and suffer all you must.

M y Life was worn with serving yours and you,
 A nd Death's my Pay (it seems), and welcome too.
 R evenge destroying but itself, while I
 T o Birds of Prey leave my cold Cage and fly.
 E xamples preach to th' Eye: Care then (mine says)
 N ot how you end, but how you spend your Days.

Written by Himself.

Aged 78.

N igh to the River *Ouse*, in *York's* fair City,
 U nto this pretty Maid Death shew'd no Pity;
 A s soon as she'd her Pail with Water fill'd,
 C ame sudden Death, and Life like Water spill'd.

These Lines are in the Church-yard on a Tomb-stone
 sacred to the Memory of a young Maid, who was acci-
 dentally drowned *Dec. 24, 1696.*—The Inscription is said
 to be penned by her Lover.

[*St. Mary's, York.*]

Here

On CROMWELL LEA.

Here lieth old *Cromwell*,
 Who, living, loved the Bum well.
 When he dy'd, he gave nothing to the Poor,
 But half to his Bastards and half to his Whore.

A. O.

Here lies Father and Mother, and Sister and I,
 Wee all died within the short Spase of one short Year.
 They be all buried at *Wimble* except I,
 And I be buried here.

[*Nettlebed, Oxfordshire.*]

Here lies the Body of poor *Frank Row*
 Parish-Clerk, and Grave stone Cutter.
 And this is writ to let you know,
 What *Frank* for others us'd to do,
 Is now for *Frank* done by another.

[*Selby, Yorkshire.*]*On Sir HENRY LEIGH.*

Here Sir *HENRY LEIGH* is lying,
 With his Doxy kneeling by him :
 When he was alive and had his Feeling,
 Then she lay down when he was Kneeling;
 But now he's dead and has lost his Feeling,
 Now he lyes down, and she is kneeling.

SEDLEY.

[*Westminster-Abbey.*]*On Alderman JONES.*

Alderman *JONES* lockt up in a Box,
 He liv'd like a Lyon, and dy'd like a Fox.

In a Church-Yard at Marle in France.

*Ci gît le Fils, ci gît la Mere,
Ci gît la Fille avec le Pere,
Ci gît la Sœur, ci gît le Frère,
Ci gît la Femme & le Mari,
Et n'y a que trois Corps icy.*

In English thus:

Here lies the Son, here lies the Mother,
Here lies the Daughter with the Father,
Here lies the Sister, here lies the Brother,
Here lies the Wife and Husband to her,
And but three Persons buried here.

On Mrs. CICELY BRIDGES.

Under this Stone doth CICELY BRIDGES sleep,
Who, soon her Husband's Company to keep,
Seconds his Death with Death ; but hence her Gain,
For Husband one doth stand in Husbands tweyn ;
She's now a Bride with Pair of Bridegrooms bliss,
For Bridegroom BRIDGES, and CHRIST her Bridegroom
is.

1625.

[*Drayton, Norfolk.*]

*On Mr. JOHN PETTYGREW, late Minister at
Givan near Glasgow in Scotland.*

Here lies a Reverend Givan Priest,
Who fore against his Will deceast,
His Soul's to Abraham's Bosom fled,
As by his Reverend Elders said :
Others, who knew his youthful Toyes,
Say *Sarah's* rather was his Choice ;
But be as 'twill, his Scabbard's humbled,
Death tripp'd up his Heels, and down he tumbled,

On Mrs. PENNIAH JUCKES.

A Maid of Eighteen
 We have laid in this Green,
 To rest herself here a short Space,
 And after that Time
 This Rose in her Prime
 Shall rise up again by GOD's Grace.

[Hackney.]

On Mrs. GRACE MEDFORD.

Scarce Seven Years old, this GRACE in Glory ends:
 Nature condemns, but GRACE the Change commends;
 For gracious Children, tho' they die at Seven,
 Are Heirs apparent to the Crown of Heav'n.
 Then grudge not, Nature, at so short a Race,
 Tho' short yet sweet, for surely 'twas GOD's GRACE.

1627.

[Barnstable, Devon.]

On one unknown.

Here lyeth one was born, and cry'd,
 Told threescore Years, fell sick and dyed.

On Sir STEPHEN HARVEY.

Death is the painful Way that all must tread,
 Joyful to them that are by Virtue led;
 Then grieve not, Friends, because I died so soon,
 I my Day's Journey finished at Noon.

1630.

On a Shrew.

Here lies entomb'd a Married Man's great Woe,
 A nimble Linguist and a quick-tongu'd Shrew:

She's

HUMOROUS, WHIMSICAL, &c. 41

She's dead, and Earth to Earth is flung;
The Earth holds her who could not hold her Tongue.

Another.

Here lies a Woman—no Man can deny it,
She rests in Peace, altho' she liv'd unquiet;
Her Husband prays, if by her Grave you walk,
You'll gently tread, for if she wakes she'll talk.

On an old Miser named SPARGES.

Here lies Father SPARGES,
Who died to save Charges.

On the Removal of Queen ELIZABETH'S Body by Water to Whitehall, from Richmond, where she died.

The Queen was brought by Water to Whitehall,
At ev'ry Stroke the Oars did Tears let fall;
More clung about the Barge, Fish under Water
Wept out their Eyes of Pearl, and swam blind after;
I think the Bargemen might with easier Thighs
Have row'd her hither in the People's Eyes:
For howso'er, thus much my Thoughts have scann'd,
She'd come by Water had she come by Land.

On a Lock-Smith.

A zealous Lock-Smith died of late,
And did arrive at Heaven's Gate.
He stood without, and wou'd not knock,
Because he meant to pick the Lock.

On Mr. ANTHONY COOK.

At the due Sacrifice of the Paschal Lamb,
April had eight Days wept in Show'rs; then came
 Lean hungry Death, who never Pity took,
 And 'cause the Feast was ended slew his Cook.
 On *Easter-Monday*, he lives then no Day more,
 But sunk to rise with him that rose before:
 He's here intomb'd, a Man of virtuous Line,
 Out-reach'd his Years, they were seventy-nine.
 He left on Earth ten Children of eleven,
 To keep his Name, whilst himself went to Heav'n. 1613.

[*Taxford, Suffolk.*]

On Mr. WILLIAM WEBBE.

A richer WEBBE than any Art can weave,
 The Soul that Faith to CHRIST makes firmly cleave;
 This WEBBE can Death nor Devils sunder nor untwist,
 For CHRIST and Grace both Ground-work are, and
 Lift. 1613.

[*Gaius College, Cambridge.*]

On D. RAWLINSON's Two Daughters.

Two little Sisters lye under this Stone,
 Their Mothers were two, their Fathers but one;
 At five Quarters old departed the younger,
 The elder liv'd nine Years five Days, and no longer.
 Learn hence, ye young Gallants, to cast away Laughter,
 As soon comes the Lamb as the Sheep to the Slaughter.

1624.

[*St. Peters' East, Oxon.*]

On a Scold.

After some threescore Years of Caterwauling,
 Here lies a Scold, stopp'd from above Ground Bawling;
 Tho'

HUMOROUS, WHIMSICAL, &c. 43

Tho' ill she liv'd, I dare not read her Doom ;
But sure go where she will, she's Troublesome ;
I wish her, in Revenge, among the Blest,
For she'd as live be d——d as be at Rest.

On one unknown.

Here lies an Organist quite blown out of Breath,
Who liv'd a merry Life, and dy'd a merry Death.

At Oxford.

Reader, behold this Stone keeps KITTY down,
Who, when alive, mov'd all the Stones in Town.

On SAMUEL WOTTON, D. D.

He learn'd to live while he had Breath,
And so he lives even after Death. 1680.

[Wretbam, Norfolk.]

On JO. WARNER.

I Warner once was to myself,
Both living, dying, dead, I was ;
Now Warning am to thee :
See then thou warned be. 1641.

[Ipswich, Suffolk.]

Upon one Mr. NONE.

Here lyes None one worse than None for ever thought,
And because None of None to thee, O CHRIST, gives
nought.

[Windham, Norfolk.]

On another of the same Name.

None lieth here, of Lineage *None* descended,
 Amongst Men *None*, *None* 'mongst the Saints befriended.

On Mr. JOHN BERRY.

How! how! who's buried here?
 JOHN BERRY. Is't the younger?
 No, the Elder-BERRY.
 An Elder-BERRY bury'd! Surely must
 Rather rise up, and live, than turn to Dust:
 So may our BERRY, whom stern Death has slain,
 Be only buried to rise up again.

*On THOMAS KEMP, hanged for Sheep-
 Stealing.*

Here lies the Body of THOMAS KEMP,
 Who liv'd by Wool, but dy'd by Hemp;
 There's nothing wou'd suffice this Glutton,
 But, with the Fleece, to steal Mutton;
 Had he but work'd, and liv'd uprighter,
 He'd ne'er been hang'd for a Sheep-biter.

On one unknown.

Here lies my poor Wife without Bed or Blanket,
 But dead as a Door-Nail, GOD be thanked.

On a Tomb-Stone in Dundee, in Scotland.

Here lies old JOHN HILDBROAD,
 Have Mercy upon him, Good GOD;
 As he would do, if he was GOD,
 And thou wer't old JOHN HILDBROAD.

HUMOROUS, WHIMSICAL, &c. 43

On Sir JOHN CALF.

Here lyes the Body of Sir JOHN CALF,
Who was thrice Lord Mayor of this City,
Honour! Honour! Honour!

*The following Lines were wrote by a Gentleman
who read the above Epitaph.*

O wretched Death, more viler than a Fox,
Could'st thou not let this Calf become an Ox,
That he might brouse amongst the Briars and Thorns,
And wear among his Brethren,
Horns! Horns! Horns!

On a Footman.

This nimble Footman ran away from Death,
And here he rested, being out of Breath;
Here Death him overtook, made him his Slave,
And sent him on an Errand to the Grave.

On a Taylor.

JACK SNIP the Taylor's dead: 'tis now too late
To brawl or wrangle with the cruel Fate:
Yet, sure, 'twas hardly done, to clip his Thread,
Before he gave them Leave, in his own Bed.
He died at Forty just. Poor Shred of base
Mortality, who pities not his Case!
Of a whole Ell of Cloth he would not take
Above a Nail at most, for Conscience Sake;
But of his Span of Life, I dare to say,
Death stole not much less than one Half away;
And, Coward-like, just when he was not well,
With his own Bodkin (pitiful to tell!)
He bor'd a Hole through him, that all his Men
And Prentices could not stitch up again.

On HOBSON the Carrier.

HOBSON (what's out of Sight is out of Mind)
Is gone, and left his Letters here behind.
He that with so much Paper used to meet;
Is now, alas! content to take one Sheet.

Another.

He that such Carriage-store was wont to have,
Is carried now himself unto his Grave:
O strange! He that in Life ne'er made but one,
Six Carriers makes, now he is dead and gone.

Another.

Here HOBSON lyes, prest with a heavy Load,
Who now is gone the old and common Road;
The Waggon he so lov'd, so lov'd to ride,
That he was drawing on, whilst that he dy'd.

Another.

HOBSON's not dead, but *Charles*, the Northern Swain,
Hath sent for him, to draw his lightsome Waine.

On a Gardener.

Could he forget his Death, that ev'ry Hour
Was emblem'd to it by the fading Flower?
Should he not mind his End? Yes, sure he must,
That still was conversant 'mongst Beds of Dust.

On K. HENRY'S VIIIth's Jester.

Stay, Traveller, guess who lies here:
I tell thee, neither Lord nor Peer,
No Knight, no Gentleman of Note,
That boasts him of his ancient Coat,
Which Heralds curiously emblazon,
For Men (well skill'd therein) to gaze on.

Know

HUMOROUS, WHIMSICAL, &c. 47

Know then, that this was no such Man,
And I'll express him as I can :

He that beneath this Tomb-stone lies,
Some call'd him Fool, some held him wise ;
For which, who better Proof can bring,
Than to be favour'd by a King ?
And yet again, we may misdoubt him,
A King hath always Fools about him.
Is he more Idiot than the Rest
Who in a guarded Coat can Jest ?
Or can he Wisdom's Honour gain
That is all Bravery, and no Erain ?
Since no such Things ; Wit truly bred,
I'th' Habit lies not, but i' th' Head.
But whether he was Fool or Knave,
He now lies sleeping in his Grave,
Who never in his Life found Match,
Unless the Cardinal's Fool call'd *Patch* :
Of whom some Courtiers, who did see
Them two alone, might say, *We Thre* :
And may be fear'd it is a Phrase,
That may be us'd in these our Days.
Well, more of him what should I say ?
Both Fools and Wise Men turn to Clay :
And this is all we have to trust,
That there's no Difference in their Dust :
Rest quiet then beneath this Stone,
To whom late *Archy* was a Drone.

On a Taylor who died of a Stitch.

Here Stitch the Taylor in his Grave doth lie,
Who by a Stitch did live, and by it die.

On a Miller.

Death, without Question, was as bold as brief,
When he kill'd two in one, Miller and Thief.

On Mr. STRANGE.

Here lies one *Strange*, no Pagan, Turk, nor Jew;
 'Tis *Strange*, but not so *fringe* as it is true.

On a Whore.

Here lies the Body of a Sinner,
 Who dy'd for want of Warmth within her,
 Altho' a Fire she had in her.
 Her Days were short, by too much Sportings;
 Not strange the Fate, where there's no Courtings.
 Physicians all, they gave her o'er,
 But Death he undertook the Cure,
 And with his Scythe, with Ease he lopt her,
 And sav'd the Charges of a Doctor.

On Mr. STONE.

Jerusalem's Curse is not fulfill'd in me,
 For here a Stone upon a Stone you see.

On FLORENCE CALDWELL.

Earth upon Earth, consider, may;
 Earth goes to Earth naked away;
 Earth, tho' on Earth, be stout and gay,
 Earth shall from Earth pass poor away.

[*St. Martin's, Ludgate.*]

On JOHN WEBSTER.

Here, underneath, a WEBSTER Death has lain,
 By too soon cutting his short WEB in Twain:
 For ere he'd spun scarce Half his WEB, (sad Truth!)
 Death snatch'd him hence just in his Bloom of Youth.

[*Sr. Paul's, London.*]

On a Youth.

Did he die young? O, no, it could not be,
For I know few that liv'd so long as he;
'Till GOD and all Men lov'd him: then be bold,
The Man that lives so long must needs be old.

On Mr. AIRE.

Under this Stone of Marble fair,
Lies the Body entomb'd of GERVASE AIRE:
He dy'd not of an Ague Fit,
Nor surfeited of too much Wit:
Methinks this was a wond'rous Death,
That AIRE should die for Want of Breath.

[*St. Giles, Cripplegate.*]

On a Child.

A Child, and dead? Alas! How could it come?
Surely thy Thread of Life was but a Thrum.

On a Chandler.

How might his Days end that made *Weeks*? or he
That could make *Light*, here laid in *Darkness* be?
Yet since his *Weeks* were spent, how could he chuse
But be depriv'd of *Light*, and his Trade lose?
Yet dead the *Chandler* is, and sleeps in Peace,
No Wonder! long since melted with his *Greace*:
It seems that he did Evil, for *Day-light*
He hated, and did rather with the *Night*;
Yet came his *Works* to *Light*, and were like Gold
Prov'd in the Fire, but could not Trial hold.
His *Candle* had an End, and Death's black *Night*
Is an *Extinguisher* of all his *Light*.

On a Cobler.

Death at a Cobler's Door oft made a Stand,
 And always found him on the *mending* Hand;
 At last came Death in very *foul* Weather,
 And ript the *Soal* from the *Upper-Leather*:
 Death put a Trick upon him, and what was't?
 The *Cobler* call'd for's *Awl*, Death brought his *Last*.

On old GOLD, a Papist.

One here lies, who roll'd in Gold,
 And kept it all, yet he grew old.
 To save him for his Sins committed,
 For Gold, he thought, he should be quitted.
 A Priest assur'd him of a Pardon,
 Or wou'd not take of him one Farthing;
 The Chub believ'd (resign'd his Breath),
 And left his Prayers till after Death.

On Mr. RICHMAN, a Miser.

Here lies a Body who lost his Breath,
 And cou'd not save himself from Death:
 Yet he struggled to live longer;
 But Death than he being so much stronger,
 Cut him down, just at his Pleasure,
 And forc'd was he to leave his Treasure:
 But his Gold he'd fain took with him,
 And then to die 'twou'd not have griev'd him.

[*Coventry.*]

On JOHN TAYLOR, the Water Poet.

Here lies the Water Poet, honest *John*,
 Who rowed on the Streams of *Helicon*;
 Where having many Rocks and Dangers past,
 He at the Haven of Heaven arriv'd at last.

On a Porter.

At length by Works of wondrous Fate,
Here lyes the Porter of *Wynchester*-Gate:
If gone to Heav'n, as much I fear,
He can be but a Porter there:
He fear'd not Hell so much for's Sin,
As for th' great Rapping, and oft Coming-in.

*On JOHN LILBURN, who was an Officer in
Oliver's Time.*

Untimely Cause so late, and late because
To some much Mischief it no sooner was:
Is *John* departed, and is *Lilburn* gone?
Farewel to both, to *Lilburn* and to *John*!
Yet being dead, take this Advice from me,
Let them not both in one Grave buried be;
Lay *John* here, and *Lilburn* thereabout,
For if they both should meet, they would fall out.

[*Stafford.*]

On JOHN PYE, a Farmer.

Here lyes *John Pye*,
Oh! O!
Does he so?
There let him lye.

[*Coventry.*]

On WILLIAM MATTHISON.

Williem Matthison here lies,
Whose Age was Forty-one;
February Seventeenth he dies,
Went *Is'bell Mitchell* from,
Who was his marry'd Wife
The Fourth Part of his Life.

The Soul it cannot die,
 Tho' the Body be turn'd to Clay;
 Yet meet again must they,
 At the last Day:

Trumpets shall sound, Archangels cry,
 Come forth, *Is'bell Mitchell*, and meet *William Mathison*
 in the Sky.

[*Urquhart, Scotland.*]

On JOHN WOODGATE, *who broke his Neck by
 a Fall from his Horse.*

My Friend, judge not me,
 Thou seest I judge not thee:
 Betwixt the Stirrup and the Ground
 Mercy I ask'd, Mercy I found.

On JOHN BROWN.

Short was thy Life,
 Yet livest thou ever;
 Death hath his Due,
 Yet diest thou never.

[*Oxon.*]

On WILLIAM SHAW, *an Attorney.*

Here lies *William Shaw*,
 An Attorney at Law;
 If he is not blest,
 What will become of all the rest?

[*St. Bartholomew, London.*]

On SAMUEL SMITH, *Ordinary of Newgate.*

Under this Stone
 Lies a Reverend Drone,
 To *Tyburn* well known;

}
 Who

Who preach'd against Sin
With a terrible Grin ;
In which some may think that he acted but oddly,
Since he liv'd by the Wicked, and not by the Godly.

In Time of great Need,
In case he were feed,
He'd teach one to read
Old Pot-Hooks and Scrawls
As ancient as *Paul's* :
But if no Money came,
You might hang for old *Sam*,
And founder'd in Pfalter,
Be ty'd to a Halter.

This Priest was well hung,
I mean with a Tongue,
And bold Sons of Vice
Would disarm in a Trice,
And draw Tears from a Flint,
Or the Devil was in't.
If a Sinner came him nigh,
With Soul black as Chimney,
And had but the Sense
To give him the Pence,
With a little Church Paint
He'd make him a Saint.
He understood Physick,
And cur'd Cough and Phthifick :
And in short all the Ills
That we find in the Bills,
With a Sovereign Balm,
The World calls a Psalm.

Thus his *Neugate* Birds, once in the Space of a Moon,
Tho' they liv'd to no Purpose, they dy'd to some Tune.

In Death was his Hope,
For he liv'd by a Rope ;
Yet this, by the Way,
In his Praise we may say,
That like a true Friend
He his Flock did attend
Even to the World's End.

And car'd not to start
 From Sledge or from Cart,
 'Till he first saw them wear
 Knots under their Ear,
 And merrily swing
 In a well-twisted String :
 But if any dy'd hard,
 And left no Reward,
 As I told you before,
 He'd inhance their old Score,
 And kill them again,
 With his murdering Pen :
 Thus he kept Sin in Awe,
 And supported the Law.
 But oh ! cruel Fate !
 So unkind tho' I say't,
 Last Week to our Grief,
 Grim Death, that old Thief,
 Alas and alack !
 Had the Boldness to pack
 This old Priest on his Back,
 And whither he's gone
 Is not certainly known :
 But a man may conclude,
 Without being rude,
 That Orthodox Sam
 His Flock would not sham,
 And to shew himself to 'em a Pastor most civil,
 As he led, so he follow'd them all to the D—l.

On Dr. BURNET; Bishop of Salisbury.

Here old *Sarum* lies,
 As great as wife,
 And learned as *Tom Aquinas*.
 Lawn Sleeves he wore,
 And yet no more
 A Christian than *Socinus*.

HUMOROUS, WHIMSICAL, &c. 53

Oaths *pro* and *con*
He swallow'd down,
Took Fees like any Lay-man;
Read, preach'd and pray'd,
And yet betray'd
GOD's holy Word for *Mammon*.

Of every Vice
He had a Spice,
Tho' a renowned Prelate;
Yet liv'd and dy'd,
If not bely'd,
A true Dissenting Zealot.

If such a Soul
To Heaven is stole,
And 'scap'd old *Satan's* Clutches,
We'll then presume
There may be Room

F _____

THO. BROWN.

On Mrs. ELLEN RESON.

The Charnel mounted on the W
Sets to be seen in Funer
A Matron plain Domestic
In Care and Pains continu
Not slow, not gay, not prodig
Yet neighbourly and hospit
Her Children seven yet living
Her sixty seventh Year hence did c
To rest her Body natur
In hopes to rise spiritu

} all

1631.

[*Hadleigh, Suffolk.*]

On JOHN ADAMSON.

John Adamson's here kept within,
Death's Prisoner for *Adam's* Sin;

D 4

But

But rests in Hope, that he shall be
Set by the second *Adam* free.

On the Lady MARY ARMINE.

Hail, *Mary*, full of Grace, 'bove Women blest;
A Name more rich in Saints than all the rest;
An Army of them fam'd in sacred Story:
All good, none bad, an unparallel'd Glory!
'The Blessed Virgin well may lead the Van:
Next follows *Mary* the *Bethanian*;
Next *Mary*, Wife of *Cleophas*: Another
Mary was of *James* and *Joses* Mother.
How much is spoke of *Mary Magdalene*!
Of *Mary*, *John*, *Mark*'s Mother, we read agen.
At *Rome* a *Mary* commended by *St. Paul*;
All Saints; yet not to pray unto at all.
A *Mary* was the Mother of our LORD.
A *Mary* 'twas laid up in Heart his Word.
A *Mary* 'twas that chose the better Part.
A *Mary* 'twas that wept with broken Heart.
A *Mary* 'twas that did anoint CHRIST's Feet:
A *Mary* pour'd on's Head the Spikenard sweet.
At CHRIST's Cross standing *Maries* there I find;
When others fled, they were not so unkind.
CHRIST dead, interr'd, at the Sepulchre Door,
Two *Maries* stand, I find no Women more.
So that from Cradle to the Passion;
From Passion to the Resurrection:
From Resurrection to the Ascension,
Observe you may a *Mary* still was one.
The Army of such Ladies so Divine,
This Lady said, I'll follow, they all *Ar-mine*.
Lady Elect! in whom there did combine
So many *Maries* might'st say, *All-Ar-mine*.
Thou Mother, Sister, Spouse wast of the LORD,
In that in Heart and Life thou kept'st his Word.
With th' other *Mary*, chose the better Part:
With *Mary Magdalene* had'st a most tender Heart.
On CHRIST a *Mary* spent all that she could:
Tho' others grudg'd, more if she had she would.

HUMOROUS, WHIMSICAL, &c. 57

To th' Head above could'st not, on the Feet below
Thou did'st not spare much Cost for to bestow.

Thy Name a precious Ointment, and the Armies
Of Saints and Angels are the Lady *Armine's*.

Now GOD and CHRIST are thine, and what's Divine
In Heaven's Enjoyment. Blest Soul! Now *All* are thine.

On a young Lady.

Here lies a Maid not full sixteen,
Was Maid of Honour to the Queen;
And Men as Years have lain upon her,
And yet she died a Maid of Honour.

On the Countess of W———K.

Here lies *P———pe* Lady *R———b*,
Countess of *W———k*, (chuse you which)
Content with one Stone, see what Death can do!
Who while she liv'd was not content with two.

On Mrs. CRESWELL.

Beneath this Stone
Here lies one
That I have often lain upon;
And kist her sitting, standing, lying,
And if she rise again, have at her flying.

L. ROCHESTER.

On a Drunkard.

Bybax, the Drunkard, while he liv'd would say,
The more I drink, the more methinks I may:
But see how Death hath prov'd his Saying just,
For he hath drunk himself as dry as Dust.

On JOAN TRUMAN, *who had an Issue in her Leg.*

Here lyes crafty *Joan*, deny it who can,
 Who liv'd a false Maid, and dy'd a *Truman*;
 And this Trick she had to make up her Cunning,
 Whilst one Leg stood still, the other was running.

On JOHN DEATH.

Here's *Death* interr'd, that liv'd by Bread;
 Then all should live, now *Death* is dead.

On a Soldier.

When I was young, in Wars I shed my Blood,
 Both for my King and for my Country's Good :
 In elder Years, my chief Care was to be
 Soldier to him that shed his Blood for me.

On a Butler.

That Death should thus from hence our Butler catch,
 Into my Mind it cannot quickly sink ;
 Sure Death came thirsty to the Butt'ry-hatch,
 When he (that busy'd was) deny'd him Drink.

Tut, 'twas not so ; 'tis like he gave him Liquor,
 And Death, made drunk, him made away the quicker ;
 Yet let not others grieve too much in Mind,
 Tho' Butler's gone, the Keys are left behind.

On ROBERT STERLIN, *Skipper.*

The World's tempest'ous Sea while I did plow,
 My Anchor, Hope ; the Word my Compass too ;
 Blest Faith my Helm ; the Wind, to fill my Sails,
 The HOLY SPIRIT, with its blessed Gales ;

North-

North-Star, thou CHRIST alone ; I steer'd to thee,
Thou still wast in mine Heart and in mine Eye ;
In Heav'n, above, my safest Port ; whence I
Despise and scorn all Earth's Uncertainty.

[*Hoof, Dundee, Scotland.*]

On JOHN SMITH.

Here lies *John Smith*,
Whom Death slew, for all his Pith ;
The starkest Man in *Aberlady* :
GOD prepare and make us ready.

[*Aberlady, Scotland.*]

On a Scrivener.

May all Men by these Presents testifie,
A lurching Scrivener here fast bound doth lie.

On ROBERT MORE.

Here lies the Body of *Robert More*,
What signify's more Words ?
Who kill'd himself by eating of Curds :
But if he had been rul'd by *Sarah* his Wife,
He might have liv'd all the Days of his Life.

[*Dundalke, Ireland.*]

On WILLIAM RYMOUR, *Maltman*.

Through CHRIST, I'm not inferiour
To *William* the Conquerour.

Rom. viii. 37.

[*Cupar, Fife, Scotland.*]

On DANIEL WEST, Bargeman.

Here lies Bargeman *West*,
 Who was none of the best ;
 In his Youth he was wild,
 And when old, was a Child :
 Being dead at the last,
 Desir'd old *Charon* to give him a Cast.

[*Walton, Surry.*]

On a Gamester's Tomb-Stone.

Here lies the Body of *All Fours*,
 Who lost his Money and pawn'd his Cloaths ;
 If that you want to know his Name,
 'Tis *Highest, Lowest, Jack and Game.*

On an Upholsterer.

Too cruel Death has snatch'd poor *Ben.* away,
 And chang'd his Feathers for a Bed of Clay.

On Mr. TWIG, the Vintner.

Under this Stone here lies a Sot,
 That martyr'd was by Pipe and Pot ;
 If any one his Name should ask,
 He'll find it on a Claret-Flask.

*On one named * JOHN.*

Death came to *John*,
 And whisper'd in his Ear,
 You must die, *John* ;
 D'ye hear ?

* It was his usual Custom in Company, when he told them any thing, to ask, *D'ye hear ?* And if any said, he did not hear him ; *John* would reply, *No Matter, I've said.*
 Quoth

HUMOROUS, WHIMSICAL, &c. 61

Quoth *John* to Death,
The News is bad :
No Matter, quoth Death,
I've said.

On a very chaste Maid.

Here lies the Body of a beauteous Maid,
Whose secret Parts no Man did e'er invade ;
Scarce her own Hand she wou'd admit to touch
That Virgin Spring, altho' it itch'd so much :
She dy'd at Eighteen Years of Age, and then
She gave to Worms what she deny'd to Men :
But 'twas her last Request, with dying Groans,
To have no Tomb at all, if built with Stones ;
Such vig'rous Things she always us'd to wave,
And fear'd they wou'd disturb her in her Grave.

A White-Chapel Epitaph.

Here lies honest *Stephen*, with *Mary* his Bride,
Who merrily liv'd, and chearfully dy'd.
They laugh'd and they lov'd, and drank while they were
able,
But now they are forc'd to knock under the Table.
This Marble, which formerly serv'd 'em to drink on,
Now covers their Bodies ; a sad Thing to think on !
That do what one can to moisten our Clay,
'Twill one Day be Ashes, and moulder away.

Here continueth to rot
The Body of *Francis Chartres*,
Who, with *Inflexible Constancy*,
And inimitable Uniformity of Life,
Persisted,
In spite of Age and Infirmities,
In the Practice of every human Vice ;
Excepting Prodigality and Hypocrisy :

His

His insatiable Avarice exempted him from the first,
His matchless Impudence from the second.

Nor was he more singular
In the undeviating *Pravity* of his *Manners*,
Than successful

In *accumulating* Wealth;
For, without Trade or Profession,
Without Trust of Public Money,
And without Bribeworthy Service,
He acquired, or more properly created,
A Ministerial Estate.

He was the only Person of his Time,
Who could cheat without the Mask of Honesty.

He retain'd his primæval Meanness
When possessed of Ten Thousand a Year;
And having daily deserved the Gibbet for what he *did*,
Was at last condemned to it for what he *could* not do.

Oh, Indignant Reader!

Think not his Life useless to Mankind!
PROVIDENCE permitted his execrable Designs,
To give to after Ages

A conspicuous Proof and Example,
Of how small Estimation is exorbitant Wealth
In the Sight of God,

By his bestowing it on the most Unworthy of all Mortals.
DR. ARBUTHNOT.

*On a Printer of Boston, in New-England,
written by Himself.*

BEN FRANKLIN, *Printer*,
(Like the *Cover* of an old *Book*,
Its *Contents* worn out,
And stript of its *Lettering* and *Gilding*)
Lies here Food for the Worms.
Yet the *Work* shall not be lost;
For it shall (as he believed) appear once more
In a *new* and *most beautiful Edition*,
Corrected and revised
By the AUTHOR.

HUMOROUS, WHIMSICAL, &c. 63

On Mr. VINCENT EYRE.

Here lies *Vin. Eyre* * ! Let fall a Tear;
For one true Man of Honour;
No courtly Lord, that breaks his Word,
Will ever be a Mourner.

In Freedom's Cause he stretch'd his Jaws;
Exhausted all his Spirit;
Then fell down dead: It must be said,
He was a Man of Merit.

Let Freemen be as brave as he,
And vote without a Guinea;
Vin. Eyre is hurl'd to th' other World,
And ne'er took Bribe a Penny.

Sept. 6, 1727.

True to his Friend, to helpless Parents kind;
He died in Honour's Cause, to Lucre's blind.
Why should we give *a sigh*, an airy Toy;
We vainly weep for him, who died with Joy.

Here lieth to *digest, macerate, and amalgamate* with clay,
In *Balneo Arena,*

Stratum super Stratum,
The *Residuum, Terra Damnata, and Caput Mortuum*
Of *Boyle Godfrey, Chemist,*
and *M. D.*

A Man, who in this earthly *Laboratory*
Pursued various *Processes* to obtain,

Arcanum Vitæ,
Or the Secret to live;
Also *Aurum Vitæ,*

Or the Art of getting, rather than making Gold.

* *Mr. Vincent Eyre* was a great Stickler in the Election at *Nottingham* in 1727, for a certain Gentleman, declaring he desired to live no longer than to see him gain the Election; and hearing he had gained it, he gave a loud Huzza, and dropt down dead!

Alchemist-

Alchemist-like,
 All his Labour and Projection,
 As Mercury in the Fire, evaporated in Fumo.
 When he dissolved to his first Principles,
 He departed as poor
 As the last Drops of an Alembic;
 For Riches are not poured
 On the Adepts of this World.
 Though fond of News, he carefully avoided
 The Fermentation, Effervescence,
 And Decrepitation of this Life.
 Full seventy Years his exalted Essence
 Was Hermetically sealed in its Terrene Matraſs.
 But the radical Moisture being exhausted,
 The Elixir Vita spent,
 And exsiccated to a Cuticle,
 He could not suspend longer in his Vehicle,
 But precipitated gradatim,
 Per Campanam,
 To his Original Dust.
 May that Light, brighter than Bolognian Phosphorus,
 Preserve him from the Athanor, Empyræuma, and
 Reverberatory Furnace of the other World,
 Depurate him from the Fæces and Scoria of this,
 Highly rectifie and volatilize
 His ætherial Spirit,
 Bring it over the Helm of the Retort of this Globe,
 Place it in a proper Recipient,
 Or Crystalline Orb,
 Among the Elect of the Flowers of Benjamin,
 Never to be saturated
 Till the general Refuscitation,
 Deflagration, Calcination,
 And Sublimation of all Things!

*Upon an Orange Merchant, who died in his first
 Wife's Arms upon his Wedding Night.*

Alas! Alas! here free from Cares and Strife,
 Lies one embrac'd to Death by his first Wife;

Had'st

HUMOROUS, WHIMSICAL, &c. 63

Had'st thou been sour as Persian Lemons are,
Thou had'st not met a Fate so sharp, so rare :
But as thou wast an Orange, thou art dead,
For Women love such Sweetness, e'en in Bed ;
And she, who by thee chanc'd that Night to lie,
Tasted thee, found thee sweet, and suck'd thee dry.

An Epitaph out of a Church-yard in Dorsetshire, answered by a Gentleman on the Widower's Marrying again in a Fortnight.

For me deceas'd weep not, my Dear,
I am not dead, but sleeping here :
Your Time will come, prepare to die ;
Wait but a while, you'll follow I.

Answer.

I am not griev'd, my dearest Life ;
Sleep on—I've got another Wife :
And therefore cannot come to thee,
For I must go to Bed to die.

On REIGNIER. Made by Himself.

Gaily I liv'd as Ease and Nature taught,
And spent my little Life without a Thought ;
And am amaz'd that Death, that Tyrant grim,
Should think of me, who never thought of him.

On JOHN TISSEY, a late Punster.

Merry was he for whom we now are sad ;
His Jokes were many, and but few were bad ;
The gay, the jocund, sprightly, active Soul
No more shall pun, alas ! no more shall bowl.
Now at his Tomb methinks I hear him say,
I never lik'd to be in a grave Way ;

Then

Then by and by he cries, For all your Scoffing,
 I now am only in a Fit of *Coffin*.
 Thy passing Bell with heavy Hearts we hear,
 For thee each *passing Belle* shall drop a Tear;
 That sable Hearse which drew thy Corpse along,
 Shall be *rebear'd* in dismal Poet's Song;
 Ah, how unlike! yet this is he, we're sure,
 Who once in Grafton's Coach sat so demure.
 Many a Ball he gracefully began,
 Well may we *bawl* to lose so great a Man:
 Thy friendly Club their mighty Loss deplore,
 Their faithful Secretary now no more!
 Thou ne'er shalt *secret* tarry, though in Death,
 While Puns are Puns, or punning Men have Breath.

His EPITAPH.

Beneath this Gravel and those Stones
 Lie poor *Jack Tissey's* Skin and Bones;
 His Flesh, I oft have heard him say,
 He hop'd in Time would make good Hay.
 Quoth I, How can that come to pass?
 And he reply'd, "All Flesh is Grass."

On Mr. SKELTON, *the merry Poet Laureat*
to Henry VII. and VIII. who died the 21st
of June, 1529.

Come, *Aleto*, and lend me thy Torch,
 To find a Church-yard in a Church-porch.
 Poverty and Poetry this Tomb doth inclose,
 Therefore, Gentlemen, be merry in Prose.

[*St. Margaret's, Westminster.*]

On Mr. WILLIAM YEARDLEY and his
Wife.

William Yeardley, and Elizabeth his Wife,
 Who lived on Earth free from Strife,

Not

HUMOROUS, WHIMSICAL, &c. 67

Not farre from this, in Earth doth lye,
To shew that all that live must dye;
Where they do quietly expect
To rise again as God's Elect.
They left four Daughters and a Sonne,
Who left them this when they were gone.

[*St. Martin's, Ludgate.*]

On FLORENS CALDWELL, *Esq.* and MARY *his Wife.*

Earth goes to Earth, as Mold to Mold;
Earth treads on Earth, glittering in Gold;
Earth as to Earth returne ne'er should,
Earth shall to Earth goe ere he would;
Earth upon Earth consider may;
Earth goes to Earth naked away.
Earth though on Earth be stout and gay,
Shall from Earth pass poore away;
Be merciful and charitable,
Relieve the Poor as thou art able;
A Shrowd to thy Grave
Is all thou shalt have.

[*St. Martin's, Ludgate.*]

To the Memory of RICHARD HIND.

Here lies the Body of RICHARD HIND,
Who was neither ingenious, sober, or kind.

[*Chestnut Church-yard.*]

On JOHN CABBOT.

Here lies *John Cabbot*, under this Stone,
Who died in the Year One Thousand and One;
You may pray for his Soul, or let it alone,
For whether ye pray, or pray not, 'tis all one:

Ye:

Yet since *John Cabbot* is dead and gone,
Under his Head lay a Turf or a Stone;
Or any thing else, or let it alone;
For whether ye do, or do not, 'tis all one.

*Wrote by Mr. S. of Fleet-Street, for his own
Wife.*

Here rests my Wife; poor *Phillis*! let her lie;
She finds repose at last—and so do I.

*Upon the Death of Old WILLIAM, who kept
the Gate of Kew Green. Written by John
O'Combe, Parish Clerk.*

Old WILL, who kept the Gate at *Kew*,
And kindly let all People through,
Was one Day treated most uncivil,
Either by Death or by the Devil;
For one, without or Noise or Strife,
Shut upon WILL the Gate of Life.

*On Mr. JOSEPH SHARPE, Needle-Maker, and
Common-Councilman of Farringdon With-
out.*

Alas! he's dead, good Master SHARPE!
Could I, like *David*, thrum the Harp,
I wou'd his Virtues here rehearse,
In humble Common Council Verse.
But who can Butcher Death, pray, wheedle?
He from his Hand snatch'd out a Needle;
A Needle sharper than his Dart,
And stuck it into *Joseph's* Heart.

HUMOROUS, WHIMSICAL, &c. 69

*On the Death of Mr. SNOW, the King's
Trumpeter.*

Thaw every Breast, melt every Eye with Woe,
Here's Diffolution by the Hand of Death!
To Dirt, to Water's turn'd the fairest SNOW:
O! the King's *Trumpeter* has lost his Breath;

Upon a Sailor.

Whether Sailor or not, for a Moment *avast!*
Poor JACK's *Mizen Topsail* is laid to the Mast:
He'll never turn out, or more heave the Lead,
He's now all aback,—nor will Sails shoot a-head.
He always was brisk,—and though now gone to Wreck,
When he hears the last Whistle—he'll jump upon Deck.
E. T.

*On Mrs. DEATH, Comedian, late of the Nor-
wich Company.*

Here lies DEATH's Wife: when this Way next you tread,
Be not surpriz'd should DEATH himself be dead.

On an Infant.

The Cup of Life just with his Lips he press'd;
Found the Taste bitter, and declin'd the rest:
Averse then turning from the Face of Day,
He softly figh'd his little Soul away.

*On a Gentleman who had the Honour of being
danced to Death by a Young Lady.*

Here rests a wearied Youth, by Death reliev'd,
Who, had he rested sooner, still had liv'd.

Stung

Stung by a fair Tarantula, he *hay'd*,
 He figur'd in, he caper'd, frisk'd—and stray'd
 From the gay Ball to the Elysian Shade.
 Compute by Dances, and *four score* he pass'd,
 Man's utmost Term: *Moll Peatly** was his last.
 Yet think not, Reader, that he dares to blame
 The beauteous Cause from whence his Ruin came:
 Too well the Nymph had by Experience found,
 Her Eyes as fatal, tho' more slow the Wound;
 She way'd the Triumph of a longer Fight,
 And, from mere Pity, kill'd him in one Night.

*On the Death of the Master of the Star-Inn in
 Lynn, commonly called BUMBO DICK, of
 which Liquor he drank two Gallons a Day
 for 36 Years.*

Alas, alas! poor *Bumbo Dick*,
 Without being either sad or sick,
 Has left the *Bar*,
 Has left the Inn;
 And rayless is the *Star*,
 And dull's the Town of *Lynn*.
 When Brandy would not keep him 'mongst the Quick,
 He drank to *Death*,
 While he had *Breath*,
 Who gave him, like a Coward, a cowardly Kick.
 But where, alas! *dry Dick* puts up,
 Or where to Night he takes a Sup,
 All these you must know
 Of his Landlord, *Old Nick*,
 Who has laid him in Limbo below;
 For he's chalk'd a long *Score* against *Dick*.

E. T.

* A Dance so called.

On WALTER STRONGE, Free-Mason.

Here's one that was an able Workman long,
Who divers Houses built both fair and strong.
Tho' *Stronge* he was, a stronger came than he,
And robb'd him both of Life and Skill, we see;
Moving an old House a new one for to rear,
Death met him in the Way, and laid him here. 1662.

A generous Foe, a faithful Friend—
A Victor bold, here met his End.
He conquer'd both in War and Peace;
By Death subdu'd, his Glories cease.
Ask'ft thou, who finish'd here his Course
With so much Honour?—'Twas a HORSE.

On Mrs. DOROTHY CALTHORPE.

A Virgin Votary is oft in Snares,
This safely vow'd, and made the Poor her Heirs.

[*Ampton, Suffolk.*]

On Captain DYER.

Whom neither Sword nor Gun in Warr
Could slay, in Peace a Cough did marr:
'Gainst Rebels he, and Lust and Sin,
Fought the good Fight, died Life to win.
Done by *Alexander* his Son.

1653.

[*Glaslonbury, Somersetshire.*]

On one Unknown.

Here lyes, the Lord have Mercy on her!
One of her Majesty's Maids of Honour;
She was both slender, tall, and pretty,
She died a Maid, the more's the Pity.

On RICHARD ADAMS.

ADAM I was, from ADAM first I came,
 Now I return from whom I took my Name;
 ADAM hath sinn'd: against the Judgment Day,
 With Thy dear Blood, wash ADAM's Sin away.

[Church-Yard, Stirling, Scotland.]

On Dr. SHERLOCK.

Here lyes, within this Holy Place,
 (The LORD have Mercy on him!)
 The *Weefel*, in a Wooden-case,
 Exempt from human Plagues, unless
 You lay his Wife upon him.

Some People think, if this were done,
 Tho' dead, he wou'd be ready
 To rise before his Time, and run
 The LORD knows where, to shun
 That Tennagant, his Lady.

Since he is gone, 'tis hard that she
 Should be so long deserted.
 Why, Death, shouldst thou so partial be,
 Since all good People do agree,
 'Tis Pity they were parted?

Pray bid her, when she comes, not prate,
 But hold her teasing Nonsense:
 For if the *Weefel* smell a Rat,
 He'll fly his Wife, I'll tell you that,
 As he once did his Conscience.

1706.

On a Child.

Like Bird of Prey,
 Death snatcht away
 This harmless Dove;
 Whose Soul so pure
 Is now secure
 In Heaven above.

On

*On a Nobleman's Tombstone at Woodford-
Wells.*

I dreamt that, bury'd in my Fellow Clay,
Close by a common Beggar's Side I lay;
And as so mean a Neighbour shock'd my Pride,
Thus (like a Corpse of Quality) I cry'd:
" Away, thou Scoundrel! henceforth touch me not;
" More Manners learn, and at a Distance rot."
" Thou Scoundrel!" in a louder Tone, cry'd he,
" Proud Lump of Dirt, I scorn thy Words and Thee;
" We're equal now, I'll not an Inch resign:
" This is my Dunghill, and the next is thine."

Post Funera Virtus.

A Monster in a Course of Vice grown old,
Leaves to his gaping Heir his ill-gain'd Gold:
Strait breathes his Bust; strait are his Virtues shown;
Their Date commencing with the sculptur'd Stone.
If on this specious Marble we rely,
Pity a Worth like his should ever die!
If Credit to his real Life we give,
Pity a Wretch like him should ever live!

Splendide mendax.

On King CHARLES II.

Here lies our Sovereign Lord the King,
Whose Word no Man relies on;
Who never said a foolish Thing,
Nor ever did a wise One.

Lord ROCHESTER.

On Mr. THOMAS HEARNE, the Antiquarian.

Pox on't, says *Time* to *Thomas Hearne*,
Whatever I forget, you learn.

On a Tomb-Stone in Scotland.

Johnnie Carnegie lies here,
 Descended of *Adam* and *Eve*;
 If any can gang higher,
 He willingly give him Leave.

In Rippon Church-Yard.

Hic jacet Vir, perpendiculariter honestus.

Thus translated.

Here lies *R. C.* believe it who can,
 An upright, downright honest Man.

On RICHARD DYKE, a Grave-digger.

*Hic jacet in Fossâ, Fossæ qui Nomen habebat,
 Et Tumulum, multos qui tumulavit, habet.*

Translated thus.

Here lies in a Dyke,
 Whose Name was the like,
 Who deposited many a Brother:
 Now *Dick's* Turn's come round
 To lie snug in the Ground;
 One good Office merits another.

On Mr. EDM. PURDON, an Author.

Here lies poor *Ned Purdon*, from Misery freed,
 Who long was a Bookseller's Hack,
 He led such a d——e Life in this World,
 I don't think he'll ever come back.

In Glasgow Church-Yard, in Scotland.

Here ligs *Mess Andrew Gray*,
Of whom ne muckle Good can I say ;
He was ne Quaker, for he had ne Spirit ;
He was ne Papist, for he had ne Merit ;
He was ne *Turk*, for he drank muckle Wine ;
He was ne *Jew*, for he eat muckle Swine ;
Full forty Years he preach'd, and lee'd ;
For which God dom'd him when he dee'd.

Here lies the Wife of *Maister Ford*,
I hope her Soul is with the Lord ;
But if for Hell she's chang'd this Life,
'Tis better so — than *John Ford's* Wife.

Here lies the Collier, *Jenkin Dashes*,
By whom Death nothing gain'd, he swore ;
For living he was Dust and Ashes,
And dead he was no more.

On BEN JOHNSON the Poet.

O rare *Ben Johnson* !

[*Westminster-Abbey.*]

*On Dr. WALKER, Author of a Book on the
English Particles.*

Here lie *Walker's* Particles.

On Dr. FULLER.

Here lies *Fuller's* Earth.

On a Tomb-Stone in Scotland.

Johnnie Carnegie lies here,
 Descended of *Adam* and *Eve*;
 If any can gang higher,
 He willingly give him Leave.

In Rippon Church-Yard.

Hic jacet Vir, perpendiculariter honestus.

Thus translated.

Here lies *R. C.* believe it who can,
 An upright, downright honest Man.

On RICHARD DYKE, a Grave-digger.

*Hic jacet in Fossâ, Fossæ qui Nomen habebat,
 Et Tumulum, multos qui tumulavit, habet.*

Translated thus.

Here lies in a Dyke,
 Whose Name was the like,
 Who deposited many a Brother:
 Now *Dick's* Turn's come round
 To lie snug in the Ground;
 One good Office merits another.

On Mr. EDM. PURDON, an Author.

Here lies poor *Ned Purdon*, from Misery freed,
 Who long was a Bookfeller's Hack,
 He led such a d——e Life in this World,
 I don't think he'll ever come back.

In Glasgow Church-Yard, in Scotland.

Here ligs *Mess Andrew Gray*,
Of whom ne muckle Good can I say;
He was ne Quaker, for he had ne Spirit;
He was ne Papist, for he had ne Merit;
He was ne Turk, for he drank muckle Wine;
He was ne Jew, for he eat muckle Swine;
Full forty Years he preach'd, and lee'd;
For which God dom'd him when he dee'd.

Here lies the Wife of Maister *Ford*,
I hope her Soul is with the Lord;
But if for Hell she's chang'd this Life,
'Tis better so — than *John Ford's* Wife.

Here lies the Collier, *Jenkin Dashes*,
By whom Death nothing gain'd, he swore;
For living he was Dust and Ashes,
And dead he was no more.

On BEN JOHNSON the Poet.

O rare *Ben Johnson*!

[*Westminster-Abbey.*]

*On Dr. WALKER, Author of a Book on the
English Particles.*

Here lie *Walker's* Particles.

On Dr. FULLER.

Here lies *Fuller's* Earth.

*On the celebrated Mr. CHRISTOPHER
SHRIDER.*

Here rests the musical *Kit Shrider*,
Who Organs built when he did bide here:
With nicest Ear he tun'd 'em up;
But Death has put the cruel Stop:
Tho' Breath to others he convey'd,
Breathless, alas! himself is lay'd.
May he, who us such Keys has giv'n,
Meet with St. Peter's Keys of Heav'n!
His Cornet, Twelfth, and Diapason,
Could not with Air supply his Weasand:
Bass, Tenor, Treble, Unison,
The Loss of tuneful *Kit* bemoan.

On a Mayor of Exeter.

Here lies the Body of Captain *Tully*,
Aged an Hundred and Nine Years fully;
And Threescore Years before, as Mayor,
The Sword of this City he did bear.
Nine of his Wives do by him lie,
So shall the Tenth when she doth die.

On ANNE GREEN, a Quaker, in Ramsbury.

Here lies a Piece of Christ, a Star in Dust,
A Wedge of Gold, a China Dish, that must
Be us'd in Heav'n, when Christ does feed the Just.

In a Church-Yard in Bedfordshire.

Hic Catherina jacet, jacet Anna, jacetque Maria;
Hic jacet Andreas, qui lapidavit eas.

Thus Englished.

Here lies Catherine, Anne, and Mary Riggs,
And honest Andrew, who h-m'd all their G—gs.

Alas!

HUMOROUS, WHIMSICAL, &c. 77

Alas ! no more I could survive,
For I am dead, and not alive :
And thou in Time no longer shalt survive,
But be as dead as any Man alive.

In St. Alban's Church-Yard.

Hic jacet Tom Shorthose, fine Tomb, fine Sheets, fine
Riches ;
Qui vixit fine Gown, fine Cloak, fine Shirt, fine Britches.

Here lieth Joan Onely, the onely most faithful Wife of
John Onely of Warwickshire, Esq. to whose Soul the
onely Trinity be merciful.

[*St. John's, Hackney.*]

On Mr. BENSON, a Linen Draper.

Here th' earthly Part of *William Benson* lies,
Whom *Robert Benson* had by *Mary Lile* ;
He heavenly mounted is above the Skies,
With Wings of Faith, dissolv'd but for a while.
The Linen which he sold was ne'er so white,
As is the Robe wherein his Soul is dight.

[*St. Olave's, Southwark.*]

On Mr. MARTIN PRINGE, Merchant.

His painful, skillful Travels reach'd as far
As from the Arctick to th' Antarctick Star.
He made himself a Ship. Religion
His only Compass, and the Truth alone
His guiding Cynosure ; Faith was his Sails ;
His Anchor Hope, a Hope that never fails ;
His Freight was Charity ; and his Return,
A fruitful Practice. In this fatal Urn

This Ship's fair Hulk is lodg'd ; but the rich Lading
Is hous'd in Heaven, a Haven never fading.

[*St. Stephen's, Bristol.*]

On Captain THOMAS STONE.

As the Earth the Earth doth cover,
So under this *Stone* lies another.

[*St. Mary's, Rotherhithe.*]

Quod fuit esse, quod est, quod non fuit esse quod esse,
Esse quod est, non esse quod est, non est, erit, esse.

Paraphrased in English.

What we have been, and what we are,
The Present, and the Time that's past,
We cannot properly compare
With what we are to be at last.

Tho' we ourselves have fancy'd Forms,
And Beings that have never been ;
We into Something shall be turn'd,
Which we have not conceiv'd or seen.

Wrote on an Old Maid's Tomb-stone.

Here lies upon her Nuptial Bed of Earth,
Olivia, married, as you see, to Death ;
Her Vigour going, and her Beauty past,
Submitted thus, at *Time's* Approach at last.
Mourn not, ye Youth! rejoice you were deny'd ;
Had she liv'd longer, you must soon have dy'd.
The Apes she met with here, she lik'd so well,
She's only gone to seek for more in Hell.

HUMOROUS, WHIMSICAL, &c. 79

On Mrs. POTTINGER, a Potter's Wife of Newcastle.

Flesh is an Earthen Ware, and frail as Grass,
Hence *Nelly's* Frame as brittle as her Glass;
She held her Spirits long as e'er her Breath,
And left her Vessel when 'twas turn'd to Earth.
The Case was thus: Her Pitcher met a Stroke
In going oft to Well, at last was broke;
Her Trade and Operation's at a Stand,
The Shards, as Dust, were cast upon this Land.
John, who, to 's Sorrow, oft had gone to Pot,
Resolv'd a Home Stroke, while his Iron was hot;
Willing the Relicks of his Pot to save,
Hath scrap'd, and laid his Pot-earth in this Grave:
Hopes from the Colour, as the Mine grows old,
His Urn of Dust may turn to that of Gold;
And when his Clay s restor'd, his Pots new made,
Expects to carry on a roaring Trade.

HOB.

On SHADRACH JOHNSON, who kept the Wheat- sheaf at Bedford, and had 24 Children by his first Wife, and 8 by his second.

Shadrach lies here, who made both Sexes happy,
The Women with Love-toys, the Men with Nappy.

Upon a Tomb-stone in the Neighbourhood of London.

By a LADY upon her Husband.

O! cruel Death! how cou'd you be so unkind,
To take him before, and leave me behind?
You should have taken both of us, if either;
Which wou'd have been more pleasing to the Survivor.

On a Fawn.

Here *Fanny* lies interr'd; ah! why,
 Ye Gods, was *Fanny* born to die?
 A Female *Fanny* was, 'tis true,
 But yet no Female Arts she knew.
 No Visits she receiv'd, or paid,
 Nor ever stroll'd to Masquerade;
 Court, Opera, Park, and Play and Ball—
 The prudent *Fanny* scorn'd them all.

All those, who knew her, must confess,
 She never took a Pride in Dress;
 For one brown Garment, coarse and plain,
 (A Fence against the Cold and Rain)
 Was all the Cloaths poor *Fanny* wore,
 Who never wish'd, or thought of more.

Void of all anxious Care and Strife,
 She past, at Ease, a Country Life;
 A Virgin to her dying Day;
 Was ever chearful, ever gay;
 And such an even Temper kept,
 She never laught, nor ever wept;
 So little given to offend,
 She got no Foe, nor lost a Friend:
 Nay, tho' a Female (matter rare!),
 Was prais'd and honour'd by the Fair.

Then, Reader, if thou hast a Tear,
 I pr'ythee, stay and drop it here;
 But lest thy Eyes too fast should flow,
 Methinks 'tis fair to let thee know,
 Tho' *Fanny*, true, is dead and gone,
 Poor *Fanny* was a harmless Fawn.

Upon an old Covetous Usurer.

You'd have me say, Here lies T. U.
 But I do not believe it:
 For after Death there's something due,
 And he's gone to receive it.

HUMOROUS, WHIMSICAL, &c. 81

On Mr. — Foot.

Here lies one *Foot*, whose Death may Thousands save;
For Death himself has now one *Foot* i' th' Grave.

On a Grey-Hound.

To the Memory of
SIGNOR FIDO,
An Italian of good Extraction,
Who came into England,
Not to bite us, like most of his Countrymen,
But to gain an honest Livelyhood.
He *hunted* not after Fame,
Yet acquired it.
Regardless of the Praise of his Friends,
But most sensible of their Love.
Tho' he liv'd among the Great,
He neither learnt nor flatter'd any Vice.
He was no Bigot,
Tho' he doubted of none of the Thirty-nine Articles;
And if to follow Nature,
And to respect the Laws of Society,
Be Philosophy;
He was a perfect Philosopher,
A faithful Friend,
An agreeable Companion,
A loving Husband,
And, tho' an Italian,
Was distinguish'd by a numerous Offspring,
All which he liv'd to see take good *Courses*.
In his old Age he retir'd
To the House of a Clergyman in the Country,
Where he finish'd his *earthly Race*,
And died an Honour and Example to the whole Species.
Reader,
THIS STONE is guiltless of Flattery;
For he to whom it was inscrib'd,
Was not a Man,
But a GREY-HOUND.

[*Stow Gardens.*]

On a Poet.

Here lies a Poet—where's the great Surprise!
 Since all Men know—a *Poet* deals in *Lies*.
 His *Patrons* know—they don't deserve his *Praise*:
 He knows—he never meant it in his *Lays*:
 Knows—where he *promises*, he never *pays*.
Verse stands for *Sack*—his *Knowledge*—for the *Score*;
 Both out—he's gone—where *Poets* went before:
 And at *departing*—let the *Waiters* know
 He'd pay his *Reck'ning*—in the *Realms*—below.
 Z. Z.

On TRUE.

If Wit or Honestly cou'd save
 Our mould'ring Ashes from the Grave,
 This Stone had still remain'd unmark'd,
 I still writ Prose, and * *True* still bark'd.
 But envious Fate has claim'd its Due,
 Here lies the mortal Part of *True*;
 His deathless Virtues must survive,
 To better us that are alive.
 His Prudence and his Wit were seen,
 In that from † *Mary's* Grace and Mien,
 He own'd the Power and lov'd the Queen.
 By long Obedience he confest,
 That serving her was to be blest.
 Ye Murmurers, let *True* evince,
 That Men are Beasts, and Dogs have Sense.
 His Faith and Truth all *Whitehall* knows;
 He ne'er cou'd fawn or flatter those
 Whom he believ'd were *Mary's* Foes;
 Ne'er skulk'd from whence his Sov'reign led him,
 Or snarl'd against the Hand that fed him.
 Read this, ye Statesmen now in Favour,
 And mend your own by *True's* Behaviour.
 MAT. PRIOR, Esq.

* A favourite Dog of Queen *Mary's*. † Queen *Mary*.
 Beneath

HUMOROUS, WHIMSICAL, &c. 83

Beneath this Stone, to Worms a Prey,
Himself as poor and vile as they,
Eugenio lies; in hopes of Rest,
Who thought each other Hope a Jest:
Ne'er was his Fancy taught to rise
To Heav'n-built Domes above the Skies;
Contented where he fell to lie,
Nor wish'd to live, nor fear'd to die.

On Mr. JOSEPH MITCHELL, a famous Sportsman. On the Grave-Stone is delineated a Hare run down. From a Label at her Mouth proceeds this Motto,

I have finish'd my Course.

READER,

If ever Sport to thee was dear,
Drop on *Jo.* Mitchell's Grave a Tear;
Who when alive, with nimble Eye,
Did Myriads of *Hares* descry.
He was Professor of the Art,
Those Animals to ken and start.
All Arts and Sciences beside
This *bare-brain'd* Hero did deride:
An utter Foe to Wedlock's *Noose*,
In which close State appear'd no *Meuse*.
Jo. scorn'd this Earth, he was above it,
But only for *Form's* sake did love it.
But *Jo.* at length was spy'd by Death,
And cours'd and run quite out of Breath.
No shifting, winding Turn could save
Jo. from the all-devouring Grave.

As Greyhound with superior Force
Seizes poor Puss, and ends her Course;
So stopt the Fates this Sportsman true,
Who now for ever bids Adieu
To shrill *Soho*, and loud *Halloo*.

}

On TIMOTHY GALLOP.

Here rests Gaffer *Gallop*, who marry'd Dame *Trot*;
 An Housewife so good that she spent all he got:
 But she, God be thank'd! in Time broke her Wind,
 And left poor old *Gallop* to jog on behind.
 The old Man found it lonesome to travel alone,
 So posted in haste to o'ertake his dear *Joan*:
 But his * Pace made him weary, he stumbled and fell,
 And the Sexton for him, as for *Joan*, toll'd the Bell;
 When their Journey was o'er, and their Sun it was set,
 The Grave was the Inn where these Travellers met.

On the Death of Mrs. OLDFIELD, the celebrated Actress.

When *Oldfield* dies, ev'n *Congreve's* Laurels fade:
 And This we own, in Justice to her Shade,
 The first *bad Exit Oldfield* ever made.

Mr. S—w—d.

On TOM D'URFEY.

Here lies the *Lyric*, who, with Tale and Song,
 Did Life to Threescore Years and Ten prolong:
 His Tale was pleasant, and his Song was sweet;
 His Heart was chearful—but his Thirst was great.
 Grieve, Reader! grieve that he, too soon grown old,
 His Song has ended, and his Tale has told.

On one who died of the Hyp.

Death, by a Conduct strange and new,
 Prov'd here th' Effect and Motive too:
 Ned met the Blow he meant to fly;
 And dy'd, because he fear'd to die.

* He lived too fast.

On an Urn at Lord CORKE's.

To the Memory of the Dog HECTOR.

Stranger, behold the mighty *Hector's* Tomb!
 See! to what End both Dogs and Heroes come.
 These are the Honours by his Master paid,
 To *Hector's* Manes and lamented Shade:
 Nor Words nor Honours can enough commend
 The social Dog—nay, more, the faithful Friend!
 From Nature all his Principles he drew;
 By Nature faithful, vigilant, and true:
 His Looks and Voice his inward Thoughts express'd;
 He growl'd in Anger, and in Love carefs'd.
 No human Falshood lurk'd beneath his Heart;
 Brave without Boasting, gen'rous without Art.
 When *Hector's* Virtues Man, proud Man! displays,
 Truth shall adorn his Tomb with *Hector's* Praise.

On the Clerk of a Country Parish.

Here lies, within his Tomb, so calm,
 Old *Giles*: Pray sound his Knell;
 Who thought no Song was like a Psalm,
 No Music like a Bell.

MR. SHENSTONE.

On a profligate Mathematician at Manchester.

Here lies *John Hill*,
 A Man of Skill,
 His Age was Five Times Ten:
 He ne'er did good,
 Nor ever wou'd,
 Had he liv'd—as long again.

DR. BYRON.

On an Undertaker.

Subdu'd by Death, here Death's great Herald lies,
 And adds a Trophy to his Victories ;
 Yet sure he was prepar'd, who, while he'd Breath,
 Made it his Business still to *look for* Death.

On a Miser married to a Coquette.

Here lies a Wretch, 'midst other Clay,
 Who heap'd up Riches ev'ry Day,
 Yet never gave one Groat away ;
 Parted with nothing, all his Life,
 But what in common was—his Wife.

On an old Maid.

Beneath this silent Stone is laid
 A noisy, antiquated Maid,
 Who from her Cradle talk'd till Death,
 And ne'er before was out of Breath.
 Whither's she's gone we cannot tell ;
 For, if she talks not, she's in Hell ;
 If she's in Heav'n, she's there unblest'd ;
 Because she hates a Place of Rest.

On the same.

Tread softly, Reader, lest you wake
 The greatest Talker that e'er spake :
 'Tis Chance, but, if her Dust you move,
 Each Atom there a Tongue may prove :
 And, tho' she rises all alone,
 You'll think it a general Resurrection.

By a Lord BRISTOL.

HUMOROUS, WHIMSICAL, &c. 87

On a scolding Wife, who died in her Sleep.

Here lies the Quintessence of Noise and Strife,
Or, in one Word, here lies a scolding Wife;
Had not Death took her when her Mouth was shut,
He durst not for his *Ears* have touch'd the Slut.

On a Woman who had three Husbands.

Here lies the Body of *Mary Sextone*,
Who pleas'd three Men, and never vex'd one—
This she can't say beneath the next Stone. }

On a Welchman, killed by a Fall from his Horse.

Here lies interr'd, beneath these Stones,
David-ap-Morgan, ap-Shenkin, ap-Jones:
Hur was born in Wales, hur was travell'd in France,
And hur went to Heaven—by a bad Mischance.

On a Libertine Gamester.

“*JaSa est alea!*”

Here lies a Sceptic, long in Doubt,
If Death could kill the Soul, or not.
His Scruples Death resolves at last;
Convinc'd—but oh! the Die is cast!

Imitation from the Latin.

Stop! gentle Traveller, stop your * *Horse*,
And view awhile this lifeless Corse:
You can't conceive how great a Man
Contracted lies within this Span.

* Though the Original does not mention an *Horse*, yet, as few Foot-travellers understand Latin, the Translator hopes he has preserved the Spirit of the Original.

Alive, indeed, 'twas honest Jack;
 We've often thump'd him on the Back:
 He'd take his Glas, without a Fuss,
 And we e'en thought him one of us.
 But now, behold, when dead and gone,
 He's justly styl'd the Great Sir John!
 See! Virtue's Self her Distance keep,
 And Angels o'er his Ashes weep!
 With Trump erect, the Goddess Fame
 To distant Regions sounds his Name.
 Thus much 'twas fit that you should read;
 Now, gentle Traveller, proceed.

On the Death of an Epicure.

At length, my Friends, the Feast of Life is o'er;
 I've eat sufficient—and I'll drink no more:
 My Night is come; I've spent a jovial Day;
 'Tis time to part; but oh!—what is to pay?

On the Death of a fine Girl of Nine Years old.

Joy of her Friends, her Parents' only Pride,
 When scarce she'd tasted Life, *Eliza* dy'd:
 She was—but Words are wanting to say what;
 Say all that's good and pretty—she was that.

On a Man and his Wife, buried in the same Tomb.

Here sleep, whom neither Life, nor Love,
 Nor Friendship's strictest Tie,
 Could in such close Embrace as thou,
 Thou faithful Grave, ally.
 Preserve them, each dissolv'd in each,
 For Bands of Love divine:
 For Union only more complete,
 Thou faithful Grave! than thine.

On

HUMOROUS, WHIMSICAL, &c. 89

On THOMAS RAVENSCROFT.

What I gave, I have,
What I spent, I had,
What I left, I lost by not giving it.
Obiit 20 die Aprilis, 1708.

[*Westminster-Abbey.*]

On HUDIBRAS.

Under this Stone rests HUDIBRAS,
A Knight as errant as e'er was ;
The Controversie only lies,
Whether he was more stout than wise ;
Nor can we here pretend to say,
Whether he best could fight or pray ;
So till these Questions are decided,
His Virtues must rest undivided.
Full oft he suffer'd Bangs and Drubs,
And full as oft took Pains in Tubs ;
Of which the most that can be said,
He pray'd and fought, and fought and pray'd,
As for his Personage and Shape,
Among the rest, we'll let them 'scape ;
Nor do we, as Things stand, think fit
This Stone should meddle with his Wit.
One Thing, 'tis true, we ought to tell,
He liv'd and dy'd a Colonel ;
And for the good old Cause stood Buff,
'Gainst many a bitter Kick and Cuff :
But since his Worship's dead and gone,
And mould'ring lies beneath this Stone,
The Reader is desir'd to look
For his Atchievements in his Book,
Which will preserve of Knight the Tale,
Till Time and Death itself shall fail.

S. BUTLER.

On DU VALL.

Here lies DU VALL! Reader, if Male thou art,
 Look to thy Purse; if Female, to thy Heart.
 Much Havock hath he made of both; for all
 Men he made stand, and Women he made fall.
 The second Conqueror of the *Norman* Race,
 Knights to his Arms did yield, and Ladies to his Face.
 Old *Tyburn's* Glory, *England's* Illustrious Thief,
 DU VALL the Ladies Joy, DU VALL the Ladies Grief.

[*Covent Garden Church-Yard.*]

On Mr. ANDREW LEIGH.

Here lies LEIGH, who, vex'd with a shrewd Wife,
 To gain his Quiet, parted with his Life.
 But see the Spite: she that had always crost
 Him living, dies, and means to hunt his Ghost.
 But she may fail; for *Andrew*, out of doubt,
 Will cause his Brother *Peter* shut her out.

On Mr. MORE, of Norwich.

More had I once, more would I have,
 More is not to be had,
 The first I — the next is vain,
 The third is too too bad.
 If I had us'd with more Regard
 The more that I did give,
 I might have had more Use and Fruit
 Of More while he did live;
 But Time will be recall'd no more,
 More since are gone in brief;
 Too late Repentance yields no more,
 Save only Pain and Grief.
 My Comfort is, that GOD hath more
 Such Mores to send as Will,
 In hope whereof I sigh no more,
 But rest upon him still.

[*Elingham, near Bungay, Suffolk.*]

On JOHN WHITE.

Here lies JOHN, a burning Thining Light,
Whose Name, Life, Actions, were alike white.

[*Temple Church.*]

On Death.

Death is a Fisherman : the World we see
His Fish-pond is, and we the Fishes be.
He sometimes, Angler-like, doth with us play,
And slyly take us one by one away ;
Diseases are the murdering Hooks which he
Doth catch us with ; the Bait Mortality,
Which we, poor silly Fish, devour ; till strook
At last, too late we feel the bitter Hook.
At other Times he brings his Net, and then
At once sweeps up whole Cities full of Men,
Drawing up Thousands at a Draught, and saves
Only some few, to make the other Graves ;
His Net, some raging Pestilence : Now he
Is not so kind, as other Fishers be ;
For if they take one of the smaller Fry,
They throw him in again, he shall not die ;
But Death is sure to kill all he can get,
And all is Fish with him that comes to Net.

On TOM HICKS.

Here lyes *Tom Hicks's* Body,
Who liv'd a Fool, and dy'd a Noddy.
Reader, can you tell,
Whether Fools' Souls goes to Heaven or Hell ?

[*Coventry.*]

On Mr. HENRY ELDERTON.

Here is *Elderton* lying in Dust,
 Or lying *Elderton*, chuse which you lust:
 Here he lies dead, I do him no Wrong,
 For who knew him standing all his Life long?

[*Oxford.*]

On STEPHEN RUMBOLD.

Born, *Feb.* 1582.

He liv'd One Hundred and Five,
 Sanguine and strong;
 An Hundred to Five,
 You live not so long.

Dy'd *March* 4, 1687.

[*Brightwell, Oxon.*]

On a Young Lady drowned.

Sweet Stream, that dost with equal Pace
 Both thyself fly, and thyself chace,
 Forbear a while to flow,
 And listen to my Woe:
 Then go, and tell the Sea, that all its Brine
 Is fresh, compar'd to mine;
 Inform it, That the gentler Dame,
 Who was the Life of all my Flame,
 In the Glory of her Bud
 Has pass'd the fatal Flood.
 Death by this only Stroke triumphs above
 The greatest Power of Love:
 Alas! Alas! I must give o'er,
 My Sighs will let me add no more.
 Go on, sweet Stream, and henceforth rest
 No more than does my troubled Breast;
 And if my sad Complaints have made thee stay,
 These Tears, these Tears shall mend thy Way.

On

On Mr. MUNDAY.

Hallowed be the *Sabbath*,
And farewell all worldly Pelfe ;
The Weeke begins on *Tuesday*,
For *Munday* hath hang'd himselfe.

[*St. Olave's, Southwark.*]

On JOHN FRASER.

Here lieth one, below this Stone,
Who lov'd to gather Gear ;
Yet all his Life did want a Wife,
Of him to take the Care :
He won his Meat, both ear and late,
Betwixt *Cleish* and *Craigflour*,
And crav'd, this Stone might lie upon
Him (at his latter Hour.)

[*Crombie, Scotland.*]

On ——— JOBSON.

Here lyes *Jobson*, the D ———'s Godson,
Who ne'er lov'd the Poor ;
He liv'd like a Hog,
And he dy'd like a Dog,
And left what he had to a Whore.

[*Bath, Somersetsshire.*]

On a Scrivener.

Here to a Period is the Scrivener come,
This is the last *Sheet*, his *Full Point* this Tomb.
Of all Aspersions I excuse him not,
'Tis known he liv'd not without many a *Blot* ;
Yet he no ill Example shew'd to any,
But rather gave good *Copies* unto many :

He

He in good *Letters* hath always been bred,
 And hath writ more than many Men have read.
 He *Rulers* had at his Command by Law,
 And though he could not hang, yet he could *draw*.
 He far more Bondmen had, and made, than any;
 A Dash alone of his Pen ruin'd many.
 That not without good Reason, we might call
 His *Letters* great or little *Capital*:
 Yet is the Scrivener's Fate as sure as just,
 When he hath all done, then he falls to Dust.

On JOHN HONE.

Under this Stone lies honest *John Hone*,
 Courageously bold in his Time;
 Flesh of my Flesh, and Bone of my Bone,
 Snatch'd from me, by Death, in his Prime.

[*St. Mary's Guildford, Surry.*]

On Death.

If Death comes on as soon as Breath departs,
 Then he must often die that often farts;
 And if to die, be but to lose one's Breath,
 Then Death's a Fart; and so a Fart for Death.

On H. ROGERSON, Clerk of Walton.

Lies here interr'd the Clerk of *Walton*,
 And by his Name *Henry Rogerson*,
 Who lov'd a full Cup, and saying *Amen*,
 As well as a Fishing-rod, Gun, and good Gin;
 Pleasure he took while Ease was to be found,
 And with his own Hand mark'd out his Ground.

[*Walton upon Thames.*]

On a Country Sexton.

Here lies old *Sare*, worn out with Care,
 Who whilome toll'd the Bell,
 Cou'd dig a Grave, or set a Stave,
 And say *Amen* full well.
 For sacred Song, he had *Hopkins's* Tongue,
 And *Sternhold's* eke also :
 With Cough and Hem, he stood by them,
 As far 's his Word wou'd go.
 The Worms have lost their good old Host,
 Who them full often fed ;
 For he is gone, with Skin and Bone,
 To starve 'em now he's dead.
 Here take his Spade, and use his Trade,
 Since he is out of Breath ;
 Cover the Bones of him who once
 Wrought Journey-work with Death.

Upon a Sexton.

I that had carried a Hundred Bodies brave,
 Was carried by a Fever to my Grave :
 I carried and was carried, so That's even ;
 May I be Porter to the Gates of Heaven !

[*St. Edmondsbury, Suffolk.*]

John Palfryman which lieth here,
 Was aged Twenty-four Years ;
 And near this Place his Mother lies,
 Also his Father, when he dies.

[*Grantham Church-Yard.*]

Here lyeth wrapt in Clay
 The Body of *William Wray* ;
 I have no more to say.

[*St. Michael's, Crooked Lane.*]

On the Earl of STRAFFORD.

Here lies wise and valiant Dust,
 Huddled up 'twixt Fit and Just;
Strafford, who was hurried hence
 'Twixt Treason and Convenience;
 He spent his Time here in a Mist,
 A Papist, yet a Calvinist.
 His Prince's nearest Joy and Grief,
 He had, yet wanted all Relief:
 The Prop and Ruin of the State,
 The People's violent Love and Hate.
 One in Extremes lov'd and abhorr'd;
 Riddles lie here, and in a Word,
 Here lies Blood! and let it lie
 Speechless still, and never cry.

JOHN CLEVELAND.

Here lies one *More*, and no *more* than he.
 One *More*, and no *more*! how can that be?
 Why one *More*, and no *more* may well lie here alone:
 But here lies one *More*, and that's *more* than one.

[*St. Bennet's, Paul's-Wharf, London.*]

Johnny Bell ligeth underneath this Stean,
 Five of my ain Sons laid it on my Wame.
 I liv'd a' my Days, without Sturt or Strife,
 I had Meat in my House, and was Master of my Wife.
 If, Reader, ye hae done mair in your Time
 Than I ha' done in mine,
 Take this Stean aff my Wame,—
 —And lay it atop o' thine*.

* At *Farlam*, on the West Marches towards *Scotland*,
 near *Naworth* Castle, says *Cambden* is this:

John Bell broken bow ligs under this Stean,
 Foure of mine een Sonnes laid it on my Weam:
 I was a Man of my Meate, Master of my Wife,
 I liv'd on mine owne Land without mickle Strife.

On the Rev. Dr. THOMAS SHERRIDAN.

Beneath this Marble Stone there lies
 Poor *Tom*, more merry much than wife;
 Who only liv'd for two great Ends,
 To spend his Cash, and lose his Friends.
 His darling Wife, of him bereft,
 Is only griev'd—there's Nothing left.

*On Mrs. MARIA MAGGOT, Spinster, who died
 Nov. 6, 1743: By her own Account aged 28;
 by the Parish-Account, 42.*

Beneath lyē the Bones of a Worm-eaten Dame,
 Whose Weather-cock Deeds are the Laughter of Fame:
 Her Life was a Scene of a Yea, and a Nay;
 Now smiling, now sullen, now grave, and now gay;
 This Moment, all Honey; next Moment, all Crab;
 Now *Helen*, now *Hecate*, now Fairy, now Drab;
 To-day, all submissive, all Saint, and all civil;
 To-morrow, all Tyger, all Fury, all Devil.
 Where this Contrast abides, 'tis uncertain to know,
Hypocrisy's branded *above* and *below*.

On Lady MARY VERE.

Nobilitas tibi *Vera* fuit; prudentia *Vera*;
Vera tibi Pietas; & tibi *Vera* Fides.
Vera Dei Cultrix fueras, et *Vera* Mariti:
 Quæque nitent aderant omnia, *Vera*, tibi.
 Acciderit tandem quod Mors tibi, *Vera*, dolendum:
 Excepto hoc, de te singula *Vera* juvant.

*On ELIZABETH QUELCH, of Dartford, who
 died the 19th of April, 1741.*

Here lies interr'd Elizabeth Quelch,
 A Maid not twenty-three,
 In Dartford born, and there she dy'd,
 As you above may see.

For in that fatal Month, alas!

Upon the nineteenth Day,

A sore Distemper then did rage,

Which took her Life away.

In youthful Years she left this World,

Within this Grave to rest;

That she a Virgin pure may rise,

To live among the Blest.

[Dartford, Kent.]

*An Epitaph, inscribed on a Pillar lately erected
in the Midst of an old Heap of Stones, on the
Side of the Highway, in the North of England.
By the Lord of the Manor.*

Stay, Traveller, stay, and peruse a sad Story;

For here I am set, as a *Memento Mori*,

To give the World Notice, that under these Stones,

Here lie the Remains of one William Jones,

Who made, if the Tale be as true as 'tis old,

Too much Haste (alas!) to get rid of a Scold.

One Night, as he under her Discipline lay,

Atoning for Crimes of the foregoing Day,

An unfortunate Thought came into his Head

To make his Escape: So he rush'd out of Bed,

And ran with all Speed to the Brink of yon Delph,

From whence leaping headlong, he brained himself.

This was, without Question, his own Act and Deed,

And yet in their Censures all are not agreed.

The Law, it condemn'd him, you see here; but still

Some People applaud him; Because, say they, Will

Chose rather to lie, for avoiding of Strife,

Alone in a Grave, than in Bed with his Wife:

Whilst others entitle him Fool for his Pains,

In dashing out 's own, instead of her Brains.

On Dr. EDWARD HAYNES.

Here lies the Body of Cranly Doctor Edward Haynes,

Who for to maintain his Family spar'd not for Pains,

To ride and to run to give Relief

To those that were in Pain, in Grief.

HUMOROUS, WHIMSICAL, &c. 99

He the 30th of April enter'd Death's strait Gate,
In the Year of our Lord One thousand and seven hundred
and eight:

He left behind him, when he left this Life,
Two likely Sons and a loving Wife;
And about thirty-six Weeks after
His Wife and Relict was brought to-bed with a Dafter:
Which three we desire may live,
Not to beg, but to give.

His eldest Son Edward, about fix Years and ten Months
old,

His youngest Son John, three, both dapper and bold:
Like to most Mortals, to his Business he was a Slave;
He catch'd the Pox * and dyed, and lyés here in his
Grave.

[Rudgwick Church-Yard.]

On ROBERT TRAPPIS.

Robert Trappis, Goldsmith, 1526.

When the Bels be merely rounge,
And the Masse devoutly founge,
And the Meate merely eaten,
Then fall Robert Trappis, his Wyffe and Chyldren be
forgotten.

Werfor, Jesu, that of Mary sprounge,
Let their Soulys thy Saynts among,
Though it be undeservy'd on ther Syde,
Yet, good Lord, let them evermore thy Mercy abyde,
And of your Cheritie

For ther Soulys say a Paternoster and an Ave.

Sancta Trinitas, unus Deus, miserere nobis,

Et Ancillis tuis sperantibus in Te.

O Mater Dei, memento mei.

Jesu, Mercy! Lady, help!

[St. Leonard's, Foster-Lane.]

* The Small-Pox.

On SUSAN PATISON.

To free me from Domestic Strife,
 Death call'd at my House—but he spoke with my Wife.
 Susan, Wife of David Patison, lies here,

Oct. 19, 1706.

Stop, Reader! and if not in a Hurry, shed a Tear.

[Hadleigh Church, Suffolk.]

On Mr. REMNANT, Undertaker.

Is REMNANT gone! Each weeping Eye
 Confirms the mournful Tale;
 He, who oft heard the deep-fetch'd Sigh,
 Now bids our Grief prevail.

But cease, ye mourning Friends, to weep:
 Be on his Stone engrav'd,

“God has ordain'd, of those who sleep,
 “A Remnant shall be sav'd.”

DEATH *the greatest* BOWLER.*An Epitaph for a deceased Cricketer.*

I bow'd, I struck, I caught, I stopt;
 Sure Life's a Game of Cricket:

I block'd with Care, with Caution popp'd,
 Yet Death has hit my Wicket.

Beneath this Stone doth lie a Lass,
 To Bucks and Bloods well known;
 With any Man she'd drink a Glass,
 And kiss for Half a Crown.

At fifteen Years she was a Whore,
 Was ten Years on the Town;
 And would have stood it many more,
 Had Death not knock'd her down.

On Mr. EDWARD STOCKDALE, Chandler.

Here lies Ned Stockdale, honest Fellow,
 Who died by Fat, and lived by Tallow ;
 His Light before Men always shone,
 His Mold is underneath this Stone.
 Then taking Things by the right Handle,
 Is not this Life a Farthing Candle ?
 The longest Age but a Watch Taper,
 A Torch blown out by ev'ry Vapour ?
 To-day 'twill burn ; To-morrow sink.
 If this be true, then worthy Ned
 Is a Wax Light among the Dead ;
 His fluted Form still sheds Perfume,
 And scatters Lustre round the Tomb.
 Then what is Mortal Life ? Why, tush,
 This mortal Life's not worth a Rush.

Dr. DE LA COUR.

*Inscription on a Tomb-Stone in Bakewell
 Church-Yard, Derbyshire.*

Know, Posterity, that on the 8th of April, in the Year of
 Grace 1757, the rambling Remains of *John Dale* were,
 in the 86th Year of his Pilgrimage, laid upon his two
 Wives.

This Thing, in Life, will raise some Jealousy ;
 Here all Three lie together lovingly :
 But from Embraces here no Pleasure flows,
 Alike are here all human Joys and Woes.
 Here Sarah's Chiding John no longer hears,
 And old John's Rambling Sarah no more fears :
 A Period comes to all their toilsome Lives ;
 The good Man's quiet ; still are both his Wives.

*On the Death of CADMAN, the famous Flyer on
 the Rope at Shrewsbury, A. D. 1740.*

Fond Icarus of old, with rash Essay,
 In Air attempted a forbidden Way ;

Too thin the Medium for so cumb'rous Freight,
 Too weak the Plumage to support the Weight;
 Yet less he dar'd who soar'd on waxen Wing,
 Than he who mounts to Æther on a String.
 Just as Arachne, when the buzzing Prey,
 Entangled, flutters, and would wing away;
 From watchful Ambuscades insidious springs,
 And to a slender Twine ascending clings;
 So on his Rope th' Adventurer climbs on high,
 Bounds o'er Cathedral Heights, and seeks the Sky:
 Fix but his Cable, and he'll tell you soon
 What Sort of Natives cultivate the Moon.
 An Army of such Wights to cross the Main,
 Sooner than Haddock's Fleet shou'd humble Spain.
 As warring Cranes on Pigmies thund'ring fall,
 And without Scaling-Ladders mount the Wall;
 The proudest Spire in Salop's lofty Town
 Safely he gains, and glides as safely down;
 Then sears again aloft, and downward springs,
 Swift as an Eagle, without Aid of Wings;
 Shews Anticks, hangs suspended by his Tce,
 Undazzled views th' inverted Chasm below;
 Invites with Beat of Drum brave Volunteers,
 Defies Jack Spaniard, nor Invasion fears;
 Land when they will, they ne'er could hurt his Ears. }
 Methinks I see, as yet, his flowing Hair
 And Body darting like a falling Star;
 Swifter than what with Fins or Feathers fly
 'Thro' the Aerial, or the Watry Sky.
 Once more he dares to brave the pathless Way,
 Fate now pursuing like a Bird of Prey;
 And, Comet-like, he makes his latest Tour
 In Air eccentric (Oh! ill omen'd hour!).
 Bar'd in his Shirt to please the gazing Crowd,
 He little dreamt, poor Soul! of winding Shroud;
 Nothing cou'd Aught avail but Limbs of Brass,
 When Ground was Iron, and the Severn Glass.
 As quick as Lightning down his Line he skims,
 Secure in equal Poise of agile Limbs.
 But see the trusted Cordage faithless prove,
 Headlong he falls, and leaves his Soul above.
 The gazing Crowd was shock'd at the Rebound
 Of shatter'd Bones that rattled on the Ground;

The broken Cord rolls on in various Turns,
 Smokes in the Whirl, and as it runs it burns.
 So when the wriggling Snake is snatch'd on high
 In Eagles' Claws, and hisses in the Sky,
 Around the Foe his twirling Tail he flings,
 And twists her Legs, and writhes about her Wings.
 Cadman laid low, ye Rash, behold and fear!
 Man is a Reptile, and the Ground his Sphere.
 Unhappy Man! thy End lamented be,
 None but thy own ill Fate so swift as thee.
 Were Metamorphoses permitted now,
 And tuneful Ovid liv'd to tell us how;
 His apter Muse shou'd turn thee to a Daw,
 Nigh to the fatal Sceptle still to caw;
 Perch on the Cock, and nestle on the Ball;
 In Ropes no more confide, and never fall.

*The Epitaph of the Unfortunate CADMAN, en-
 graved on his Monument.*

Let this small Monument record the Name
 Of Cadman, and his future Fame;
 Who by an Attempt to fly from this high Spire
 Across the Sabine Stream, he did acquire
 His fatal End. 'Twas not for Want of Skill,
 Nor Courage to perform the Task, he fell:
 No, no; a faulty Cord being drawn too tight,
 Hurried his Soul on high to take its Flight,
 And bid his Body, here beneath, Good Night.

An Epitaph on a Tombstone in Cornwall.

Here lies the Body of Joan Carthew,
 Born at St. Columb, buried at St Cue:
 Children she had five;
 Three are dead, and two alive:
 Those that are dead choosing rather
 To die with the Mother, than live with the Father.

*An Epitaph to the Memory of an honest Carter,
who was killed by his Waggon in 1760.*

Warn'd by my Fate, be ever on your Guard,
Lest sudden Death surprise you unprepar'd.
Healthy and strong, I thought no Danger near,
Stranger alike to Sickness, Pain, and Fear;
Pleas'd with my Team I thoughtless drove along,
The Horses' Bells kept jingling to my Song;
And little did I ween, ah! simple Swain,
That Death on his pale Horse was in the Train;
Or that the pond'rous Vehicle I drove,
Would soon my Hearse and Funeral Carriage prove;
The Tilt become a Shroud, and ev'ry Bell
Chime but a Prelude to my passing Knell.
Alas! my Fate was spun in early Age,
And Death here drove me to my final Stage.

On a Tombstone in Cornwall.

Here lies honest Ned,
Because he is dead.
Had it been his Father,
We had much rather:
Had it been his Mother,
We had rather than the other:
Had it been his Sister,
We ne'er should have mist her:
But since 'tis honest Ned,
There's no more to be said.

On a young Lady who died for Love.

Hard was thy Fate, alas, unhappy Maid!
Thou now art free, and Nature's Debt is paid:
Love was thy Bane; but yet the Flame was pure,
That did the Blast of cold Disdain endure.
Envy, be dumb! This Truth shall Slander tell,
Her only Blemish was, she lov'd too well.

On Mrs. NOTT.

Nott——a Maid,
 Nott——a Wife,
 Nott——a Widow,
 Nott——a Whore.
 She was *Nott* these,
 And yet she was all four.

N. B. She was all four when her Name was Nott.

Another.

Nott born, Nott died, Nott christen'd, Nott begot,
 Lo here she lies that was, and that was Nott;
 She died, was born, baptiz'd, and, what is more,
 Was in her Life-time honest, not a Whore.
 Reader, behold a Wonder rarely wrought,
 That whilst thou seem'st to read, thou readest Nott.

On Mr. POVEY, a Tooth-Drawer.

Povey expert can draw your Teeth, 'tis true,
 But by his Skill he draws your Money too :
 Thus, if you like his Art, it may be said,
 In Time he'll empty both your Purse and Head.
 Then, my dear Friend, be rul'd by Nature's Laws,
 Keep close at once your Pockets and your Jaws ;
 Losing your Grinders, awkwardly you'll eat,
 And vacant Pockets cannot purchase Meat :
 Then will the Doctor ev'n his Trade disown ;
 Keep you your Teeth, he may pluck out his own.

On a Woman who used to Cook and Brew for Families.

No longer for my Loss deplore,
 My Meat's all drest, my Cooking o'er ;
 My Ale's all out, my Vessels broke,
 My Malt's consum'd, both Straw and Coke ;
 My Fire's ex-inct, my Glas is run,
 My Light's gone out, my Work is done.
 Alive I roan'd, but now am bound
 Fast in Death's Kitchen under Ground.

On an Old Maid.

Here lies a true Maid, deformed and old,
 That never was handsome, nor needed be told;
 Tho' she ne'er had a Lover, much Friendship had met,
 And thought all Mankind quite out of her Debt.
 She ne'er could forgive, for she ne'er had resented;
 As she never deny'd, so she never repented;
 She lov'd the whole Species, but some had distinguish'd,
 But Time and much Thought had all Passions extinguish'd.
 Tho' not fond of her Station, content with her Lot,
 A Favour receiv'd she had never forgot;
 She rejoic'd in the Good that her Neighbours possess'd,
 A Piety, Purity, Truth she profess'd.
 She lov'd in much Peace, but ne'er courted Pleasure,
 Her Book and her Pen had her Moments of Leisure;
 Pleas'd with Life, fond of Health, yet fearless of Death,
 Believing she lost not her Soul with her Breath.

Another.

Here lies the Body of Martha Dias,
 Always noisy, and not very pious;
 Who liv'd to the Age of Threescore Years and Ten,
 And then gave to the Worms what she refus'd to Men.

On JOAN of ARC.

Here lies Joan of Arc, the which
 Some count Saint, and some count Witch;
 Some count Man, and some count more;
 Some count Maid, and some count Whore:
 Her Life's in Question, wrong or right,
 Her Death in Doubt by Laws or Might:
 Mean time France a Wonder saw,
 A Woman rule 'gainst Salique Law.
 But, Reader, be advis'd, and stay
 Thy Censure till the Judgment Day;
 Then shalt thou know (and not before)
 Whether Saint, Witch, Man, Maid, or Whore.

HUMOROUS, WHIMSICAL, &c. 2107

- 1 Two Grand-mothers with their two Grand-daughters,
 - 2 Two Husbands with their two Wives,
 - 3 Two Fathers with their two Daughters,
 - 4 Two Mothers with their two Sons,
 - 5 Two Maidens with their two Mothers,
 - 6 Two Sisters with their two Brothers:
- Yet but six Corpses in all yce buried here,
All born legitimate, from Incest clear.

EXPLANATION.

Two Widows that were Sisters-in-Law, had each a Son, who married each other's Mother, and by them had each a Daughter.

Suppose one Widow's Name Mary, and her Son's Name John; and the other Widow's Name Sarah, and her Son's Name James. } This answers the 4th Line.

Then suppose John married Sarah, and had a Daughter by her, and James married Mary, and had a Daughter by her; these Marriages answer the 1st, 2d, 3d, 5th, and 6th Lines of the Epitaph.

[*Arlington, near Paris.*]

Our Bodies are like Shoes, which off we cast:
Phyfic their Cobler is, and Death their Last.

On a Lawyer.

Here lies One, believe it if you can,
Who tho' an Attorney was an honest Man;
The Gates of Heaven for him will open wide,
But will be shut 'gainst all the Tribe beside.

[*Pancras.*]

On NICHOLAS DANIEL, Esq.

From Gout, and Pox, and Plague, and Woman free,
From Law and Phyfic, and Divinity,
And Fools of every Degree,
From Care, Fear, Pain, and hard Necessity,
I'm freed.

In what a happy State am I!

On a Miser.

Here lies one, who for Medicines wou'd not give
A little Gold, and so his Life he lost;
I fancy now he'd wish again to live,
Cou'd he but guess how much his Funeral cost.

Death is a Pursuivant, with Eagle's Wings,
That strikes at poor Men's Doors, and Gates of Kings.

On ROSE, a House-Dog, and PINK, a Lap-Dog.

Mortals, your Eyes forbear to close:
Since Dogs are turn'd to Pink and Rose,
Their Fragrance lasts; forbear to wink,
'Till you surpass both Rose and Pink.

On a Blind Man.

We all must die, alas! and Life's a Bubble.
Of those who're dead, Death clos'd their Eyes, 'tis cry'd;
But here lies one, who, saving Death that Trouble,
Had clos'd his Eyes ten Years before he dyed.

On TIMOTHY MUM, Tapster.

Here Tim the Tapster lies, who drew good Beer,
But now drawn to his End, he draws no more:
Yet still he draws from every Friend a Tear;
Water he draws, who drew good Beer before.

On KITTY FISHER's Dying soon after she was Married.

She wedded—to live Honest; but when tried,
Th' Experiment she lik'd not—and so died.

Here lies the Body of Ralph Johns, who liv'd a Bond Life :
 He was bound in his Cradle, and bound to a Wife;
 He was bound upon Earth, and bound in his Grave ;
 Was ever poor Creature made such a Bond Slave ?

On POMPEY, a Lap-Dog.

King of the Garden*, blooming Rose!
 Which sprang 'st from Venus' heavenly Woes,
 When, weeping for Adonis slain,
 Her pearly Tears bedew'd the Plain ;
 Now let thy dewy Leaves bewail
 A greater Beauty's greater Ill.
 Ye Lillies ! hang your drooping Head,
 Ye Myrtles ! weep for Pompey dead ;
 Light lie the Turf upon his Breast !
 Peace to his Shade, and gentle Rest !

On Dr. GOLDSMITH.

Here lies the Butt of all his Betters ;
 The Riddle of the World of Letters ;
 A Man of Sense of no Discerning ;
 A Scholar of no greater Learning :
 A Bard, whose Genius soar'd sublime
 A whole Half-year to tag a Rhime ;
 Made roar Box, Gallery, and Pit,
 Without one Grain of Mother-Wit ;
 A Man of Science so profound,
 He'd prove a Square to be a Round ;
 Would talk of animated Nature,
 As if Himself had been Creator :
 Of Animation though bereft,
 His Right Hand oft forgot his Left ;
 A mere good-natur'd Man through Meekness,
 His moral Virtue, natural Weakness :
 A Medicast, whose matchless Skill
 In working Cures was sure to Kill ;
 By his own Art who justly died,
 A blundering, artless Suicide :
 Share, Earth-worms, share, since now he's dead,
 His megrim, Maggot-bitten Head.

* He was buried in a Garden, and had a Marble Stone placed over him.

110 E P I T A P H S,

On WILLIAM GUDGEON, a Fisherman.

As by the House grim Death did drudge on,
He cast his Net, and took a Gudgeon,
The Mesh was small, a true Thief's Net,
So out poor Gudgon could not get.
Will the same trick had often play'd,
But now he's in a safe Trunk laid.
Thus Rooks to Rooks are oft a Prey,
And sly Men caught in their own Way.

On the Earl of KILDARE.

Who kill'd *Kildare*? Who dar'd *Kildare* to kill?
Death kill'd *Kildare*, who dare kill whom he will.

On Sir JOHN GUISE.

Here lies the Body of Sir *John Guise*,
Nobody laughs, and Nobody cries;
Where his Soul is, and how it fares,
Nobody knows, and Nobody cares.

On a Collar-maker's Wife.

Here lies *Anne Carter*,
Wife of *John Carter*;
Who split her Neck out of the Collar,
Mensis Maii 6, Anno 1728.

On a Bailiff.

Here lies *John Trott*, by Trade a Bum;
When he dy'd, the Devil cry'd,
Come, *John*, come.

On one Deaf and Blind.

Here lies old *Thomas Freeman*,
Who could neither hear nor see Man.

Here

HUMOROUS, WHIMSICAL, &c. 111

Here lies *Dr. Evans*,
Who dy'd as he liv'd, at Sixes and Sevens.

ON RICHARD BROOKE.

This Grave, O Grief! hath swallow'd up, with wide and
open Mouth,
The Body of good Richard Brooke, of Whitchurch,
Hampton-South;
And El'sabeth his wedded Wife, twice twenty Years and
one;
Sweet Jesus hath their Souls in Heaven; the Ground, Flesh,
Skin, and Bone.
In January, worn with Age, Day sixteenth died he;
From Christ full fifteen hundred Years and more by ninety-
three.
But Death her Twist of Life in May, Day twentieth, did
untwine;
From Christ full fifteen hundred Years and more by ninety-
nine.
They left behind them, well to live, and grown to good
Degree,
First Richard, Robert, Thomas Brooke, the youngest of
the Three;
Elizabeth and Barbara, then Dorothy the last;
All six the Knot of Nature's Love in Kindness keeping fast.
This Tombstone, with the Plate thereon, thus graven fair
and large,
Did Robert Brooke, the youngest Son, make at his proper
Charge:
A Citizen of London late, by faithful Service free,
Of Merchants great Adventurers a Brother sworn is he;
And of the Indian Company, come Gain or Loss, a Limb;
And of the Goldsmiths Livery: all these God's Gifts to
him.
This Monument of Memory in Love performed he,
December thirty-one, from Christ sixteen hundred and
three.

In a Church-Yard, in Wiltshire.

Beneath this Steane lies our dear Child, who's gone from We,
 For evermore, unto Eternity;
 Where Us do hope, that Us shall go to He;
 But Him can ne'er go back again to We.

Under this Stone lies here,
 Honest John, the Pipeer.
 What old John? Nay, nay.
 What young John? Ay, ay.
 December, 1749.

On a Dr. of Divinity at Binsey, near Oxford.

He dy'd of a Quinsy,
 And was bury'd at Binly.

Alas! no more I could survive,
 For I am dead, and not alive:
 And thou in Time no longer shalt survive,
 But be as dead as any Man alive.

Here lie three Knights, Grandfather, Father, and Son;
 Sir Edward, Sir Edward, and Sir Edward Littleton.

Homo fuit quondam; laborando qui fregit Collum:
 Ille fregit Collum, Collum fregitq; suum.

Thus Translated.

This was a Man, who labouring hard,
 Did break his Neck in twain;
 He broke his Neck, and broke his Neck,
 And broke his Neck again.

Here

Here lieth Walter Garden, come out of the West,
God give to the Soul of him good Rest.
I pray you, Neighbours, everich on,
Pray for me, for I am gon.

[*St. John Baptist's, Westminster.*]

Here under is intomb'd, Blanch Parry; who died a
Maid in the 82d Year of her Age.

[*Ibid.*]

Qu an tris di c vul fra
os 'guis 'ti 'ro 'um 'nere 'vit
H' fan' Chris' mi' t' mu' la'

[*St. Anne's, Aldersgate.*]

On Sir THOMAS FLEETWOOD, in Lewkner
Church, 1625.

Sickness and Death shook Hands, and vow'd to kill
This noble Knight, and had at last their Will.
For here they lock'd his Bones up in cold Clay,
But his white soaring Soul to Heaven made Way;
Crown'd with this glorious Prize, that half his Stairs
To Bliss were strongly built with poor Mens Prayers.
Religion all his Life-time made smooth Wings
To bear him thither, where he sings
Allelujah to that glittering Throne
The King and Judge Eternal sits upon.

Underneath here
Lies my Sister dear,
As I lies here a-top:
As we lies here
Children dear,
Our Parents we both forgot.

Here

Here Thomas Saffin lies interr'd: Ah! why?
 Born in New England, did in London die.
 He was the third Son of eight, begot upon
 His Mother Martha by his Father John.

[*St. Dunstan's, Stepney.*]

H. S. E.

Anna Filiola Thomæ et Mariæ Rivers;

Infantis Innocentiæ.

O felices Parentes!

Si idem nostris Tumulis inscribi posset Epitaphium!
 Decimus Dies Junii Vitam dedit, vicesimus abstulit.

Translated thus:

Here lies our little Baby, Nancy,
 By Fate cut off in her Infancy.
 How happy would her Parents be,
 If innocent and young as she!
 That on their Tombs it could be told,
 They both had dy'd just ten Days old.
 Both Anns, and both of them short Livers;
 Both Daughters of Thomas and Mary Rivers.

Here lies the Body of John A'Treen,
 Who dy'd in the Year fifteen hundred and neen,
 On March the five-and-twentieth Day;
 And he that will die after him may.

On Mrs. CATHARINE HALL, of Crutched
 Friars, (*esteemed the best Tambour-Worker in
 Europe*) who died Aug. 7, 1773: inscribed
 on her Tomb-stone by her own Direction.

Ere my *Work's* done, my *Thread* is cut;
 My Hands are cold, my *Eyefight* fails;
 Stretch'd in my *Frame*, I'm compass'd now
 With *Worms*, instead of lovely *Snails*.*

* The Silk-twist used in Tambour Work, called in
 the French *Chenilles*.

The

The *Game* of Life is finish'd too,
 Another now has ta'en my Chair;
 Griev'd there's no *shuffling* after Death,
 I'm gone, alas! the Lord knows where!
 Reader, attend; if you in *Works* excel,
 In Bliss eternal you'll hereafter dwell:
 And if you *play your Cards* with Caution here,
 Secure to win, the *Trump* you need not fear.
O care Deus mi, miserere mei!

On Mr. THOMAS HAMMOND, *Parish-Clerk of
 Ashford in Kent; who was a good Man, and
 an Excellent Backgammon-player, and was suc-
 ceeded in Office by a Mr. TRICE.*

By the Chance of the Die,
 On his *Back* here doth lie,
 Our most audible Clerk, Master Hammond;
 Tho' he bore many Men
 'Till threescore and ten,
 Yet, at length, he by Death is *Back-gammon'd*.
 But hark! Neighbours, hark!
 Here again comes the Clerk:
 By a *Hit* very lucky and nice,
 With Death we're now even;
 He just stepp'd up to Heaven,
 And is with us again in a *Trice*.

On JOHN WHITE.

Here lies John White, who Day by Day
 On River-work did use much Clay;
 Is now himself turning that Way;
 If not to Clay, to Dust will come,
 Which to preserve takes little Room,
 Altho' inclos'd in this great Tomb.

[*Enfield.*]

1723

On

On MARY WILLIAMSON.

Here lies the Vine
That once was mine ;
Her thoughts were good,
But now refined.

1736

[*St. Mary's, Nottingham.*]

On ELIZABETH PICKARD.

Here lies a Friend for whom we weep,
She's safely come unto the Shore ;
She is not dead, but fallen asleep,
And only gone to-bed before ;
And we, when ended is our Pain,
Shall sleep with her, and wake again.

[*Ibid.*]

On Mrs. BUFF.

Here lies Mrs. Buff, who had Money enough :
She laid it up in Store ;
And when she died she shut her Eyes,
And never spoke no more.
She was a Fortune-teller.

[*Ibid.*]

Matthew Fairhurst, of Bold, was buried here,
Thirteenth of August, in the Year

1716.

John, his Son, did before him die,
And here below their Bodies lie,

March 15, 1708.

Another Son, Samuel by Name,
Soon after his Father hither came,

March 4, 1716.

And

HUMOROUS, WHIMSICAL, &c. 117

And James his Son was call'd away,
Interred here the twentieth Day,

November 1719.

Thomas, his youngest Son of all,
By Death's Hand did after fall,

February 14, 1723.

[*Prescott, Lancashire.*]

On JOHN NEWIS, Æt. 18.

Underneath this Stone

Lies honest John,

But now he's turn'd to Clay :

When in the Field

Would never yield

The longest Hunting Day.

1730

On ROBERT COXE, *Town-Crier* of North- hampton, 1773.

Here, silenc'd now by Voice of Death,
One rests,—who ne'er knew Loss of Breath;
But, when alive, would loudly give it
With freer Will than we'd receive it;
Who News of *horrid Murder* bore,
With Sound of Bell, to ev'ry Door;
And oft, in Honour of the Dead,
Such fervent Praises sang or said,
Some were (he'd say with little Thinking)
Return'd to Life*—when they were stinking;
Who loud proclaim'd, to Foe and Friend,
The *Losses* which Misfortunes send;
Who told of *Robberies* and *Theft*,
And who's of Goods by *Fraud* bereft.—
Such were the Services of late
One noisy man perform'd the State!

* Rabbits, Turkeys, Geese, fresh Salmon and Cod, and 'live
Lobsters and Oysters are advertised for Sale by the Town-criers.

And

And now *another*, with his Bell,
 Attempts to toll the warning Knell;
 Attempts the Praises of the Dead;—
 O! may ye profit by his Trade!
 Each time his Bell alarms the Street,
 Remember—Life is short and fleet;
 Think on the Hours to your sad Cost,
 Which Time hath *stolen*, and ye have *lost*;
 Reflect how oft ye heedless *stray*
 From Honour's Path, from Virtue's Way;
 O! let *its Sound* supply *your Sense*,
 And think—ye'll soon be *summon'd* hence!

On JOHN TERRY, who died April 30, 1736,
Æt. 87; and PATIENCE TERRY, who died
 October 4, 1732, *Æt.* 77.

Here lie John Terry and his Wife,
 Near threeſcore Years were Man and Wife;
 And here muſt reſt till Judgment Day,
 When Chriſt ſhall call us all away.

[Banbury, Oxon.]

Here lieth John James, the old Cook of Newby, who was
 a faithful Servant to his Maſter, and an upright, down-
 right, honeſt Man. 1707.

[Rippon Church-Yard.]

Here Henry Raper lies in Duſt;
 His Stature ſmall, his Mind was juſt. 1728.

[*Ibid.*]

Banes among Stanes do lie ſou ſtill,
 Whilk the Soul wanders e'en where God will.

MISCELLANEOUS
INSCRIPTIVE EPITAPHS.

On ST. ALBAN.

Here lieth interred the Body of
Saint ALBAN,
A Citizen of Old *Verulam*,
Of whom this Town took Denomination,
And from the Ruins of which City this Town did arise.
He was the first Martyr of *England*,
And suffered his Martyrdom the 17th Day of *June*,
In the Year of Man's Redemption 293.

[*Verulam, or St. Albans.*]

On ST. AUGUSTINE.

Here resteth
Saint AUGUSTINE,
The first Archbishop of *Canterbury*,
Who being formerly dispatch'd hither by the
Blessed GREGORY, Bishop of *Rome*,
And supported of God by the Working of Miracles,
Drew both
ETHELBERT, and his Kingdom, from the
Worship of Idols to the Faith of CHRIST.

And

And also having fulfilled the Days of his Office,
~~Died on the 7th of the Kalends of June,~~
 In the same King's Reign.

[St. Augustine's at Canterbury, from Bede.]

On AILWIN.

Here rests AILWIN,
 Kinsman to the famous King BADGAR,
 Alderman of all England,
 And the miraculous Founder of this Monastery.

[Ramsey-Abbey, from Cambden.]

On SIMON DE LANGHAM.

Here lies
 SIMON DE LANGHAM,
 Formerly Monk, Prior, and Abbot of this Church.
 He filled the Sees of London and Ely
 With such Reputation,
 That he was promoted to be
 Primate of the whole Kingdom,
 And the King's chief Minister,
 Treasurer, and Chancellor.
 Besides these Honours, the Pope nominated him Cardinal
 Bishop of Præneste, and Nuncio:
 But now, to the universal Grief,
 He is gone from whence he cannot be recalled,
 Departing this Life on the Festival of St. M. Magdalen,
 1376.
 Merciful Lord! forgive whatever he did amiss,
 And receive him into Heaven,
 For the Sake of thy immaculate Mother.

[Westminster-Abbey.]

On King ALFRED

The mildest, justest, and most beneficent of Kings,
Who drove out the *Danes*, scour'd the Seas, promoted
Learning,

Established Juries, crush'd Corruption,
Guarded Liberty,

And was the Founder of the *English* Constitution.

[*Stow, Buckinghamshire.*]

*On King EDWARD the Confessor.**

The Hero renowned for all Virtues!
Saint EDWARD the Confessor, and venerable King?
Dying the 5th of *January*, he ascended to the Skies.

Place your Hearts on high!

He died the Year of our Lord 1065.

[*Westminster-Abbey.*]

*On ANNE, Queen to Richard II.**

This Stone covers the Remains of
ANNE, Consort to RICHARD II.

She was greatly respected for her Devotion,

Her Peaceableness, her Affability,

Her ready Relief of the Poor,

And particularly

Her liberal Commiseration of pregnant Women,

Widows and the Sick.

She was of a comely Person,

And a mild lovely Countenance.

Here lies ANNE,

Who wore the *British* Crown, as Wife to RICHARD II.

Whom her Illustrious Father

WENCESLAUS, Emperor of *Rome*,

Proud of such a Match,

Sent to *London* with a splendid Retinue:

And the Arrival of this Royal Virgin

Was solemnized with Shews and magnificent Games ;
 But worldly Enjoyments
 Hang on a slender Thread !
 And the Crown is no Security from Death.
 Her Descent from the *Romans*
 She further ennobled by Virtues,
 Which endear'd her to all Ranks :
 Yet with all that Grandeur she so well became,
 And with all her bright Assemblage of Virtues,
 She wanted the Joy of being a Parent,
 This excellent Queen dying without Issue.
 [*Westminster-Abbey.*]

On JOHN FOX.*

JOHN FOX,
 The faithful Martyrologian of our *English* Church ;
 A most discreet Searcher
 Into the Antiquities of Histories ;
 A most stiff Bulwark and Fighter
 For the Evangelical Truth !
 Which hath revived the Martyrs as so many Phoenixes
 From the Dust of Oblivion ;
 Died the 18th of *April*, 1587, in the 70th Year of his Age.
 To whose pious Memory
 This Monument is erected by his lamenting Son,
 SAMUEL FOX.
 [*St. Giles's, Cripplegate.*]

On EDWARD, Prince of Wales.

The Terror of *Europe*, the Delight of *England*,
 Who preserved unalter'd, in the Height of
 Glory and Fortune,
 His natural Gentleness
 And Modesty.
 [*Stow, Buckinghamshire.*]

*On King EDWARD III.**

Here lies EDWARD the Third:
 The Glory of *England*, the Joy of his People,
 The Flower of former,
 And a Pattern to succeeding Princes:
 He was not inferior to the famous *Maccabrus*,
 Fighting with invincible Ardour.
 His prosperous Government
 Was a Jubilee to the Nation;
 And Religion flourished
 Under his pious Patronage.
 Such was EDWARD the Third,
 Who now wears a Crown in Heaven,
 Whilst his Reputation fills the Earth,
 Fight for thy Country!

[*Westminster-Abbey.*]

*On King HENRY V.**

Here lies HENRY,
 The Scourge of *France*,
 1422.
 Virtue surmounts all Opposition!

Here also,
 With her Valiant Spouse, lies
 The Beautiful CATHERINE.
 Keep from Sloth!

[*Westminster-Abbey.*]

On RICHARD, Earl of Warwick.

Pray devoutly for the Soul, whom God assoile,
 Of one of the most Worshipful Knights in his Daies,
 Of Manhood and Cunning.
 RICHARD BEAUCHAMPE, late Earl of *Warwick*,
 Lord Dispenser of *Bergavenny*,

And of many other great Lordships ;
 Whose Body resteth here under this Tomb,
 In a full fair Vault of Stone
 Set in the bare Rocke.
 The which, visited with long Sicknes
 In the Castle of *Roban*,
 Therein deceased full Chrittianly,
 The last Day of *April*, in the Year
 Of our Lord God 1439 ;
 Being, at that Time,
 Lieutenant-General of *France*,
 And of the Duchy of *Normandie*,
 By sufficient Authority of our Sovereign
 Lord, *HENRY* the Sixth.
 The which Body, by great Deliberation,
 And worshipful Conduct, by Sea and by Land,
 Was brought to *Warwick*,
 The fourth of *October*, the Year abovesaid,
 And was laid with full solemne Exequies
 In a fair Chest made of Stone,
 Afore the West-Dore of this Chappell,
 According to his last Will and Testament,
 Therein to rest 'till this Chappell,
 By him devised in his Life-time, were made.
 The which Chappell, founded on the Rocke,
 And all the Members thereof,
 His Executors did fully make and apparail,
 By the Authority of his said last Will and Testament.
 And thereafter, by the said Authority,
 They did translate Worshipfully
 The said Body into the Vault abovesaid.
 Honoured be GOD therefore !

[*St. Mary's, Warwick.*]

On Prince ARTHUR.

Here lyeth buried
 Prince *ARTHUR*,
 The first begotten Sonne of the Renowned
 King *HENRY* the Seaventhe.

Which

Which noble Prince
 Departed out of this transitory Life, at the
 Castell of *Ludlowe*,
 In the Seaventeenth Yeere of his Father's Raygne,
 And in the Yeere of our Lord God 1502.
 [*Worcester Cathedral.*]

On King HENRY VII.*

Here lies
 HENRY the Seventh, King of *England*:
 Son of EDMUND, Earl of *Richmond*.
 Who being proclaimed King the 22d of August,
 Was crowned at *Westminster*, on the 30th of
 October following, 1485.
 He died on the 21st of April, in the 53d Year of his Age,
 And reigned 23 Years, and 8 Months wanting one Day.

Here lies HENRY the Seventh,
 Of all the Princes of his Time the most celebrated;
 Whose Wisdom, and glorious Actions,
 Received additional Dignity from his Majestic Stature,
 His august Countenance,
 And many other natural Advantages.
 He was also happy in a Consort,
 Who, besides a compleat Beauty,
 Excelled in every moral and intellectual Quality.
 The Issue of this illustrious Pair
 Were not unworthy such Parents;
 For to them, *England*, thou owest
 HENRY the Eighth.

Within this Tomb lies Henry the Seventh,
 The Glory of Monarchy, and Light of the World;
 Mild, vigilant, brave, and wise:
 A Promoter of Virtue, and of a most comely Personage.
 Who, by constant and signal Successes
 In his many Wars,
 Preserved his Dominions in an honourable Peace:
 His two Daughters he married to two Kings:
 All Princes courted his Alliance.

This Chappel, and stately Tomb,
 Were erected by his Order,
 As a Repository
 For Himself, his Consort, and Issue.
 After a prosperous Life of 53 Years,
 And a glorious Reign of almost 24,
 He died in the Year of the Christian Æra 1509.
 The fatal Day which brought such Worth
 To its earthly Period, was the 21st of April.
England,

So excellent a Prince stands not upon thy former Records.
 Well will it be for Thee
 If future Times produce his Equal.

[*Westminster-Abbey.*]

On Sir THOMAS SPERT, Knt.

Hereunder was laid up, the Body of
 Sir THOMAS SPERT, Knight,
 Sometime Controulor of the Navye to
 King HENRIE the Eighth :
 And both the first Founder, and Master,
 Of the worthy Society, or Corporation,
 Of the TRINITY-HOUSE.
 He lived enobled,
 By
 His own Worth ;
 And died the 8th of September,
 In the Year 1541.
 To whose Pious Memory
 The said Corporation
 Hath gratefully erected
 This Memorial.

[*St. Dunstan's, Stepney.*]

On King HENRY VIII.

By a *Spaniard*.

Translated by JAMES HOWELL, Esq.

O HENRY!

More than this cold Pavement covers thy Worth—
The Love of a Woman, and Pertinency of Error.
How could it subsist with thy Greatness,
Tell me, O cozened *Englishman*!
To cast thyself at a Woman's Feet,
And yet to be Head of the Church?
[*Westminster-Abbey.*]

On GEOFFERY CHAUCER.*

Here lies GEOFFERY CHAUCER:

The Prince of all the Ancient
English Poets.

Art thou desirous of knowing
The Year and Time of his Death?
It was on the 25th of *October*, 1400,
That he rested from his Labours.

N. Brigham was at the Expence of this Tribute to
His Memory,
1556.

[*Westminster-Abbey.*]

On NICHOLAUS WOTTON.*

Son to Sir ROBERT WOTTON, Knight,
By ANN BELKNAPP,
Doctor of both Laws, Dean of this Church,
And Dean of the Metropolitan Church of
St. Peter in York:

As also a Privy-Counsellor
To HENRY the 8th, EDWARD the 6th, QUEEN MARY,
and QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Twice sent Embassador to
 The Emperor CHARLES the fifth,
 Once to PHILIP King of Spain,
 Once to FRANCIS the 1st, King of France,
 Thrice to HENRY the second his Son,
 Once to MARY Queen of Hungary,
 And
 Governess of the Netherlands,
 And
 Twice to WILLIAM Duke of Cleve.
 At the Renewance of the Peace
 Between the
 English, French, and Scotch,
 Between Guines, and Ardera, Anno 1546,
 As also at the Castle of Cameran, 1560,
 He was one of the Plenipotentiaries.
 And here at Length,
 Being almost Seventy Years of Age,
 He rests in Peace.
 Before his Death, and even before his last Sicknes,
 As being forewarned of the fatal Day,
 He prophetically sung his Swan-like Song;
 And left it in his Study in Writing under his own Hand.
 He,
 Who has happily spent a great Part of his Life
 Among such Princes,
 By the Divine Providence ruling justly,
 In so great and so many Causes,
 (The extraordinary Weight whereof
 Redounded to the public Benefit)
 Even Envy herself allowed
 To have been a wise and experienc'd Statesman.
 How averse he was to contend for Honour
 Is apparent,
 In that 'twas not thro' any ambitious Design of his own,
 Nor Interest of his Friends,
 He aspired to his Ecclesiastical Dignity;
 But HENRY the 8th
 (Induced thereto by his Merit and Virtues)
 Bestowed them on him of his own Accord.
 And when the same most excellent Monarch
 Perceived that he was seized with a deadly Distemper;
 And

INSCRIPTIVE EPITAPHS. 129

And considering the tender Age of Prince EDWARD,
Who, tho' of excellent Endowments,
Was yet a Child,

And not Able to undertake the weighty Affairs of
Administration;

He thought, that his tender Age was proper to be ruled.

By the venerable Advice of his Privy-Council:

And of the Sixteen of these, whom he had appointed
Witnesses, and Executors, of

His Royal Will and Testament,

This NICHOLAUS

(Then absent on an Embassy in *France*)

Was One.

About the Middle of the Reign of EDWARD the 6th,

He was made

One of the Principal Secretaries of State;

Which Post he might have held much longer than he did;

But that both himself, and all his Friends,

Earnestly begg'd Leave for him to lay it down.

He was slender and Low in Stature,

But Strait and Well-shaped,

His Constitution firm, his Countenance free, and easy,

His Choice of Diet exquisite,

Which he never took above once a Day.

His Habit of Body so strong,

That he seldom was shocked by any Disease.

His Mind was wholly devoted to Books, and Learning;

Intent on the Studies of Arts,

Physic, Laws, and Divinity,

And beautifully stor'd with the Knowledge of the

Roman, Italian, French, and Dutch Languages.

Thus this Man, who was famous by Birth,

But most famous by his honourable Embassies,

And most of all -

By his Employments Foreign and Domestic;

Flourishing in Honours,

Worn out with Toils,

Wasted with Age,

After he had been Dean of this Church

Twenty-five Years and 293 Days,

Piously and sweetly resigned his Soul to God, in

London, January 26, Anno 1566.

Leaving for his Heir,
 THOMAS WOTTON, his Nephew:
 Who has erected this Monument to him,
 Not to do him Honour, for that he enjoy'd while living,
 And will inherit after Death;
 But out of true Love, and unfeigned Reverence
 To his Immortal Memory.

[*Canterbury Cathedral.*]

On MARY, *Queen of Scots*.*

To the gracious Memory, and eternal Hope of
 MARY STUART, *Queen of Scots*, Dowager of *France*,
 Daughter and Sole Heiress of JAMES the 5th,
 King of *Scots*:
 And great Grand-Daughter of HENRY the 7th,
 By MARGARET, his eldest Daughter,
 (Married to JAMES the 4th, King of *Scots*.)
 Descended from EDWARD the 4th, King of *England*,
 By ELIZABETH, his eldest Daughter,
 Consort to FRANCIS the 2d, King of *France*;
 True and undoubted Heiress to the Crown of *England*,
 And Mother to the most mighty Prince
 JAMES, King of *Great-Britain*.
 She was of a most ancient and truly-royal Descent,
 Related to the greatest Princes of all *Europe*:
 Eminent for all Accomplishments of Mind and Body.
 But such are the Vicissitudes of human Things!
 After an Imprisonment of about Twenty Years,
 And a firm, but alas! successful Struggle
 Against the Calumnies of the Malicious,
 The Suspensions of the Timorous,
 And the Snares of the Implacable,
 She lost her Head,
 By an Act of unparralleled Severity,
 And to the Disgrace of
 The Sacredness of Majesty!
 With a noble Contempt of the World,
 And a Soul superior to the Fear of Death,
 And to the Terror of the Executioner;
 Leaving her Soul to CHRIST,

The

INSCRIPTIVE EPITAPHS. 131

The Kingdom to her Son JAMES,
 And to the Spectators of this atrocious Murder,
 A Pattern of most exalted Fortitude;
 She composedly submitted her Royal Head to the Axe,
 And exchanged a precarious Life
 For the Eternity of Heaven,
 On the 18th of February 1587, Aged 46.

On *Queen* ELIZABETH.*

In perpetual Commemoration
 Of the incomparable Princess
 ELIZABETH,
 Queen of *England, France, and Ireland,*
 Daughter to HENRY the 8th,
 Grand-Daughter to Henry the 7th,
 And
 Great Grand-daughter to EDWARD the 4th.
 The Parent of her Country,
 The Patroness of Religion and Learning,
 Who, with a Knowledge of many Languages,
 And excellent Personal Accomplishments,
 Possessed all the Qualities
 Becoming Majesty,
 In a Degree beyond her Sex.
 This Monument was erected
 By JAMES the First,
 King of
Great-Britain, France, and Ireland.

ELIZABETH and MARY,
 Sisters,
 After enjoying the same Crown,
 Now lie in the same Tomb,
 In Hopes of a Resurrection.

Sacred to Memory,
 After
 Restoring Religion to its Primitive Simplicity,
 Establishing Peace and Order,
 Settling the just Value of the Coin,

Quelling
 A Rebellion at Home,
 Composing
 Intestine Commotions in *France*,
 Supporting *Holland*,
 Defeating the *Spanish* Fleet,
 Driving the *Spaniards* out of *Ireland*,
 And forcing the Rebels there
 To submit :
 Greatly augmenting the Revenues
 Of both Universities,
 By a Regulation of Provision :
 Enriching all *England*,
 During a most wise Reign of 45 Years ;
 The Pious, the Triumphant, the Fortunate
 Queen ELIZABETH,
 Dying an easy Death, in her 70th Year,
 Left her mortal Part
 ('Till Christ shall call it forth to the
 Resurrection)
 To be deposited in this celebrated Church,
 Which owes its second Foundation
 To that Princess.

She dyed the 24th of March,
 In the Year of Grace, 1602.

[*Westminster-Abbey.*]

On the same.

If Royal Virtues ever crown'd a Crown,
 If ever Mildness shin'd in Majesty,
 If ever Honour honour'd true Renown,
 If ever Courage dwelt with Clemency :
 If ever Princess put all Princes down,
 For Temperance, Prowess, Prudence, Equity ;
 This, this was She, that in despite of Death,
 Lives still admir'd, ador'd, ELIZABETH!

Many Daughters have done virtuously, but thou ex-
 cellest them all.

They

INSCRIPTIVE EPITAPHS, 133

They that trust in the LORD, shall be as Mount *Sion*,
which cannot be Removed.

Spain's Rod, *Rome's* Ruin, *Netherlands* Relief,
Heaven's Gem, Earth's Joy, World's Wonder, Na-
ture's Chief.

Britain's Blessing, *England's* Splendor,
Religion's Nurse, and Faith's Defender.

I have fought a good Fight, I have finished my
Course, &c.

Queen ELIZABETH dyed 24th March 1602.

[*Allhallows the Great.*]

On the same.

Sacred unto Memory,
Religion, to its Primitive Sincerity
Restor'd,

Peace, thoroughly settled,
Coin, to its true Value refined,
Rebellion at Home, extinguished;
France,

Near Ruin'd by intestine Mischiefs,
Reliev'd :

Netherlands supported,
Spain's Armada vanquished;
Ireland,

With *Spaniards* Expulsion, and Traitors Correction,
Quieted;

Both Universities Revenues, by a Law of Provision,
Exceedingly augmented :

Finally,
All *England* enrich'd,
And 45 Years prudently governed;

ELIZABETH,

A Queen, a Conqueress, Triumpher;
The most devoted to Piety, the most Happy,
After 70 Years of her Life,
Quietly by Death departed.

On the Reverse.

For an eternal Memorial,
 Unto ELIZABETH,
 Queen of *England, France, and Ireland,*
 Daughter to King HENRY the 8th,
 Grandchild to King HENRY the 7th,
 Great Grandchild to King EDWARD the 4th,
 The Mother of this her Country,
 The Nurse of Religion and Learning,
 For perfect Skill in very many Languages,
 For glorious Endowments,
 As well of Mind as Body,
 And for Royal Virtues beyond her Sex.
 She began her Reign Nov. 17. 1558,
 And ended the same, March 24, 1602.

[*St. Anne's, Black Fryars.*]

On the same.

Queen ELIZABETH!
 Who confounded the Projects, and destroy'd the Power;
 That threatened to oppress the Liberties of *Europe* :
 Took off the Yoke of Ecclesiastical Tyranny,
 Reform'd Religion from the Corruption
 Of Popery ;
 And by a wise, a moderate, and a popular Government,
 Gave Wealth, Security, and Respect to *Eng. and*.

[*Stow, Buckinghamshire.*].

On the same.

Translated from the Spanish, by James Howell, Esq.

Here lies JEZABEL,
 Here lies the new ATHALIA,
 The Harpy of the Western World,
 The cruel Fire-brand of the Sea :
 Here lies a Wit the most worthy of Fame
 Which the Earth had,
 If to arrive to Heaven she had not miss'd her Way.

On Sir FRANCIS WALSINGHAM, Knt.

Sacred to Virtue and Honour.
 FRANCIS WALSINGHAM,
 Descended from a long continued Succession of
 Illustrious Ancestors,
 Enhanced the Splendor of his Birth, by
 An Excellence of Genius,
 And uncommon Qualities of Mind.
 In his Childhood,
 He was liberally educated at Home,
 And he cultivated his Mind with truly noble Manners.
 And the best Exercises.
 In his Youth,
 He travelled into Foreign Countries,
 And learned, for the Advantage of civil Science, and
 The Commonwealth,
 Their Laws, Customs, Languages, and Polity.
 In his adult Years,
 He went into a voluntary Banishment,
 On account of Religion,
 In the Reign of Queen MARY.
 In his mature Life,
 He served for many Years the most Serene Queen
 ELIZABETH,
 (And in the most turbulent Times)
 As Ambassador to *France*.
 He was sent again in the same Quality
 On very important Affairs,
 Twice to *France*,
 Once to *Scotland*,
 And once to the *United Provinces*.
 He was Sixteen Years of the Privy-Council,
 And Three Years Chancellor of the Duchy of *Lancaster*.
 In the Discharge of these Functions
 He behaved with so much Prudence, Integrity,
 Munificence, Moderation, Piety, Industry, and Care,
 That he rescued his Country from many Dangers;
 Protected the Commonwealth,
 Established Peace,
 And studied the Assistance of all :
 Especially those

Whom

Whom Learning or heroic Virtue recommended to
His Patronage.

To the Deserving he was extremely serviceable,
Even to the Neglect of himself;
And supported them at the Expence
Of his Health and Fortune.

He was married to that illustrious Lady
URSULA,

Of the noble and ancient Family of the
St. BARBE'S,

By whom he had an only Daughter
FRANCES,

First married to

PHILIP SYDNEY,

And afterwards to the Right Honourable the
Earl of *Essex*.

He died *April 6th, 1590.*

On EDMOND SPENCER.

Here lies

(Expecting the Coming of our Saviour,
JESUS CHRIST)

EDMONDE SPENCER,

The Prince of Poets in his Time!

Whose divine Spirit

Needs noe other Witnesse,

Than the Works whiche he left behinde him.

He was borne in *London*,

In the Yeare 1510,

And dyed in the Yeare 1596.

[*Westminster-Abbeey.*]

On Sir RICHARD BINGHAM, *Knt.*

To the Glory of the Lord of Hosts,

Hereunder resteth

Sir RICHARD BINGHAM, *Knt.*

Of

Of the ancient Family of the BINGHAMS,
 Of
Bingham-Melcomb, in the County of *Dorset*,
 Who, from his Youth,
 Was train'd up in military Affairs;
 He served in the Time of Queen MARY,
 At *St. Quintin's*, in the *West Isles* of *Scotland*:
 And in *Britain*,
 In the Time of Queen ELIZABETH,
 At *Leith* in *Scotland*.
 In the Isle of *Candy*, under the *Venetians*,
 At *Cabo Chrio*,
 And the famous Battle of *Lepanto*,
 Against the *Turks*.
 In the Civil Wars of *France*,
 In the *Netherlands*,
 And at *Smerwick*,
 Where the *Romans* and *Irish* were vanquish'd.
 After, he was made
 Governor of *Connaught*,
 Where he overthrew the *Irish-Scots*,
 Expelled the traitorous O *Rowke*,
 Suppressed divers *Rebellions*,
 And that with small Charges to her Majesty;
 Maintaining that Province in a flourishing Estate,
 By the Space of Thirteen Years.
 Finally,
 For his good Services,
 Was made *Martial* of *Ireland*,
 And
 General of *Leinster*;
 Where at *Dublin*,
 In an assured Faith in CHRIST,
 He ended this transitory Life
 The 19th June, Anno Dom. 1598,
 Aetat. 70.
 [*Westminster-Abbey*.]

On — INGLETHORP.

Here lies his Frailty,
 His fair Soul's above,
 Who sort'd all his Actions to that End,
 This City's Glory, every good Man's Love,
 In Life, in Death, the Poore's perpetual Friend.
 As hospitable as they speak of Jove,
 And so his Zeale: but how dare we commend?
 Beyond all Pens his Praise will
 best appeare,
 Only to write, 'Tis INGLETHORP
 lies here.

[*Worcester Cathedral.*]

On Lady DOROTHY STAFFORD.

Here lyeth the
 Lady DOROTHY STAFFORD;
 Wife, and Widow, to
 HENRY, Lord STAFFORD,
 The only Sonne of EDWARD,
 The last Duke of *Buckingham*.
 Her Mother was URSULA,
 Daughter to the Countesse of *Salisbury*,
 The only Daughter to
 GEORGE Duke of *Clarence*,
 Brother to King EDWARD the Fourth.
 She continued a Widow
 From the Age of 27, to her Death;
 She served Queen ELIZABETH
 Forty Years, lying in her Bed-chamber;
 Esteemed of her, loved of all,
 Doing Good all she cou'd to every Body;
 Never hurt'd any;
 A continual Remembrancer of the Suits
 Of the Poore.
 As she lived a Religious Life, in great Reputation
 Of Honour and Virtue in the World,
 So she ended
 In continual fervent Meditation, and

Heartly

Hearty Prayer to God.
At which Instant, (as all her Life)
So after her Death,
She gave liberally to the Poore :
And died Aged 78, the 22d of Sept. 1604.

In whose Remembrance,
Sir EDWARD STAFFORD, her Son,
Hath caused this Memorial
Of her
To be in the same Form and Place
As she herself long since required him.
[*St. Margaret's, Westminster.*]

On SIMON EYRE.

Orate pro Anima SIMONIS EYRE.

Under this defaced Monument
SIMON EYRE,
The Sonne of JOHN EYRE, of Brandon in Suffolk,
Lieth interred.

He was Lord-Maior in the Year 1445 ;
He built *Leaden-Hall*,
For a Common Granary for the Citie,
And a fair large Chappel
On the East-Side of the Quadrant,
Over the Porch whereof was painted,
Dextra Domini exaltavit me :
And on the North Wall,
Honorandus famosus Merdator,
SYMON EYRE,
Hujus Operis Fundator.

He gave Five Thousand Pounds, and above,
To poore Maids Marriages,
And did many other Works of Charitie.
He died the 18th Day of September, 1459.

[*St. Mary, Woolnoth.*]

On — INGLETHORP.

Here lies his Frailty,
 His fair Soul's above,
 Who sorted all his Actions to that End,
 This City's Glory, every good Man's Love,
 In Life, in Death, the Poore's perpetual Friend.
 As hospitable as they speak of JOVE,
 And so his Zeale: but how dare we commend?
 Beyond all Pens his Praise will
 best appeare,
 Only to write, 'Tis INGLETHORP
 lies here.

[*Worcester Cathedral.*]

On Lady DOROTHY STAFFORD.

Here lyeth the
 Lady DOROTHY STAFFORD;
 Wife, and Widow, to
 HENRY, Lord STAFFORD,
 The only Sonne of EDWARD,
 The last Duke of *Buckingham*.
 Her Mother was URSULA,
 Daughter to the Countesse of *Salisbury*.
 The only Daughter to
 GEORGE Duke of *Clarence*,
 Brother to King EDWARD the Fourth.
 She continued a Widow
 From the Age of 27, to her Death;
 She served Queen ELIZABETH
 Forty Years, lying in her Bed-chamber;
 Esteemed of her, loved of all,
 Doing Good all she cou'd to every Body;
 Never hurted any;
 A continual Remembrancer of the Suits
 Of the Poore.
 As she lived a Religious Life, in great Reputation
 Of Honour and Virtue in the World,
 So she ended
 In continual fervent Meditation, and

Heartly

Hearty Prayer to God.
At which Instant, (as all her Life)
So after her Death,
She gave liberally to the Poore :
And died Aged 78, the 22d of Sept. 1604.

In whose Remembrance,
Sir EDWARD STAFFORD, her Son,
Hath caused this Memorial
Of her
To be in the same Form and Place
As she herself long since required him.
[*St. Margaret's, Westminster.*]

On SIMON EYRE.

Orate pro Anima SIMONIS EYRE.

Under this defaced Monument
SIMON EYRE,
The Sonne of JOHN EYRE, of *Brandon in Suffolk*,
Lieth interred.

He was Lord-Maior in the Year 1445 :
He built *Leaden-Hall*,
For a Common Granary for the Citie,
And a fair large Chappel
On the East-Side of the Quadrant,
Over the Porch whereof was painted,
Dextra Domini exaltavit me :
And on the North Wall,
Honorandus famosus Merdator,
SYMON EYRE,
Hujus Operis Fundator.

He gave Five Thousand Pounds, and above,
To poore Maids Marriages,
And did many other Works of Charitie.
He died the 18th Day of September, 1459.
[*St. Mary, Woolnoth.*]

On ISAAC CASAUBON.*

Here lies,
Now out of the Reach of the impotent Rancour of Envy,
ISAAC CASAUBON,
(Ye Learned, reverence so respectable a Name!)

A Native of *France*;

Born

For the Advancement of Literature.
The Heroic King of *France*, HENRY the 4th,
Selected him
For Keeper of the Royal Library at *Paris*;
And shewed him a particular Esteem
'Till his atrocious Death.

After which,

JAMES the 1st, King of *Great-Britain*,

The most learned of Princes,
And Patron of the Learned,
Invited him into *England*:
And liberally provided for him.

His Works will be

The perpetual Admiration of Posterity.

He dyed,

In a lively Confidence of Life in CHRIST,

On the 1st of *July*, 1614.

Aged 50 Years.

To this excellent Person,

THOMAS MORTON, Bishop of *Durham*,

Who placed a great

(And no more than a proper) Value on

His Acquaintance,

Has set up this Stone, 1634.

It is not the monumental Inscription
Which can fully shew CASAUBON;

His Works only can do that.

The former Time will efface;

These are Perennial, and will convey Instruction
To the latest Posterity.

[*Westminster-Abbey*.]

On Sir THOMAS GRESHAM.

Who, by the Honourable Profession of a
Merchant,
Having enriched himself and his Country,
For carrying on the Commerce of the World,
Built the *Royal-Exchange*.

[*Stow, Buckinghamshire.*]

On Sir WALTER RALEIGH.

A valiant Soldier, and an able Statesman,
Who, endeavouring to rouse the Spirit of his Master,
For the Honour of his Country,
Against the Ambition of *Spain*;
Fell a Sacrifice to the Influence of that Court,
Whose Arms he had vanquish'd,
And whose Designs he oppos'd.

[*Stow, Buckinghamshire.*]

On Sir FRANCIS DRAKE.

Who, thro' many Perils, was the first of *Britons*
That adventur'd to sail round the Globe,
And carried into unknown Seas and Nations,
The Knowledge and Glory
Of the *English* Name.

[*Stow, Buckinghamshire.*]

*On ANNE, Queen to JAMES the First.**

To the most mighty JAMES, by the Grace of God,
Of *Great-Britain, France, and Ireland*, King,
Defender of the Faith, &c.
Spouse of her most excellent Majesty Queen ANNE.
The concluded Year begins a-new!
And ANNA's temporal End, begins her Eternity.
Her Spouse, Father, and Brother wore a Crown,
And

And the same Honours wait her Issue,
 Whilst ANNE lives
 Amidst the eternal Glories of Heaven.
 May she still be seen among us in her Off-spring!
 May we see her still happily living in her JAMES!
 Forgive, O illustrious Prince! the bold Truth,
 That JAMES wants ANNE,
 But ANNE feels not any want of JAMES.
 O thou King of Kings!
 -- Comfort our afflicted Sovereign.

She died in the Lord A. D. 1618, March 4th,
 Aged 44 Years, 4 Months, and 18 Days.

[*Westminster-Abbey.*]

On Lord VERULAM.

Who by the Strength and Light of superior Genius,
 Rejecting vain Speculation and fallacious Theory,
 Taught to pursue Truth, and improve
 Philosophy,
 By the certain Method of Experiment.

[*Stow, Buckinghamshire.*]

*On WILLIAM CAMDEN.**

Here lies,
 In certain Hope of a Resurrection in CHRIST,
 WILLIAM CAMDEN,
 By Queen ELIZABETH created
Clarencieux, King at Arms.
 An indefatigable, judicious, and impartial
 Researcher
 Into the *British* Antiquities.
 In whom, Variety of Learning,
 Vivacity of Parts,
 And the most candid Simplicity,
 Were united.

INSCRIPTIVE EPITAPHS. 143

He died on the 9th of November,
1623, in his 47th Year.

[*Westminster-Abbey.*]

On FULK GREVILLE, *Esq.*

Here lies the Body of
FULK GREVILLE,
Servant to Queen ELIZABETH, Counsellor to King
JAMES,
And Friend to Sir PHILIP SYDNEY.

[*Warwick.*]

On HODGES SHAUGHSWARE.

On the 10th of August, Anno 1626,
Was interred, without the Verge of the consecrated
Burial Ground, in *Petty France*,
The Body of HODGES SHAUGHSWARE,
A Persian Merchant;
Whose Son, according to the Custom of his Country,
Daily repaired to his Grave,
For the Space of a Month,
Where he performed
Divers Prayers, and Ceremonies, over the Defunct;
But being disturbed by the Populace,
Discontinued his Funeral Devotions,
And erected a Monument to his Memory,
With a Persian Inscription.

English'd thus:

This Grave is made for
HODGES SHAUGHSWARE,
The chiefeft Servant of the King of *Persia*,
For the Space of Twenty Years:
Who came from the King of *Persia*,
And died in his Service.

If

If any *Persian* cometh out of that Country,
 Let him read this and a Prayer for him:
 The Lord receive his Soul!

For here lyeth **MAGHMOTE SHAUGHSWARE,**
 Who was born
 In the Town of *Navey* in *Persia*.

[*St. Botolph, Bishopsgate.*]

On **THOMAS PARR.**

THOMAS PARR, of the County of *Salop*,
 Born Anno 1483.

He lived in the Reigns of Ten Princes:
 Viz.

EDWARD the 4th, **EDWARD** the 5th, **RICHARD** the 3d,
HENRY the 7th, **HENRY** the 8th, **EDWARD** the 6th,
MARY, **ELIZABETH**, **JAMES**, and King **CHARLES**.

He died in *London*,

Aged 152 Years,

And was buried here *November* 15th, 1635.

[*Westminster-Abbey.*]

On **OLIVER CROMWELL.**

This is **OLIVER**,
 Protector of the Commonwealth
 Of

England, Scotland, and Ire'and;

Born the 25th of April, 1599,

Inaugurated the 16th December, 1653,

And who died September the 3d, 1658.

On taking up the Corpse of Oliver Cromwell, by Command of the Government, in order to expose it after the Restoration of King Charles the Second, a Plate, whereon were the Arms of the Commonwealth on one Side, and the above Inscription on the other, was found in his Coffin.

[*Westminster-Abbey.*]

On CATHERINE PEMBRUGE.

Stop, Traveller!
 And learn from me
 How vain the Hopes! how transient the Joys of Men!
 Here lies, alas! here lies my CATHERINE!
 The best, the most excellent of Wives;
 So beautiful, so chaste, so loving,
 That her Superior did not exist.
 If the Loss of youthful Perfection,
 Both in Body and Mind,
 Be just Subjects for Sorrow,
 Oh! tell me the End of my Grievs!

WILLIAM PEMBRUGE, Gentleman,
 Consecrated this Marble to the Memory of
 His dear Wife, who died June 15, 1690, Aged 24.

[Gloucester Cathedral.]

On MARY, Lady DIGBY.

By Dr. Hough, Bishop of Worcester.

MARY, Relict of KILDARE, Lord DIGBY,
 Departed this Life, December 23d,
 Anno Dom. 1692.

Whom it were unpardonable to lay down in Silence,
 And of whom 'tis difficult to speak with Justice;
 For her just Character will look like Flattery,
 And the least Abatement of this is Injury to her Memory.
 In every Condition of Life she was a Pattern to her Sex;
 Appear'd Mistress of those peculiar Qualities
 That were requisite to conduct her thro' it with Honour;
 And never fail'd to exert them, in their proper Seasons,
 With the utmost Advantage.
 She was modest without Affectation,
 Easy without Levity, and reserved without Pride
 Knew how to stoop without Sinking,
 And to gain People's Affections without lessening their
 Regards.

She was careful without Anxiety,
 Frugal without Parsimony ;
 Not at all fond of the superfluous Trappings of Greatness ;
 Yet abridged herself in nothing that her Quality required.
 She was a faithful Member of the Church of *England* ;
 Her Piety was exemplary, her Charity universal :
 She found herself a Widow, in the Beginning of her Life,
 When the Temptations of Beauty, Honour, Youth,
 And Pleasure,
 Were in their full Strength ;
 Yet she made them all give Way to the Interest of her
 Family,
 And betook herself entirely to the Matron's Part.
 The Education of her Children engross'd all her Cares ;
 No Charge was spared in the Cultivation of their Minds,
 Nor Pains in the Improvement of their Fortunes.
 In a Word,
 She was truly Wife, truly Honourable, and truly Good ;
 More can scarce be said :
 And yet he that says this, knew her well ;
 And is well assured, he has said nothing
 Which either Veracity, or Modesty, should oblige him to
 suppress.

[*Colehill, Warwickshire.*]

On JOHN LOCKE.

JOHN LOCKE,
 Who best of all Philosophers
 Understood the Power of the human Mind ;
 The Nature, End, and Bound of Civil Government ;
 And with equal Courage, and Sagacity,
 Refuted
 The slavish System of usurp'd Authority
 Over the Rights, the Consciences,
 Or the Reason of Mankind.

[*Stow, Buckinghamshire.*]

INSCRIPTIVE EPITAPHS. 147

On ANNE SPRAGGE.

Sacred to Posterity,
In a Vault, near this Place, lies the Body of
ANNE, the only Daughter of
EDWARD CHAMBERLAYNE, L.L.D.
Born in *London*, Jan. 20th, 1667,
Who,
For a considerable Time, declined the Matrimonial State ;
And, scheming many Things
Superior to her Sex and Age,
On the 30th of June, 1690,
And under the Command of her Brother,
With the Arms, and in the Drefs of a Man,
She approved herself a true Virago,
By fighting undaunted in a Fire-Ship against the *French*,
Upwards of Six Hours.
She might have given us a Race of Heroes,
Had not premature Fate interposed.
She returned safe from that naval Engagement,
And was married, in some Months after, to
JOHN SPRAGGE, Esq.
With whom she lived half a Year extremely happy ;
But being delivered of a Daughter, she died a few
Days after,
Oct. 30, 1692.

This Monument, to his most dear and affectionate Wife,
Was erected by her most disconsolate Husband.

[*St. Luke's at Chelsea, Middlesex.*]

On Sir WILLIAM PHIPPS, *Knt.*

Near this Place is interred the Body of
Sir WILLIAM PHIPPS, Knight,
Who, in the Year 1687, by his great Industry,
Discovered among the Rocks, near the Banks of *Bahama*,
On the North Side of *Hispaniola*,
A *Spanish* Plate Ship,
Which had been under Water forty-four Years ;
Out of which he took, in Gold and Silver, to the Value
Of Three Hundred Thousand Pounds Sterling!

And with a Fidelity equal to his Conduct,
 Brought it all to *London*;
 Where it was divided
 Between himself and the rest of the Adventurers.
 For which great Service he was Knighted
 By his then Majesty King JAMES the Second;
 And, at the Request of the principal Inhabitants of
New England,
 He accepted the Government of the *Massachusetts*,
 In which he continued to the Time of his Death;
 And discharged his Trust
 With that Zeal for the Interest of his Country,
 And with so little Regard to his own private Advantage,
 That he justly gained the good Esteem and Affections
 of the greatest and best Part
 Of the Inhabitants of that Colony.

He died the 18th of Feb. 1694;
 And his Lady, to perpetuate his Memory,
 Hath caused this Monument to be erected.

[*St. Mary, Woolnoth.*]

ON PETER HEIWOOD.

PETER HEIWOOD,
 Younger Son of PETER HEIWOOD,
 One of the Counsellors of *Jamaica*,
 By GRACE, Daughter of Sir JOHN MUDDEFORD,
 Knt. and Bart.
 Great Grandson to PETER HEIWOOD, of *Heiwood*,
 In the County Palatine of *Lancaster*,
 Who apprehended GUY FAUX
 With his dark Lanthorn,
 And for his zealous Prosecution of Papists,
 As Justice of Peace,
 Was stabbed in *Westminster-Hall*,
 By JOHN JAMES, a *Dominican Fryar*,
 Anno Dom. 1640.
 Obijt Nov. 2, 1701.
 [*St. Ann's, Alder[gate].*]

On Sir WILLIAM GORE.

Here lies the Body of
 Sir WILLIAM GORE, Knight,
 Alderman of the City of *London*;
 Who served the chief Offices of Dignity and Trust,
 In that City,
 With great Reputation and Applause;
 And was the third Lord-Mayor
 Of his Name and Family.
 He was a wise and impartial Magistrate;
 Faithful to his Prince, and useful to his Country.
 He was Governor of the *Hamburg* Company:
 A fair and successful Merchant,
 A loving and careful Husband,
 A kind and provident Father of many Children,
 Of which
 Four Sons, and Five Daughters, survived him.
 He was remarkable for Diligence in his Calling;
 For encouraging those to Industry that could work,
 And for Charity to those that could not.
 He was a good Benefactor
 To the Hospitals of the City,
 To the Parish in which he lived,
 And to this Parish.
 He was sound and steady in the Principles of
 Religion and Loyalty,
 And exemplary in the Practice of them.
 Ob. Jan. 20th, A. D. 1707, Æt. 64.
 [*Tring, Hertfordshire.*]

On JOHN PHILIPS.

Behold the Bust of
 JOHN PHILIPS!
 To whose Reputation no Part of *Briain* is a Stranger!
 Whose Learning and Genius,
 Whose Candour and Simplicity,
 Endear'd him to all
 Who loved what is good and commendable.
 H 3 His

His Love of polite Literature
 Shewed itself so early
 As when he was at *Winchester School* ;
 And being removed to *Christ-Church College*,
 He was continually giving it
 'The noblest Gratification,
 In the Works of the best Masters of Writing.
 In that Seat of the Muses it was,
 Where, Emulation being seconded by Nature,
 He composed several Poems in his native Language,
 Upon *Greek* and *Roman* Plans ;
 But not unworthy of the Perusal
 Of the Authors whom he imitated.
 For from the Ancients
 He had learned to diversify his Metre,
 And adapt it to the Sense ;
 Avoiding a Jingle in Sounds,
 And a Sameness in Cadence.
 In this Kind of Poetry he was surpassed
 By *MILTON* only,
 And by him how little !
 Whatever was his Subject,
 Whether sublime or light,
 He suited his Pen to it in a masterly Manner ;
 As well in the Propriety of the Sentiment,
 As in the Turn of Expression,
 And the Cadence of the Metre.
 And thou, the Father and Founder of *English* Poetry,
 Energetic *CHAUCER* !
 Allow him, tho' he departed from thy Mode,
 A Place at thy Side ;
 At least, he cannot be held unworthy a Figure
 Among the Poets that stand around thee.

Sir *SIMON HARCOURT*,
 Who was a Patron of
 This worthy and most ingenious Person
 When living,
 In acknowledgment of the Delight
 And Advantage of his Acquaintance,
 Has caused this Monument
 To be erected to his Memory.

JOHN,

INSCRIPTIVE EPITAPHS. 157

JOHN, Son of STEPHEN PHILIPS, D. D.
Archdeacon of *Salop*,
Was born at *Bampton*, in *Oxfordshire*,
Dec. 30, 1676,
And died at *Hereford*, where he was buried, Feb. 15, 1708.
Dr. JOHN FREIND.
[*Westminster-Abbey.*]

On Sir THOMAS WAGSTAFFE, *Knt.*

To the pious Memory of
Sir THOMAS WAGSTAFFE, of this Place, *Knt.*
A Person of a publick and generous Spirit,
An unbias'd Patriot, and a constant Friend:
An affectionate Husband,
And an indulgent Father;
A zealous Member of the Church of *England*,
And a loyal Subject,
He had all the Qualifications of a Gentleman,
With the Sincerity of a true Christian;
Charitable without Ostentation,
Courteous without Flattery,
Hospitable, but not profuse;
Serious without Affectation,
And
Chearful without Offence.

He died Jan, 22, 1708,
In that remarkable fatal Year
The 63d of his Age,
Generally beloved, and much lamented.
[*Tachebrooke, Warwickshire.*]

On Mrs. MARY KENDALL.

Mrs. MARY KENDALL,
 Daughter of THOMAS KENDALL, Esq.
 And of Mrs. MARY HAILLET, his Wife,
 Of Killigarth in Cornwall,
 Was born at *Westminster*, Nov. 8, 1677,
 And dy'd at *Epsom*, March 4, 1709-10;
 Having reach'd the full Term
 Of her blessed Saviour's Life;
 And study'd to imitate
 His spotless Example.
 She had great Virtues,
 And as great a Desire of concealing them;
 Was of a severe Life,
 But of an easy Conversation;
 Courteous to all, yet strictly Sincere;
 Humble without Meanness,
 Beneficent without Ostentation,
 Devout without Superstition.
 These admirable Qualities,
 In which she was equal'd by few of her Sex,
 Surpass'd by none,
 Render'd her every way worthy
 Of that close Union and Friendship
 In which she lived with
 The Lady CATHERINE JONES;
 And, in Testimony of which, she desir'd
 That even their Ashes after Death
 Might not be divided;
 And therefore order'd herself
 Here to be interred,
 Where she knew that excellent Lady
 Design'd one Day to rest,
 Near the Grave of her belov'd
 And Religious Mother,
 ELIZABETH, Countess of Ranelagh.
 By Bishop ATTERBURY.

[*Westminster-Abbey.*]

On Mr. JOHN GAY.
 Here lie the Ashes of Mr. JOHN GAY,
 The warmest Friend,
 The gentlest Companion,
 The most benevolent Man :
 Who maintained
 Independency
 In low Circumstances of Fortune ;
 Integrity
 In the midst of a corrupt Age,
 And that equal Serenity of Mind
 Which conscious Goodness alone can give.
 Thro' the whole Course of his Life
 Favourite of the MUSES,
 He was led by them to every elegant Art ;
 Refin'd in Taste,
 And fraught with Graces all his own :
 In various Kinds of Poetry
 Superior to many,
 Inferior to none,
 His Works continue to inspire
 What his Example taught :
 Contempt of Folly however adorn'd,
 Detestation of Vice however dignified,
 Reverence for Virtue however disgrac'd.
 CHARLES and CATHERINE, Duke and Duchess
 Of *Queensberry*,
 Who loved this excellent Person living,
 And respect him dead,
 Have caused this Monument to be erected to his Memory.
 [*Westminster-Abbey.*]

On JOHN RAY.
 The mortal Part of the most learned
 JOHN RAY, A. M.
 Is deposited in this narrow Tomb ;
 But his Writings
 Are not confined to one Nation ;
 And his Fame, every where most illustrious,
 Renders them immortal.

Formerly

He was Fellow of *Trinity College in Cambridge*,
And of the Royal Society in *London* ;

A singular Ornament of both.

In every Kind of Science, as well Divine as Human,
Most expert ;

And like a SOLOMON,

(To whom alone perhaps he was inferior)

From the Cedar to the Hyssop,

From the largest of Animals to the smallest Insects,
He arrived at a consummate Knowledge.

And not only did he

Most accurately discourse of Plants

Spread over the Face of the whole Earth,

But making a most strict Search into its most
Inmost Bowels,

Whatever deserved Discussion through all Nature
He described.

While on his Travels abroad,

He diligently discovered

What had escaped the Observation of Others ;

And first brought to Light

Many Things most worthy of Remark.

Farther than this,

He was endowed

With so unaffected a Manner of Behaviour,

That he was learned without Pedantry ;

Of a sublime Genius !

And at the same Time (which is rarely known)

Of an Humble and Modest Disposition :

Not distinguished by an illustrious Extraction,

But, what is greater,

By his own Virtue.

Little solicitous about obtaining Wealth and Titles,

He chose rather to deserve

Than possess them.

Content with his own Lot,

He grew old in his private Station ;

Worthy of more ample Fortune :

In every other Respect he readily observed Moderation ;

In Study none.

To

INSCRIPTIVE EPITAPHS. 135

To conclude,
To all these Perfections
He added a Piety free from Artifice,
Bearing an entire and hearty Veneration
For the Church of *England*;
Which he confirmed with his last Breath,
Thus happily, in a virtuous Retirement,
Lived he, whom the present Age reveres,
And
Posterity will admire!

[*Black Notly, Essex.*]

On SAMUEL BUTLER.

Sacred to the Memory of
SAMUEL BUTLER,
Who was born
At *Strensham*, in *Worcestershire*, 1612,
And died at *London*, 1680.
A Man
Of uncommon Learning, Wit, and Probity:
As admirable for the Products of his Genius,
As unhappy in the Rewards of them.
His Satire,
Exposing the Hypocrisy and Wickedness of the Rebels,
Is such an inimitable Piece,
That as he was the first,
He may be said to be also the last Writer,
In his peculiar Manner.
That he,
Who when living wanted almost every Thing,
Might not, after Death,
Any longer want so much as a Tomb,

JOHN BARBER,
Citizen of *London*, erected this Monument, 1721.

[*Westminster-Abbey.*]

ON MATTHEW PRIOR, Esq.

Whilst he was planning a History of his own Times,
A slow Fever put an End to his Life,
September 18, 1721, in the 57th Year of his Age.

The accomplished Person who is here interred,
Was Secretary to King WILLIAM and Queen MARY,
At the Congress of the Confederates
Held at the *Hague*, 1690,
To the *British* Embassy
At the Peace of *Ryswick*, 1697,
To that in *France* the Year following,
And likewise the same Year, in 1698, in *Ireland*.

In 1700 he was appointed a Commissioner of
Trade and Plantations,

And in 1711, of the Customs.

In 1711 he was sent by Queen ANNE
(Of glorious Memory)

As Plenipotentiary

To LEWIS the 14th King of *France*,
For confirming that Peace which still continues,
And of which all good Men
Wish the Continuation.

MATTHEW PRIOR, Esq.

Whose Learning, Wit, and Humanity,
Did him more Honour, than all the Poets
Which he filled with so much Applause.

His natural Inclination to Learning
Received its Polish in the School near this Abbey :
The superior Sciences he studied, with distinguished
Success,

At *St. John's-College* in *Cambridge* ;
And these Advantages were compleated
By the Conversation of eminent Persons.

With such a Genius and Education,
He persevered in cultivating the MUSES ;
And, after the Seriousness of Politics,
Used to relax his Mind
In the Amenities of polite Literature.

Happy

Happy in all kinds of Poetry,
 In Tales unequalled ;
 And these were rather *easy* Entertainments
 Than laboured Compositions.
 This appeared more conspicuous to his Acquaintance,
 From his Facility, Copiousness,
 And Elegancy in Conversation,
 Which was neither stiff or forced ;
 But all seemed to flow
 From an exuberant natural Source ;
 Which has left it a Question,
 Whether he was a better Poet or Companion.

[*Westminster-Abbey.*]

ON PENELOPE VERNON.

Within this Burial-Vault, near this Marble,
 Lieth the Body of PENELOPE,
 Youngest Daughter
 (And Co-heir with her Sister ELIZABETH)
 TO ROBERT PHILLIPS, of *Newton-Regis*,
 In the County of *Warwick*, Esquire.

She died in her Six-and-thirtieth Year,
 On the 25th of January, 1726.

Let this Inscription

(Appealing yet to Testimonies manifold)
 Recal to every surviving Witness,
 And, for Ensamble, record to Posterity
 Her Endowments :

Whether owing to the Indulgency of Nature,
 Or to the assiduous Lessons of Education,
 Or to the silent Admonitions of Reflection.
 To her Parents, Husband, Children,
 In no Care, no Duty, no Affection,
 Was she wanting.
 Receiving, Deserving, Winning,
 From them respectively
 Equal Endearments.

Of Countenance, and of Disposition,
 Open, Chearful, Modest:
 Of Behaviour, Humble, Courteous, Easy;
 Of Speech, Affable, Free, Discreet.
 In Civilities, Punctual, Sincere, and Elegant;
 Prone to Offices of Kindness and Good-will;
 To Enmity a Stranger;
 Forward, Earnest, and Impatient
 To succour the Distressed,
 To comfort the Afflicted;
 Solicitous for the Poor,
 And rich in Store of Alms;
 Whereby she became
 The Delight, the Love, the Blessing of All.

In her House flourished
 Chearfulness, due Order, Thrift, and Plenty:
 In the Closet retired,
 In the Temple publick,
 Morning and Evening did she worship;
 By Instruction, by Example,
 Sedulous to nurture her Children in Godliness.

So prevalent her Love to them,
 Visited with that sore Disease
 Which too often kills, or blites
 The Mother's fondest Hopes,
 That (regardless of Self-preservation)
 In piously watching over their Lives,
 She, catching the Infection, lost her own:

Triumphing, through Resignation,
 Over Sicknefs, Pain, Anguish, Agony,
 And encompassed with Tears and Lamentations,
 Expiring in the Fervour of Prayer.

To the Memory,
 Ever-dear and precious,
 O. his most affectionate, most beloved, and
 Most deserving Wife,
 Is this Monument raised,

By

INSCRIPTIVE EPITAPHS. 159

By
HENRY VERNON, of *Hilton*,
In the County of *Stafford*, Esquire.

To him she bore Five Sons, and Two Daughters,
All surviving, save ELIZABETH,
Who, dying in her second Year,
Of the Small-Pox some few Days before,
Resteth by her Mother.
MR. AMBROSE PHILLIPS.

ON KATHERINE BOVEY.

To the Memory of
Mrs. KATHERINE BOVEY,
Whose personal Understanding would have become
The highest Rank in Female Life,
And whose Vivacity would have recommended her
In the best Conversation;
But by Judgment, as well as Inclination,
She chose such a Retirement as gave her Opportunities
For Reading and Reflection :
Which she made Use of to the wisest Purposes
Of Improvement, of Knowledge, and Religion.
Upon other Subjects,
She ventured far out of the common Way of Thinking ;
But, in religious Matters,
She made the Holy Scriptures, in which she was well
skilled,
The Rule and Guide of her Faith and Actions :
Esteeming it more safe to rely upon the plain Word of
God,
Than to run into any Freedoms of Thought upon
Reveal'd Truths.
The great Share of Time allowed to the Closet,
Was not perceived in her Œconomy ;
For she had always a well-ordered and well instructed
Family,
From the happy Influence, as well of her Temper
And Conduct,
As of her uniform and exemplary Christian Life.

It pleased God to bless her with a considerable Estate,
Which, with a liberal Hand, and guided by Wisdom
And Piety,

She employed to his Glory, and the good of her
Neighbours.

Her domestic Expences

Were managed with a Decency, and Dignity,
Suitable to her Fortune;

But with a Frugality, that made her Income abound
To all proper Objects of Charity.

To the Relief of the Neccessitous, the Encouragement of
The Industrious,

And Instruction of the Ignorant,

She distributed not only with Chearfulness, but with Joy:

And, upon some Occasions,

Of raising and refreshing the Spirits of the Afflicted,

She could not refrain breaking out into Tears,

Flowing from a Heart thoroughly affected
With Compassion and Benevolence.

Thus did many of her good Works, while she lived,

Go up as a Memorial before God,

And some she left to follow her.

She died Jan. 21, 1726-7, in the 57th Year of her Age,

At *Flaxley*, her Seat in *Gloucestershire*, and was buried

There:

Where her Name will be long remembered

And where several of her Benefactions at that Place,

As well as others, are more particularly recorded.

This Monument was erected, with the utmost Respect

To her Memory, by her Executrix Mrs. MARY POPE,

Who lived with her Forty Years

In perfect Friendship, never once interrupted

'Till her much lamented Death.

[*Westminster-Abbey.*]

INSCRIPTIVE EPITAPHS. 161

On DANIEL PULTNEY, *Esq.*

Reader,
If thou art a *Briton*,
Behold this Tomb with Reverence and Regret.
Here lie the Remains of
DANIEL PULTNEY!
The kindest Relation, the truest Friend,
The warmest Patriot, the worthiest Man.
He exercised Virtues in this Age,
Sufficient to have distinguish'd him even in the best.
Sagacious by Nature,
Industrious by Habit,
Inquisitive with Art,
He gained a compleat Knowledge of the Interests of
Britain,
Foreign and Domestic ;
In most the backward Fruit of tedious Experience,
In him the early Acquisition
Of undissipated Youth.
He served the Crown several Years ;
Abroad, in the auspicious Reign
Of *QUEEN ANNE* ;
At Home, in the Reign of that excellent
Prince, King *GEORGE* the First.
He served his Country always :
At Court independent !
In the Senate unbiass'd !
At every Age, and in every Station,
This was the Bent of his generous Soul ;
This the Business of his laborious Life.
Public Men, and public Things,
He judg'd by one common Standard,
The true Interest of *Britain* :
He made no other Distinction of Party,
He abhorred all other.
Gentle, Humane, Disinterested, Beneficent,
He created no Enemies on his own Account ;
Firm, determined, Inflexible,
He feared none he could create in the Cause of *Britain*.

Reader !

Reader!
 In this Misfortune of thy Country,
 Lament thy own;
 For know,
 The Loss of so much private Virtue
 Is a public Calamity.

[*Westminster-Abbey.*]

On WILLIAM CONGREVE.

Mr. WILLIAM CONGREVE
 Died Jan. 19, 1728. Aged 50,
 And was buried near this Place.

To whose most valuable Memory
 This Monument is set up by
 HENRIETTA, Duchess of Marlborough;
 As a Mark how dearly she remembers
 The Happiness, and Honour, she enjoy'd
 In the sincere Friendship
 Of so worthy, so honest a Man!
 Whose Virtue, Candour, and Wit,
 Gained him the Love and Esteem
 Of the present Age;
 And whose Writings will be
 The Admiration of the Future!

[*Westminster-Abbey.*]

On SIR ISAAC NEWTON, *Knt.*

Here is deposited
 Sir ISAAC NEWTON, Knight;
 Who, by the Light of Mathematical Learning, and
 A Force of Mind almost Divine,
 First explained
 The Motions and Figures of the Planets
 And Planetary Orbits;

Paths.

Paths of the Comets, and Tides of the Ocean;
 Discover'd, what no one before ever suspected,
 The Difference of the Rays of Light,
 And the Distinction of Colours thence arising.
 He was a diligent, penetrating, faithful Interpreter
 Of Nature, of Antiquity, and the Holy Scripture.
 By his Philosophy, he asserted the Majesty of God,
 The greatest and most glorious of all Beings;
 And by his Morals expressed the Simplicity of the Gospel.
 Let Mortals congratulate themselves
 That there has been so Great, so Good a Man;
 The Glory of the Human Race.

Born Dec. 25, 1642, and died in March, 1726.

[*Westminster-Abbey.*]

On Dr. HUGH BOULTER, *Archbishop of*
Armagh.

To the Memory of
 Doctor HUGH BOULTER,
 Late Archbishop of *Armagh*, and Primate of
All Ireland;

A Prelate so eminent
 For the Accomplishments of Mind,
 The Purity of his Heart,
 And the Excellency of his Life;
 That it wou'd be thought superfluous
 To specify his Titles,
 Recount his Virtues,
 Or even erect a Monument to his Fame.-

His Titles, he not only deserv'd, but adorn'd:
 His Virtues are manifest in his good Works,
 Which had never dazzled the public Eye,
 If they had not been too bright to be concealed.

And, as to his Fame,
 Whoever has any Sense of Merit,
 Any Reverence for Piety,
 Any Passion for his Country,

Or

Or any Charity for Mankind,
 Will assist in preserving it fair and spotless:
 That when Brass and Marble shall mix with
 The Dust they cover,
 Every succeeding Age
 May have the Benefit of his illustrious Example.

He was born Jan. 4th, 1671,
 He was created Bishop of *Bristol*, 1718,
 He was translated to the Archbishoprick of
Armagh, 1723,
 And from thence to Heaven,
 Sept. 27, 1742.

[*Westminster-Abbey.*]

On HENRY JENKINS.

Blush not, Marble!
 To rescue from Oblivion
 The Memory of
 HENRY JENKINS;
 A Person obscure by Birth,
 But of a Life truly Memorable:
 For
 He was enriched with the Goods of Nature,
 If not of Fortune;
 And happy in the Duration,
 If not Variety of Enjoyments:
 And,
 Tho' the partial World despised and
 Disregarded his low and humble State,
 The equal Eye of Providence
 Beheld and blessed it
 With a Patriarch's Health and Length of Days!
 To teach mistaken Man,
 "These Blessings are entailed on Temperance,
 "A Life of Labour, and a Mind at Ease."
 He lived to the amazing Age of
 One Hundred and Sixty-nine!

Was

INSCRIPTIVE EPITAPHS. 165

Was interred here, Dec. 6, 1870,
And had this Justice done to his Memory 1743.

[*Bolton, Yorkshire.*]

On Mrs. JESSOP.

Mrs. ELIZABETH JESSOP.

Widow of the late Rev. Mr. JESSOP,
Of *Temsford* in *Bedfordshire*,
And Mother of Mrs. COBDEN,
Died December 15th, 1737.

A Woman of exemplary Piety, Charity,
And all other Christian Graces ;
An Ornament
To the Church of *England*,
Whose Communion she constantly frequented.

She was blessed
With a clear Understanding, and a sound Judgment ;
Which were improved
By diligent Reading and Meditation ;
For it was her Custom, Summer and Winter,
(Till near her last Sickness)
To rise at Four in the Morning,
And she would suffer no Moments to be lost.

She took due Care, by
Instruction and Reproof,
To communicate what Light she had,
Wherever she found it wanting ;
Infomuch, that a Servant could not continue with her
Without being acquainted
With his Duty to God and Man.

Her continual Study and Endeavour
Was to be good herself ;
And to do good to others
Her greatest Pleasure.

From

From her
 No Object of Distress went away unrelieved ;
 And very few others,
 Without being pleased and edified.

She was very candid in her Sentiments,
 Tender in her Nature,
 And most cordial and affectionate in her Friendship.

She adorned every Character she sustained ;
 Was faithful in every Trust,
 And amiable in every Relation :
 And, with the utmost Strictness and Purity of Manners,
 Had joined all the Chearfulness of Temper,
 And Easiness of Conversation, possible.

She was always a great Lover of Neatness,
 Without much Regard to
 Mode or Fashion ;
 And,
 Tho' she kept as close at Home
 As if confined to a Cloister,
 No one better understood Good-breeding,
 (If what goes by that Name
 Be real Benevolence)
 Expressed in the most obliging Manner.

Her Behaviour, in the last Scene,
 Was agreeable to the Dignity of her former Parts.

She endured her Pain and Sickness,
 (Which were extremely severe)
 With the Resignation and Patience
 Of a Martyr ;
 And entertained the Thought of her
 Approaching Change
 With the Chearfulness of one
 Who firmly depended on the Divine Mercy,
 Through the Merits of a Redeemer,
 For a glorious Reward.

In fine,
Her whole Life was an undeniable Evidence
Of the Christian Religion;
And how much
(When thoroughly understood,
Heartily embraced,
And sincerely practised)
It is calculated to raise Human Nature to
Perfection.

By Doctor CORDEN.

On Sir WATKYN WILLIAMS WYNNE, *Bt.*

Here lie the Remains of
The Illustrious
Sir WATKYN WILLIAMS WYNNE, Bart.
Who was killed, by a Fall from his Horse,
Near his Seat of *Winstay*,
September 1749.

In his public Character
He was resolute and immoveable.
In his private Character
He was generous and of exceeding good-nature :
He loved his Country with a Sincerity
Which seemed to distinguish him from all Mankind.

His Morals were untainted ;
He had an utter Detestation to Vice.
His Manners, like his Countenance,
Were open and undisguised ;
He was affable by Nature,
He knew how to condescend without Meanness,
He was munificent without Ostentation.

His Behaviour was so amiable
As never to create a Personal Enemy :
He was even honour'd where he was not beloved.

In domestic Life
He was the kindest Relation,
And the truest Friend :

His

His House was a noble Scene of regular,
 Yet almost boundless Hospitality :
 His Piety towards his Creator was remarkable,
 In his constant Attendance on the Service of the Church.

He revered Religion,
 He respected the Clergy,
 He feared God.

The Tenour of his Conduct
 Was one continued Series of Virtue ;
 So prepared,
 He had little Reason to be afraid of a sudden Death :
 Every Day of his Life was a Preparation for Heaven.
 The Loss of him will be
 A lasting Calamity to his Country.

On Lady JOYCE LUCY.

Here entomb'd lyeth
 The Lady JOYCE LUCY,
 Wife of Sir THOMAS LUCY, of *Charlecote*,
 In the County of *Warwick*, Knt.
 Daughter and Heir of
 THOMAS ACTON, of *Sutton*,
 In the County of *Worcester*, Esq.
 Who departed out of this wretched World, to her
 Heavenly Kingdome,
 The 10th Day of Feb. Anno Dom. 1593, aged 63.
 All the Time of her Life
 A true and faithful Servant of her good God ;
 Never detested of any Crime or Vice ;
 In Religion most sound,
 In Love to her Husband most faithful and true,
 In Friendship most constant ;
 To what in Trust was committed to her, most secret.
 In Wisdome excelling,
 In governing of her House, and bringing up of Youth
 In the Fear of God that did converse with her,
 Most rare and singular !
 A great Maintainer of Hospitality,

Greatly

Greatly esteemed of her Betters,
 Misluked of none, unlesse of the Envious.
 When all is spoken that can be said,
 A Woman so furnish'd and garnish'd with Virtue,
 As not to be bettered,
 And hardly to be equall'd by any,
 As she liv'd most virtuously,
 So she dy'd most godly.
 Set down by him
 That best did know what had been written to be true.
 THOMAS LUCY.
 [*Charlecote, Warwickshire.*]

On ABRAHAM COWLEY.

From Life's superfluous Cares enlarg'd,
 His Debt of human Toil discharg'd,
 Here COWLEY lies ! beneath this Shed,
 To every worldly Interest dead;
 With decent Poverty content,
 His Hours of Ease not idly spent ;
 To Fortune's Goods a Foe profess'd,
 And hating Wealth, by all caress'd.
 'Tis true he's dead, for lo ! how small
 A Spot of Earth is now his All !
 O ! wish that Earth may lightly lay,
 And every Care be far away ;
 Bring Flowers, the short liv'd Roses bring,
 To Life deceas'd, fit Offering ;
 And Sweets around the Poet strow,
 Whilst yet with Life his Ashes glow.

ADDISON.

On CLEMENT COTTRELL, Esq.

On the same Monument is this Inscription.

CLEMENT COTTRELL, Esq.

Eldest Son

Of Sir CHARLES COTTRELL, Knt. Master of the
 Ceremonies;

170 MISCELLANEOUS

And his Assistant, to have succeeded in that Office,
 For which he was very fit,
 Having a tall handsome Person,
 A graceful winning Behaviour,
 And great natural Parts;
 Much improved in Study and Converse
 In most Courts of *Europe*:
 Where, firm to the Church of *England*,
 He learned not their Vices, but Customs and Languages;
 Understanding seven,
 And speaking four of them as his own,
 Tho' but 22 Years old.

Yet not content

To serve his King and Country at Home only,
 His Excess of Courage,
 Invited by a deep Sense of Honour,
 Could not be kept from going Volunteere
 With the Earl of *Sandwich*;
 With whome he had been in *Spaine*,
 When his Excellency was Ambassador Extraordinary:
 With whome,
 (After having returned unwounded, into his Ship,
 From being the first Man
 That had boarded a *Dutch* one of Sixty Guns,
 And pulled down the Ensigne of it
 With his own Hand)
 He also perished universally lamented.
 [*Westminster-Abbey.*]

By ANDREW MARVELL.

Here under rests ————,
 Who, in his Life-time, reflected
 All the Lustre he derived from his Family;
 And recompensed the Honour of his Descent
 By his Virtue.
 For being of an excellent Nature,
 He cultivated it by all the best Means of Improvement;
 Nor left any Spot empty
 For the Growth of Pride, or Vanity:

INSCRIPTIVE EPITAPHS. 1711

So that,
 Altho' he was polished to the utmost Perfection,
 He appear'd only as a Mirrour for others,
 Not himself to look in.
 Cheerful with Gall, Sober without Formality,
 Prudent without Stratagem,
 And Religious without Affectation.
 He neither neglected nor pretended to Business;
 But as he loved not to make Work,
 So not to leave it imperfect.
 He understood
 But was not enamoured of Pleasure;
 He never came before in Injury,
 Nor behind in Courtesy;
 Nor found Sweetness in any Revenge,
 But that of Gratitude.
 He so studiously discharged the Obligations
 Of a Subject, a Son, a Friend, and an Husband,
 As if those Relations
 Could have consisted only on his Part.
 Having thus walked uprightly
 And easily thro' this World,
 Nor contributed, by any Excess, to his Mortality,
 Yet Death took him:
 Wherein, therefore, as his last Duty,
 He signalized more his former Life,
 With all the Decency, and Recumbence, of
 A departing Christian.

On ANDREW MARVELL, Esq.

Near this Place
 Lyeth the Body of ANDREW MARVELL, Esq.
 A Man so endowed by Nature,
 So improved by Education, Study, and Travel,
 So consummated by Experience,
 That, joining the most peculiar Graces of Wit
 And Learning,
 With a singular Penetration and Strength of Judgement,
 And exercising all these

In the whole Course of his Life,
 With unalterable Steadiness to the Ways of Virtue;
 He became the Ornament
 And Example of the Age.
 Beloved by good Men, fear'd by bad,
 Admired by all:
 Tho' imitated, alas!
 By few;
 And scarce parallel'd by any.
 But a Tomb-stone can neither contain his Character,
 Nor is Marble necessary to transmit it to Posterity:
 It is engraved on the Minds of this Generation,
 And will be always legible in his inimitable
 Writings.
 Nevertheless,
 He having served near Twenty Years
 Successively in Parliament,
 And that with such
 Wisdom, Integrity, Dexterity, and Courage,
 As became a true Patriot;
 The Town of *Kingston upon Hull*,
 From whence he was constantly deputed to that Assembly,
 Lamenting in his Death the public Loss,
 Have erected
 This Monument of Grief and Gratitude, 1688.
 He dyed in the 58th Year of his Age,
 On the 16th Day of August, 1678.
 [*Kingston upon Hull.*]

On JOHN DRYDEN, *Esq.*
 J. DRYDEN,
 Natus 1632. --- Mortuus Maii 1, 1700.
 JOANNES SHEFFIELD,
Dux Buckinghamiensis,
 Posuit, 1720.
 [*Westminster-Abbey.*]

On BEN JOHNSON.
 O rare BEN JOHNSON!
 [*Westminster-Abbey.*]

INSCRIPTIVE EPITAPHS. 173

On HENRY PURCELL, *Esq.*

Here lies HENRY PURCELL, *Esq.*
Who left this Life, and is gone to that blessed Place,
Where only his Harmony can be exceeded!

Obiit 21 Die Novembris,

Anno Ætatis suæ 37,

Anno Dom. 1695.

[*Westminster-Abbey.*]

On Dr. RICHARD BUSBY.

That Part of BUSBY

With which the Eyes of Men were conversant,
Lies here beneath!

If thou art desirous of knowing

That which is deposited in their Souls,

Look to the Luminaries of the Universities,

And the Courts of Justice;

View

The most distinguished Personages of the Court,

The Parliament, and the Church:

And from such an Harvest, think how great the Sower!

As he had an admirable Faculty in discerning

The natural Turn of the Mind,

So he no less happily modell'd it,

And carried it to its utmost Improvement.

His Method of Instruction

Was such

As to blend Wisdom with the Languages;

And the Youth in their Lessons

Imbided the Sentiments of Manhood!

All who had duly profited

Under this excellent Teacher,

Were, in their several Stations,

Zealous for the Constitution of *England*

In Church and State;

And many weighty Defenders thereof.

Whatever has been the subsequent Reputation of

Westminster School;

Whatever Advantage has been deriv'd from it,
Must chiefly be ever attributed to the Great BUSBY!

God was pleas'd to continue this useful Patriot
To an uncommon Prosperity, and Length of Years:

And he on his Part
Spared neither himself nor his Substance

In the Service of Religion,

The Relief of the Poor,

The Encouragement of Learning,

And the Repair of Holy Places;

These being with him the best Use,

The most delightful Enjoyment of Riches:

And whatever he did not bestow,

When Living,

He bequeathed to those Uses

At his Death.

RICHARD BUSBY

Was born at *Lutton*, in *Lincolnshire*, Sept. 2, 1606.

He was appointed Master of *Westminster School*

December 3d, 1640.

On July the 5th, 1660, he obtained a Prebend in this
Church;

And on the 11th of August following

He was chosen Treasurer of the *Welsh Society*.

He died April the 5th, 1695.

[*Westminster Abbey*.]

ON CHARLES DENIS DE ST. EVEREMOND.

CHARLES DENIS DE ST. EVEREMOND

Was of a noble Family in *Normandy*;

And, betaking himself

Very early to a Military Life,

Served with so much Courage and Honour,

Under

Marshal Turenne, the Prince of *Conde*,

And other Captains,

That he was gradually promoted

To the Rank of a Major-General.

Upon leaving his Country, he went to *Holland*,

From

INSCRIPTIVE EPITAPHS. 175

From whence CHARLES the Second
 Invited him into *England*.
 He was no less a Physiologist, than Humourist,
 And a most elegant Writer,
 Both in Verse and Prose, in the *French* Language;
 Which he considerably polished and enriched.
 Several Kings of *England*
 Honoured him with their Favours:
 He was the Delight of the Nobility, and the Esteem of all
 Persons.
 After a Life of above 90 Years,
 He died the 9th of Sept. 1703.

To this celebrated Personage,
 Who may be justly ranked
 Among the best Writers of his Time,
 His Friends have erected this Monument.

[*Westminster-Abbey.*]

On Major RICHARD CREED.

To the Memory of the Honoured
 Major RICHARD CREED,
 Who attended
 His late Majesty King WILLIAM the Third,
 In all his Wars during his Reign;
 Every where signalizing himself,
 And never more himself
 Than when he looked an Enemy in the Face.
 At the glorious Battle of *Blenheim*, A. D. 1704,
 He commanded
 One of the Squadrons that began the Attack;
 In two several Charges he return'd unhurt;
 But,
 In the Third, after many Wounds received,
 Still valiantly fighting,
 He was shot thro' the Head!
 His dead Body was brought off by his Brother,
 At the Hazard of his own Life, and buried there.

To his Memory
 His sorrowful Mother has erected this Monument;
 Placing it near another, which her Son
 (When living)
 Used to look upon with Pleasure,
 For the worthy Mention it makes of that great Man,
 EDWARD, Earl of *Sandwich*,
 To whom he had the Honour to be related,
 And whose heroic Virtues he was ambitious to imitate.
 He was the eldest Son
 Of JOHN CREED of *Oundle*, Esq. and ELIZABETH his
 Wife,
 Only daughter of Sir GILBERT PICKERING, Baronet,
 Of *Tremarsh* in *Northamptonshire*.
 [*Westminster-Abbey*.]

On Colonel JAMES BRINGFIELD.

To the Memory of the worthily honoured
 Colonel JAMES BRINGFIELD,
 Born in *Abingdon*, in the County of *Berks*;
 Equerry
 To his Royal Highness Prince GEORGE of *Denmark*;
 Aid-de-Camp and Gentleman of the Horse
 To his Grace the Duke of *Marlborough*
 (The victorious General of her Majesty's Forces beyond
 The Sea);
 Who, while he was remounting his Lord
 Upon a fresh Horse, his former failing under him,
 Had his Head fatally shot off by a Cannon-Ball,
 In the Battle of *Ramillies*,
 On *Whitsunday*,
 The 12th Day of May, in the Year of our Lord 1706,
 And of his Age 50.
 And so having gloriously ended his Days
 In the Bed of Honour,
 Lies interred at *Bavichem* in the Province of *Brabant*;
 A principal Part of the *English* Guards
 Attending his Obsequies:
 Where may his valiant Remains rest in Peace,

And

INSCRIPTIVE EPITAPHS. 377

And the surviving Fame
Of his Courage, Virtue, and true Piety,
(Of which this Church was often a Witness)
Live, grow, and spread, both here and abroad for ever!
This Monument was erected by his mournful and
Equally loving
And beloved Widow, CLEMENCE BRINGFIELD, 1706.
[*Westminster-Abbey.*]

On Sir CLOUDESLEY SHOVEL, *Knt. Bart. and
Admiral.*

Sir CLOUDESLEY SHOVEL, *Knt. and Bart.*

Rear Admiral of *Great Britain*;

And

Admiral and Commander in Chief of the Fleet,

The just Rewards

Of his long and faithful Services.

He was

Deservedly beloved of his Country,

And esteemed, tho' dreaded by his Enemies,

Who had often experienced

His Conduct and Courage:

Being Shipwreck'd

On the Rocks of *Scilly*,

In his Voyage from *Toulon*,

The 22d Day of October, 1707, at Night,

In the 57th Year of his Age.

His Fate was lamented by all,

But especially

The Sea-faring Part of the Nation,

To whom he was

A generous Patron, and worthy Example.

His Body was flung on the Shore,

And buried with others in the Sands;

But, being soon after taken up,

Was placed under this Monument,

Which his Royal Mistress has caused to be erected

To commemorate

His steady Loyalty, and extraordinary Virtues.

[*Westminster-Abbey.*]

On Dr. THOMAS SPRATT, Bishop of
Rochester.

Sacred to the Memory of
THOMAS SPRATT, S. T. P.

Who was the Son of a Clergyman in Dorsetshire,
And Fellow of Wadham College, Oxon.

He gave several Specimens, in his early Youth,
Of an admirable Genius and Taste for Poetry;

And tho' much befriended by the Muses,
He chose rather to relinquish this Glory

In favour of his beloved COWLEY,
To investigate the Beauties of Prosaic Writing;
And, exercising himself with Pleasure in this Study,
He appeared among the first who then began to polish
The English Language;

With which, by successfully blending all the Graces of
Greek and Roman Eloquence,

He became much in Favour with the principal Men
Of the State,

Who first recommended him to
GEORGE, the illustrious Duke of Buckingham;

And afterwards to King CHARLES,
That nice Judge of Elegance.

He was made Prebendary both of Westminster
And Windsor,

Soon after Dean of this Church,
And lastly Bishop of Rochester.

He administered in both Stations with the greatest
Dignity.

That Politeness which shews him
To have been conversant with the Great,
Shined both in his Writings and Conversation.

He lived agreeably with all,
Yet always maintained his Authority, without seeming
In the least

To arrogate any.

Both in disturbed and favourable Times his Faith was
Inviolable

To the Church and King:

This naturally excited the envy of abandoned Men,

Who,

INSCRIPTIVE EPITAPHS. 179

Who, by false and notorious Imputations,
Greatly endanger'd his Person;
But having happily extricated himself from
These Embarrassments,
His Life afterwards glided in the Channel of an even
Temper;
Neither unpleasant to himself or his Friends;
'Till with Old Age he insensibly fell off,
And died with the same Tranquillity he had lived,
On the 20th of May, 1713, Aged 77.

Here also, near his Father's Ashes, are deposited
Those of the Son of this most happy Prelate:
THOMAS SPRATT, A. M.
Archdeacon of *Rocheſter*, and Prebendary of the Churches
Of *Rocheſter*, *Wincheſter*, and *Weſtminſter*.
Whatever was graceful in Letters or Life
He learned to cultivate from his Childhood;
And tho' he emulated the Virtues of his Parent,
Alas! attained not his Years.

He died the 10th of May, 1720, aged 41.

As the Son he tenderly loved,
And the Father ſincerely honoured,
As a Teſtimony of Both,
To both their Memories this Monument was conſecrated
By JOHN FREIND, M. D.
[*Weſtminſter-Abbey.*]

On ELIZABETH MANNINGHAM.

Here lieth the Body of
ELIZABETH MANNINGHAM,
Wife of Dr. THOMAS MANNINGHAM,
Bishop of *Chicheſter*,
Who died June the 14th, 1714.

She was comely in her Perſon, meek in her Temper,
Moſt humble in her Behaviour,
Prudent in all her Actions, and

330 MISCELLANEOUS

Pious through her whole Life.
 She had a Mind improved
 By a good Share of useful Learning;
 But that appeared only in her Judgment.
 She never took one Step
 Into any of the Vanities of the World;
 But, having been blest
 With a most serious Education,
 After she was marry'd
 She employ'd her Time chiefly in the Duties of her
 Family,
 In the Exercises of
 Her constant Devotion,
 And in giving her Children
 Their first Instructions in Religion.
 Her pious Soul now rests in Peace of Joy,
 Waiting for the glorious Appearance
 Of the great God and Saviour JESUS CHRIST.
 [Chichester Cathedral.]

On CHARLES MONTAGUE, Earl of Halifax.

Here lies interred
 CHARLES MONTAGUE,
 Son to the Honourable GEORGE MONTAGUE,
 Of *Horton*, in *Northamptonshire*;
 And Grandson to
 HENRY, Earl of *Manchester*.
 He was Scholar of the Royal School
 Adjoining to this Church,
 And Fellow of *Trinity-College* in *Cambridge*.
 He so happily cultivated polite Literature,
 That, among the first of our Poets and Orators,
 (Tho' in a different kind of Study, and actuated by
 Different Views)
 He flourished with equal Applause!
 And being much improved by the Attainment of
 The nobler Arts,

He

INSCRIPTIVE EPITAPHS. 181

He appeared with Advantage in a public Station;
And arose from a sedentary Life of a University,
Where he had been the Ornament and Patron of the
Learned.

It was not long ere his
Eloquence in Parliament, his Wisdom in Council,
His expert Conduct in both Loyalty and Power,
Promoted him to the Inspection of the Treasury:
Where coming opportunely to rectify the Malversations
Committed in the Finances,

He restored to its former Value

The Silver Coin,
Which was lowered to the great Prejudice of the Public.

And, tho' he perfected so great a Work
In the Height of a long-continued War,
He took care that neither Subsidies should be wanting
To the King, or Necessaries to the Subject;
And that neither public nor private Credit
Might in any Respect

Meet with the least Obstruction.

For deserving thus well of his Country and Prince,

And for his universal Benevolence,

The ancient Splendor of his Family

Was in him illustrated by new Titles;

Being created Baron, and afterwards

Earl of *Halifax*;

Adding a Fourth to the Three Peers of

The MONTAGUE Name.

He was lastly honoured with the Knighthood
Of the most noble Order of the Garter.

But, while with unwearied Application

He was studying and promoting the Good of

His Country,

In the midst of his laudable Endeavours,

(Oh! uncertain State of human Affairs!)

He died universally lamented,

On the 19th of May, A. D. 1715, Aged 54.

[*Westminster-Abbey.*]

On

On Dame DAMARIS MASHAM.

Near this Place lies

Dame DAMARIS MASHAM,

Daughter of **RALPH CUDWORTH, D. D.**

And second Wife to **Sir FRANCIS MASHAM,**

Of **Osney**, in the County of **Essex**, **Barr.**

Who, to the Softness and Elegancy of her own Sex,

Added several of the noblest Accomplishments

And Qualities of the other.

She possessed these Advantages in a Degree

Unusual to either;

And tempered them with an Exactness

Peculiar to herself.

Her Learning, Judgment, Sagacity, and Penetration,

Together with her Candour, and Love of Truth,

Were very observable to all that conversed with her,

Or were acquainted with those small Treatises

She publish'd in her Life-time;

Tho' she industriously conceal'd her Name.

Being Mother of an only Son,

She applied all her natural and acquired Endowments

To the Care of his Education:

She was a strict Observer of all the Virtues

Belonging to every Station of her Life;

And only wanted Opportunities

To make those Talents shine in the World,

Which were the Admiration of her Friends.

She was born Jan. 18th, 1658, and died

April 20th, 1708.

[*Bath-Abbey*]

On Dr. ROBERT SOUTH.

ROBERT SOUTH, S. T. P.

Scholar of *Westminster School*,

And afterwards of *Christ Church*.

A Person of Erudition, Piety, and ancient Morals,

Was willing that his Ashes

(Not

(Not much distant from this Monument)
 Should rest near those of Doctor BUSBY.
 After the Restoration,
 By the Patronage of the great CLARENDON,
 He was made Prebendary of both the Collegiate
 In which he was educated.
 He was a constant Asserter of the Rights of
 The Church of England,
 Both in her flourishing and distressed Condition,
 And a true Champion of the Christian Faith.
 In his Sermons he so excelled
 By a certain new, and entirely peculiar
 But noble, magnificent, and admirable
 Manner of Eloquence,
 That Connoisseurs might well doubt
 Whether the Strength of Genius,
 Force of Argument,
 Copiousness of Doctrine,
 Splendor and Weight of Words,
 In him were most conspicuous.
 Amply furnished with all these Qualities,
 He not only affected the Souls of his Audience,
 But even astonished and inflamed them!
 Few were so well acquainted with polite Literature,
 And the primitive Theology.
 He was also well versed in the School-Divinity,
 Out of which he expressed
 What is sound and succulent;
 And by not entering into a Disquisition
 Of frivolous Matters,
 He embellished with all necessary Graces of Discourse,
 What would otherwise have been involved
 In the obscure Maze of Terms.
 If at any Time, with some Bitterness, he inveighed against
 The Management of Affairs,
 Or the Vices of Mankind,
 It ought not to be attributed to a Predilection
 For any Party, or any natural Asperity;
 For
 He ever unreservedly avowed his Opinion
 Of Men and Things,
 As they appeared to him on mature Deliberation.
 And,

And, as he was conscious to himself
Of his own Integrity,
Whatever he saw scandalous in Life
Disguised in the Cloak of Religion,
He, with all the Emotions of a just Indignation,
Freely attack'd and exploded.

Intent on these Studies,
And always resolving these Concerns in his Mind,
If at any Time he separated himself
From the Conversation of Mankind,
It was to labour for the general Good.
Both his Life and Death sufficiently demonstrate
His benign, his merciful Disposition
Towards the Unhappy.

At *Ipsip*,
He re-built the Chancel, and the Rector's House;
And erected, and endowed, a School for poor Children,
For the Advancement of Learning,
Both here and at *Christ-Church*;
And, for the Repairs of that College, he left by Will
One Thousand Pounds in ready-Money,
And a yearly Revenue of Three Hundred;
All which will be eternal Monuments
Of his Piety towards God,
And Benevolence to Mankind.

He died July 8th, An. Dom. 1716, Aged 82.

[*Westminster-Abbey.*]

On ROBERT TAYLER.

Here lies the Body of
ROBERT TAYLER,
Late Rector of *East-Barnet*, and Prebendary of
Lincoln;
Whose solid and useful Learning,
Judicious and steady Zeal

For

INSCRIPTIVE EPITAPHS. 185

For the Doctrine and Discipline of the Church of

England,

Had rendered him valuable

To all sincere Lovers thereof.

After he had,

For above the Space of Forty-two Years,

Recommended true Christian Piety,

By his Preaching and Example,

He left by his last Will,

That excellent Book entituled

"The Whole Duty of Man,"

To every Family in his Parish;

As an Instance

Of his dying Care and Concern for their Souls.

Obiit Feb. 18, 1718, Ætat. 72.

[*East-Barnet, Hertfordshire.*]

On JOHN DIGBY, *Earl of Bristol.*

Here lyes

JOHN Lord Digby, Baron Digby of Sherborne,

And Earl of Bristol;

Titles to which

The Merit of his Grandfather first gave Lustre;

And which he himself

Laid down unsollicited.

He was naturally inclined to avoid

The Hurry of a public Life;

Yet careful to keep up the Port of his Quality;

Was willing to be at Ease, but scorn'd Obscurity,

And therefore never made his Retirement a Pretence

To draw himself within a narrower Compass,

Or to shun such Expence

As Charity, Hospitality, and his Honour

Call'd for.

His Religion was that

Which by L A W is established;

And the Conduct of his Life

Shewed

Shewed the Power of it in his Heart,
 His Distinction from others
 Never made him forget himself on them,
 He was kind and obliging to his Neighbours,
 Generous and condescending to his Inferiors,
 And just to all Mankind:
 Nor had the Temptations
 Of Honour and Pleasure in this World,
 Strength enough to withdraw his Eyes
 From that great Object of his Hope,
 Which we reasonably assure Ourselves
 He now enjoys.

He died Sept. 12, An. Dom. MDCXCVIII.

[*Sherborne, Dorsetshire.*]

On NICHOLAS HOOKES, Esq.

Here lieth the Body
 OF NICHOLAS HOOKES, of *Conway*, Gentleman;
 Who was the one-and-fortieth Child of his Father
 WILLIAM HOOKES, Esq. by ALICE his Wife;
 And the Father of Twenty-seven Children.

He died the 20th of *March*, 1637.

This Inscription was reviv'd in 1720, at the Charge of
 JOHN HOOKES, Esq.

[*Conway, Caernarvonshire.*]

On WILLIAM CROFT.

Near this Place lies

WILLIAM CROFT, Doctor of Music,
 And Organist of the Royal-Chapel and this Collegiate
 Church.

He

INSCRIPTIVE EPITAPHS. 187

He happily derived Harmony from that excellent
Master in Music (by whose Side he is interred) Dr. Blow;
And studiously improved it by his own celebrated
Compositions,
Many of which he consecrated to God.

He not only recommended himself to the Favour of
Mankind
By the Solemnity of Musical Numbers,
But also by his great Genius,
The Sweetness of his Manners,
And many amiable personal Qualifications.

During almost Fifty Years
He lived a Life of the greatest Candour,
And was conspicuous for no Office of Humanity more
Than his Friendship, and true paternal Affection
Towards those whom he had instructed in his Art.

On the 14th of Aug. 1727,
He departed to the celestial Choir!
Where, among Angelic Concerts,
He joyfully mingles his Hallelujah!

[Westminster-Abbey.]

On Dr. HUGH CHAMBERLEN.

HUGH CHAMBERLEN,
Son and Grandson to HUGH and PETER CHAMBERLEN,
Both Physicians;
Was himself successful in the Study,
And very ornamental to the Profession of Physic.
For to the greatest Skill in his Art,
He added the strictest Fidelity in his Words and Actions;
A real Sincerity in Affection,
And a remarkable Sweetness in Manners.

Hence

Hence it was,
 That among those who acknowledged his Excellence
 In both,
 It was disputed whether he was more acceptable to
 Persons
 In a good or bad State of Health.
 He was conversant with all Parts of Medicine,
 But, more particularly, was famed for averting the
 Dangers
 Of Lying-in Women,
 And curing the Disorders incident to Children :
 By which he has often restored
 Only Heirs to illustrious Families,
 And good Citizens to their beloved Country.
 He used his utmost Endeavours to be serviceable to all;
 And it was therefore, when the Commonwealth was
 Divided into Factions,
 That he honoured, with his Friendship, even those
 Whose Sentiments he disliked ;
 And willingly communicated to them
 The Assistance of his Art.
 He had so delicate a Taste for the Elegancies of Life,
 Was endowed with so exalted a Spirit,
 So munificent a Disposition,
 And was blessed with a Person so graceful,
 That you could not help believing
 That he had some noble Author for his Origin ;
 And, indeed, you may trace his Family Four Hundred
 Years,
 In a gradual Ascent, to the ancient Earls of
 TANKERVILLE.

In the different (which he experienced) Conditions of
 Fortune,
 He always kept his own with Decency :
 Living with the Great he behaved with Grandeur ;
 With those of an inferior Rank
 Not Arrogantly, not Inhumanly :
 Both he studied to deserve well of,
 To both he was equally useful, and by both equally
 Beloved.

He

INSCRIPTIVE EPITAPHS. 189

He was the Father of a Son and Three Daughters :
Happy in the Son for his dutiful Respect ;
In the Daughters
(One of which he had by his first Wife, the other Two
By his Second)
For their maternal Qualities, Goodness, and Chastity.
He lived most affectionate with his Family,
And was survived by his Third Wife.

These humane and domestic Virtues
Were, to the greatest Degree, heightened
By a profound Veneration for the Divine Being :
Fully sensible of his approaching End,
He stood firm in the serious Contemplation of Heaven.

He bore with Resolution the Languors of a lingering
Illness ;
And closing, by a true Christian Death, a Life
Not dissolutely, but usefully spent,
Departed to taste the Pleasures of a glorious Immortality,
On the 17th of June, in the Year 1728, and 64th of his
Age.

He certainly was worthy of a more advanced Age,
By whose Means many,
Who had otherwise died in their Birth,
May see their Days lengthened out to extreme old Age.

To this most upright and friendly Man,
For bringing him safely into the World from the Womb,
And for often restoring and confirming his Health,
EDMUND, Duke of *Buckinghamshire*,
Raised this Monument.

Statues placed on both Sides, with other emblematical
Figures,
Exhibit his illustrious Actions,
And how much he claims the Veneration and
Remembrance of Posterity.

[*Westminster-Abbey.*]

On Doctor JOHN FREIND.

JOHN, the Son of JOHN.

JOHN FREIND, M. D.

Chief Physician to her Majesty Queen CAROLINE,
To whose discerning Judgment

He was no sooner known,

But he became more distinguished in the Royal Favour,
Than he had been before

In an universal Reputation for his medical Knowledge.

He was

Of a courteous, generous, and social Disposition;

Himself the most agreeable Companion,

And the firmest Friend;

By which

He sometimes incurred no small Danger.

Nobody was more ready to any kind Offices,

Nor more grateful for any done to him.

His Writings

Gained him an early Reputation,

As he had attained

To a most correct Purity and Elegance,

Both in *Latin* and *English*:

And that Eloquence

(The Study of which was a Part of his retired Hours)

He display'd

With an admired Energy in the Senate.

With the polite Parts of Learning

He had acquainted himself both at Home and Abroad :

But his chief Attention

Was judiciously employ'd

To perfect himself in his Profession ;

And his Success herein,

Let his Countrymen of all Ranks declare ;

Whilst Foreigners admire

The vast Compass of his Learning,

And his Friends, with Tears, mention

His

INSCRIPTIVE EPITAPHS. 191

His indefatigable Application and sympathizing
Tenderness.

That, amidst such continual Avocations,
Such numberless Visits,
He should have found Time to write,
Is most amazing!

It was natural
That he should not long hold out, under such Fatigue;
Being only in his 52d Year when he died,
Which was on the 26th of July, 1728.

He received his first Education in
Westminster-School;
Which he improved at *Christ-Church-College, Oxon*;
And, in his maturer Years,
Was admitted
A Fellow of the *College of Physicians*,
And
Of the *Royal Society*.
[*Westminster-Abbey.*]

On Lord AUBREY BEAUCLERK.

The Lord AUBREY BEAUCLERK
Was the youngest Son of CHARLES, Duke of St. *Albans*,
By DIANA, Daughter of AUBREY DE VERE, Earl of
Oxford.

He went early to Sea,
And was made a Commander in 1731.
In 1740, he was sent upon that memorable Expedition
To *Carthagena*.

Under the Command of Admiral VERNON,
In his Majesty's Ship the *Prince Frederick*;
Which, with Three others, were ordered to cannonade
The Castle of *Bacca Chica*.

On *Dafian*. JOHN FREIND,

JOHN, the Son of JOHN.

JOHN FREIND, M. D.

Chief Physician to her Majesty Queen CAROLINE,
To whose discerning Judgment

He was no sooner known,

But he became more distinguished in the Royal Favour,
Than he had been before

In an universal Reputation for his medical Knowledge.

He was

Of a courteous, generous, and social Disposition;

Himself the most agreeable Companion,

And the firmest Friend;

By which

He sometimes incurred no small Danger.

Nobody was more ready to any kind Offices,

Nor more grateful for any done to him.

His Writings

Gained him an early Reputation,

As he had attained

To a most correct Purity and Elegance,

Both in *Latin* and *English*:

And that Eloquence

(The Study of which was a Part of his retired Hours)

He display'd

With an admired Energy in the Senate.

With the polite Parts of Learning

He had acquainted himself both at Home and Abroad :

But his chief Attention

Was judiciously employ'd

To perfect himself in his Profession ;

And his Success herein,

Let his Countrymen of all Ranks declare ;

Whilst Foreigners admire

The vast Compass of his Learning,

And his Friends, with Tears, mention

His

INSCRIPTIVE EPITAPHS. 191

His indefatigable Application and sympathizing
Tenderness.

That, amidst such continual Avocations,
Such numberless Visits,
He should have found Time to write,
Is most amazing!

It was natural
That he should not long hold out, under such Fatigue;
Being only in his 52d Year when he died,
Which was on the 26th of July, 1728.

He received his first Education in
Westminster-School;
Which he improved at *Christ-Church-College, Oxon*;
And, in his maturer Years,
Was admitted
A Fellow of the *College of Physicians*,
And
Of the *Royal Society*.
[*Westminster-Abbey*.]

On Lord AUBREY BEAUCLERK.

The Lord AUBREY BEAUCLERK
Was the youngest Son of CHARLES, Duke of *St. Albans*,
By DIANA, Daughter of AUBREY DE VERE, Earl of
Oxford.

He went early to Sea,
And was made a Commander in 1731.
In 1740, he was sent upon that memorable Expedition
To *Carthage*.

Under the Command of Admiral VERNON,
In his Majesty's Ship the *Prince Frederick*;
Which, with Three others, were ordered to cannonade
The Castle of *Bocca Chica*.

192 MISCELLANEOUS

One of these being obliged to quit her Station,
 The *Prince Frederick* was exposed, not only to the
 Fire from the Castle,
 But to that of Fort *St. Joseph*,
 And to two Ships that guarded the Mouth of the Harbour:
 Which he sustained many Hours
 That Day, and Part of the next,
 With uncommon Intrepidity.

As he was giving his Commands upon Deck,
 Both his Legs were shot off:
 But such was his Magnanimity,
 That he would not suffer his Wounds to be dressed,
 *Till he had communicated his Orders to his first
 Lieutenant,
 Which were,

“To fight the Ship to the last Extremity.”

Soon after this,
 He gave some Directions about his private Affairs,
 And then resigned his Soul
 With the Dignity of a Hero and a Christian.
 Thus was he taken off in the 31st Year of his Age,
 An illustrious Commander,
 Of superior Fortitude and Clemency;
 Amiable in his Person,
 Steady in his Affections,
 And equalled by few
 In the social and domestic Virtues of Politeness,
 Modesty, Candour, and Benevolence.

He married the Widow of Col. FRANCIS ALEXANDER,
 A Daughter of Sir HENRY NEWTON, Knt.
 Envoy-Extraordinary
 To the Court of *Florence*, and the Republic of *Genoa*,
 And Judge of the High-Court of Admiralty.

[*Westminster-Abbey.*]

He

INSCRIPTIVE EPITAPHS. 193

On **EPHRAIM CHAMBERS,**

By Himself.

Heard of by many,
Known to few;
Who led a Life between Fame and Obscurity;
Neither abounding nor deficient in Learning:
Devoted to Study; but as a Man,
Who thinks himself bound to all Offices of Humanity,
Having finished his Life and Labour together,
Here desires to rest
EPHRAIM CHAMBERS.

Obiit May 15th, 1740.

[Westminster-Abbey.]

On *Sir* **CHARLES WAGER, Knt. and Admiral.**

To the Memory of
Sir CHARLES WAGER, Knt.
Admiral of the White, First Commissioner of the
Admiralty,
And Privy-Councillor:
A Man of great natural Talents,
Improved by Industry, and long Experience;
Who bore the highest Commands,
And passed through the greatest Employments,
With Credit to himself, and Honour to his Country.

He was in his private Life,
Humane, Temperate, Just, and Bountiful:
In public Station,
Valiant, Prudent, Wise, and Honest:
Easy of Access to all:
Steady and Resolute in his Conduct;

So remarkably happy in his Presence of Mind,
That no Danger ever discompos'd him:
Esteem'd and favour'd by his King,
Belov'd and honour'd by his Country.

He died the 24th of May, 1743, Aged 77.

This Monument was erected
By FRANCIS GASHRY, Esq.
In Gratitude to his great Patron, A. D. 1747.

[*Westminster-Abbey.*]

On JOHN HOUGH, *Bishop of Worcester.*

Sacred to Posterity
Be the Virtues of the most excellent Prelate
Doctor JOHN HOUGH,
The ever-memorable President of *Magdalen-College, Oxon,*
In the Reign of King JAMES the IIId.
Called forth to this dangerous and important Station,
For his Learning, Prudence, and Piety,
He maintained it in the day of Trial,
With Ability, Integrity, Dignity;
Firm in the Defence of the invaded Rights of his College.

How providentially for this Church and Nation,
He opposed the Rage of Popish Superstition and Tyranny,
Let the Annals of England testify!

In happier Times,
He was advanced to be
A Guardian of the Religion and Liberties of his Country.
In honourable Testimony of his eminent Services to both,
Was made Bishop of *Oxford*, in 1690,
Of *Litchfield and Coventry*, in 1699,
And of *Worcester*, in 1717.

In his faithful Administration of the Pastoral Office,
By prudent Government,
By impartial Affection, by perswasive Example,

He

INSCRIPTIVE EPITAPHS. 195

He was honoured and beloved ;
And left to each Successor a well regulated Diocese.

In every Condition and Relation,
From the Influence of a lively Faith,
From the Overflowings of a benevolent Heart,
It was the Business and Pleasure of his Life,
To serve God, and to do Good.

His Benefactions to *Magdalen-College*,
And to his
Episcopal Houses,
Are illustrious and lasting Monuments of his Munificence :
Yet much were they excelled by the nobler Instances
Of his diffusive !—unbounded Charity !
His courteous Affability, and engaging Condescension,
Were the Delight
Of the numerous Partakers of his generous Hospitality.
Grace was in his Address,
And Dignity in his Deportment :
In Conversation,
Propriety, and Purity of Language ;
In Writing,
Exactness, Ease, and Elegance of Style,
Embellished
The Justness, the Delicacy, the Humanity, the Piety,
Of his Sentiments.

Bless'd with uninterrupted Health, and Tranquility of
Mind ;
Happy in Life, and in his Death ;
Full of Honour, and full of Days ;
In the 93d Year of his Age,
And the 53d of his Consecration,
In the entire Possession of his Understanding,
In the Consciousness of a well-spent Life,
In sure and certain Hope of a joyful
Resurrection,
He expired without a Groan.

[*Worcester Cathedral.*]

On Dr. ISAAC WATTS.

ISAAC WATTS, D. D.

Pastor of a Church of CHRIST in London,
Successor of

The Rev. Mr. JOSEPH CARYLL, Dr. JOHN OWEN,
Mr. JOSEPH CLARKSON, and Dr. ISAAC CHAUNCEY,
After 52 Years of feeble Labours in the Gospel,
Interrupted by 4 Years of tiresome Sicknefs,
Was at last dismissed to Rest,
Nov. 25, A. D. 1748, Aged 75.

2. Cor. v. 8. *Absent from the Body, present with the Lord.*

Col. iii. 4. *When Christ, who is our Life, shall appear,
then shall we also appear with him in Glory.*

IN UNO JESU OMNIA.

This Monument

(On which the above modest Inscription is placed
By Order of the Deceased)

Was erected, as a small Testimony of Regard to his
Memory,

By Sir JOHN HARTOP, Bart.
And Dame MARY ABNEY,

[*Bunhill-Fields Burying-Ground.*]

*On Mr. SAMUEL BURT, principal Domestic
to his Grace the Duke of Newcastle.*

By Mr. ROBT.

Sacred to Friendship, and every amiable Virtue,
This Marble is erected to the Memory of
SAMUEL BURT.

Reader,
Hast thou a Regard for Honesty?

Dost

INSCRIPTIVE EPITAPHS. 197

Dost thou love Sincerity ?
Or art thou fond of Generosity ?
If so,
Blend thy Tears with mine ;
For,
In this spot,
Lie the Ruins of Goodness, Benevolence, and Integrity.
His Honesty was even revered by the Great :
His Fidelity made him rather esteemed as a Friend,
Than a Servant.
He knew how to please without Flattery ;
How to obey without Servility :
He was prepossessed by no Party ;
Blinded by no Faction :
Therefore, equally a Friend to every honest Man.
His Humanity was only to be paralleled by his
Affability :
It was his Delight to succour Adversity,
And to serve unfriended Merit.
Blest with the Esteem of his Superiors,
Beloved by his Equals,
Admired by his Inferiors,
And regretted by All,
He died at *Hanover*, in 1751 ;
Faithful to his Death,
In that Service, wherein he had spent his Life.

On GEORGE ARNOLD, *Esq.*

Here lie the Remains of
GEORGE ARNOLD, *Esq.* Alderman of *London*,
Who acquired an opulent Fortune,
With unsuspected Integrity :
And enjoyed it
With Hospitality, Beneficence, Modesty, and Ease.

Beside the solid Worthiness of his Character,
He had the Happiness to possess
Such a serene familiar Simplicity of Manners,
As would have made even a bad Man agreeable.

Party itself, from his honest Steadiness to *his own*,
And the native Candour, and Moderation of his Mind,
Forebore its Rancour in Regard to him.

After a long Enjoyment
Of uninterrupted Health, Chearfulness, and Tranquility,
In the midst of Business,

He died as easily as he had lived :
For, almost without any previous Indisposition,
On the 23d of June 1751, the 60th Year of his Age,
After having, with his usual domestic Ease,
Entertained a Society of his *Old Friends*,
He retired familiarly from the Feast of Life,
And passed gently from this World to a better.

To his dear Memory
This Tomb is erected, by his affectionate Relation,

JOHN SARGENT ;
As a small Testimony
Of the Gratitude, Esteem, and Tenderness,
With which he regards it.

[Camberwell, Surry.]

On Sir JOHN HYNDE COTTON, Bart.

Attic Wit, British Spirit, Roman Virtue,
Animated the Bosom of that great Man,
(Whose Remains are committed to this Tomb)
Sir JOHN HYNDE COTTON, Bart.
Whose lively Genius, and solid Understanding,
Were steadily devoted
To the Service of his Country.

As a *British* Senator,
Without any Views to venal Reward,
Above the Desire of ill-got Power,
Untainted with the Itch of Tinsel Titles,
He lived, he died,

A Patriot !

Feb. 4. 1752.

INSCRIPTIVE EPITAPHS. 199

On HENRY, *Viscount Lonsdale*.

The
Great Man,
Whose Character these Lines presume but to sketch,
And whose mortal Remains are here deposited,
If consider'd in
His Attachment to the Protestant Succession,
His Love to the King,
And his Readiness to co-operate with his Ministers
Whenever he thought them in the Right,
Was a true Courtier.

But if we regard
His constant Adherence to the Interest of his Country,
His Contempt of Honours, and Advantage to himself,
And his steady Opposition to every Measure
Which he thought detrimental to the Public,
He was indeed a Patriot.

Beloved by his Friends,
Respected even by his Enemies,
He was honoured, in the Senate, with Attention from
Both:
Courtèd by all Parties,
Enlistèd with none,
He preservèd, throughout his Life, a remarkable
Independency.

These public Virtues arose
From the Excellence of his private Disposition,
From the universal Benevolence of his Heart,
From the Uprightness of his Intentions,
From his great Parts, and uncommon Penetration.

O Reader!
Can it be necessary to inform thee
Whose Character this is?
Alas!

To how few can it be apply'd, but
HENRY, Lord Viscount *Lonsdale*.

On HENRY, *Viscount Bolingbroke.*

Here lies

HENRY ST. JOHN;

In the Reign of Queen ANNE

Secretary of War, Secretary of State,

And *Viscount Bolingbroke.*

In the Days of King GEORGE the 1st, and

King GEORGE 2d,

Something more and better.

His Attachment to Queen ANNE

Exposed him to a long and severe Persecution;

He bore it with Firmness of Mind.

He passed the latter Part of his Life at Home;

The Enemy of no national Party,

The Friend to no Faction.

Distinguished under the Cloud of a Proscription,

Which had not been entirely taken off,

By Zeal to maintain the Liberty,

And to restore the antient Prosperity

Of Great-Britain.

In the same Vault

Are interred the Remains of

MARY CLARA DAS CHAMPS DE MARSILLY,

Marchioness of *Villatte*, and *Viscountess Bolingbroke.*

Born of a noble Family,

Bred in the Court of LEWIS XIV.

She reflected a Lustre on the former,

By the superior Accomplishments of her Mind;

She was an Ornament to the latter,

By the amiable Dignity and Grace of her Behaviour.

She lived

The Honour of her own Sex,

The Delight and Admiration of ours.

She died

An Object of Imitation to both,

With

With all the Firmness that Reason,
With all the Resignation that Religion,
Can inspire.

[*Battersea, Surry.*]

On WILLIAM HISELAND.

Here lies WILLIAM HISELAND,
A Veteran, if ever Soldier was;
Who merited well a Pension,
If long Service be a Merit:
Having served upwards of the Days of Man;
Antient but not superannuated,
Engaged in a Series of Wars,
Civil as well as Foreign,
Yet maimed or worn-out by neither.

His Complexion was Fresh and Florid,
His Health Hail and Hearty,
His Memory Exact and Ready.

In Stature
He exceeded the Military Size;
In Strength
He surpassed the Prime of Youth!
And,

What rendered his Age still more Patriarchal,
When above an Hundred Years Old,
He took unto him a Wife!

Read, Fellow-Soldiers, and reflect,
That there is a Spiritual Warfare,
As well as a Warfare Temporal.

Born the 1st of August, 1620,
Died the 17th of February, 1732,
Aged One Hundred and Twelve.

[*Chelsea-Hospital, Middlesex.*]

On Dr. JAMES FOSTER.

Here lie the Remains of
JAMES FOSTER, D. D.

Born at *Exeter* in *Devonshire*, Sept. 16, 1697 :

Early trained up to Academical Studies,
And prepared for the Sacred Work to which he
Devoted himself,

By diligent Researches into the Holy Scriptures ;
And the Assistance they afford, as a Guide to
Natural Reason ;

As also by serious Piety, elevated Thought,
Happy Facility in Composing, and Fluency of Expression,
His Judgment in divine Things, not guided by
The Opinions of others,

Produced many Discourses and Writings out of the
Common Way ;

Some in Defence of the Christian Religion,
But most in recommending Love towards
God and Men.

Notwithstanding the Censures which fell upon him,
He was candid towards all whom he believed sincere ;

Beneficent to the Neglect of himself ;
Agreeable and useful in Conversation,
And careful to avoid even the Appearance of Evil.

He began his Ministry, in the West-Country,
Under great Discouragements ;

Was ordained Pastor, in July 1724, at
Barbican in *London* :

And, after Twenty Years Service there,
Removed to *Pinner's-Hall*, in the same City.

In December 1748, the University of
Aberdeen, in *Scotland*,
Conferred on him, unsought, the Degree of
Doctor in Divinity.

His Eloquence procured him many Hearers of different
Persuasions ;

'Till

INSCRIPTIVE EPITAPHS. 207

Till at length, by his great Affiduity in Preaching
And Writing,
He sunk into a Nervous Disorder,
Which encreasing upon him for Two or Three Years,
Put an End to his Life, Nov. 5, 1753,
In the Fifty-seventh Year of his Age.

[*Bunhill-Fields Burying-Ground.*]

On RICHARD MEAD, M. D.

Here rest the Remains
Of a truly learned, and truly great Man;
RICHARD MEAD, M. D.
A polite Scholar, a successful Physician,
And a beneficent Patron.

His Knowledge untainted by Pedantry,
His Taste without any Affectation,
His Ear impervious to Flattery,
His Soul superior to Avarice.

He maintained the Honour of his Profession steadily;
And rendered, by honest Arts,
Extensive his Fame; his Merit more extensive:
Both, superior to Envy,
Without the Aid of Marble, shall resist the
Teeth of Time.
His gen'rous Mind, to latest Ages known,
From others Works; his Learning from his own.

On the Honourable AMEY CONSTABLE.

Here lieth all that was Mortal
Of the Hon. AMEY CONSTABLE,
The worthy Daughter of
HUGH, Lord CLIFFORD, of *Chudleigh*.

K 6

And

And the much-lamented Wife of
 CUTHBERT CONSTABLE,
 Of *Barton-Constable*, in *Holderness*, Esq.
 A Lady, who, in the Flower of her Youth,
 Employed all her whole Time, and Thoughts,
 In the Care of her Soul,
 The Christian Education of her Children,
 And an engaging Behaviour to her Husband and Friends.

She was Agreeable without Art,
 Cheerful without Levity,
 Grave without Affectation,
 Witty without Censoriousness,
 Obliging to all without Flattery,
 Patient and Courageous without Ostentation :
 An Enemy to nothing
 But what was vicious or base ;
 A Friend only
 To Virtue and Truth.

She finished her Course on the 25th of July, 1731,
 And the 26th Year of her Age.

Her disconsolate Husband
 Erected this Monument of her uncommon Merit,
 And his irreparable Loss.

[*Pancras, Middlesex.*]

On ISAAC BARROW, D. D.

ISAAC BARROW, D. D.

Chaplain to King CHARLES the Second,
 A Man of an immense Genius!

And truly Great, if there be any Greatness in
 Devotion, Probity, and Veracity ;
 In an unlimited Compass of Learning,
 With a Modesty equal to it ;

In an uniform Piety,
 And a sincere Sweetness of Manners.
 He so worthily filled the Chairs of

Professor

INSCRIPTIVE EPITAPHS. 205

Professor of Geometry in *Gresham College*,
 And of Greek and Mathematicks at *Cambridge*,
 (The Place of his Education)
 And every other Station of Life,
 That he was an Ornament to the Church and Nation.
 When Master of *Trinity-College*,
 He founded a Library,
 Which might become the Munificence of a Prince:
 He did not so much despise Riches, Honours,
 And the other Pursuits of Life,
 But, being born for higher Ends,
 He left them to the low-thoughted World.
 His Life from his Childhood
 Was a constant Imitation of the Divine Being.
 He contracted his own Wants,
 That his Liberality might be the more diffusive!
 And Posterity continues to be instructed
 By his excellent Writings;
 Which give a more adequate Idea
 Of his eminent Endowments.
 Go, Reader, and imitate!

He died May 4, A. D. 1677. Aged 47.
 This Monument was erected by his Friends,

[*Westminster-Abbey.*]

On Sir EDWARD FANE.

In Memory of
 Sir EDWARD FANE, Knt. of the *Bath*,
 By ELIZABETH, Relict of JOHN Lord *Darcey* and *Mermall*.
 He married JANE, third Daughter of
 Mr. JAMES STANIER, Merchant of *London*,
 Whom he left a sorrowful Widow.
 He travelled five Times into *Spain*,
 Four times into *Italy*, Thrice into *France*,
 Twice into *Turkey*,
 Where at *Aleppo* he resided six Years,
 And visited *Jerusalem* and the *Holy Land*,
Tripoly, *Zidon*, *Acres*, *Joppa*, *Nazareth*, *Galilee*,
 The

*The River Jordan, the Dead Sea, Bethlem,
And other Places.*

And to shew his undaunted Loyalty to
His Prince and Country,
He was a Volunteer in his Majesty's Fleet,
In the three Days Engagement against the *Dutch* in
1666.

And now,
After many Dangers past, both by Sea and Land,
At the Foot of this Pillar
Lays down his Pilgrim's Staff,
In hopes of a heavenly *Jerusalem*,
In the 37th Year of his Age, Dec. 15, 1679,

[*St. Martin's in the Fields.*]

On BOSAVERN PENLEZ.

To the Memory of the Unfortunate
BOSAVERN PENLEZ.

Who finished a Life, generally well reported of,
By a violent and ignominious Death.

He was the Son of a Clergyman;
To whom he was indebted for an Education,
Which he so wisely improved,

As to merit the Love and Esteem of all who knew him.

But actuated by Principles truly laudable
(When rightly directed and properly restrained)
He was hurried by a Zeal for his Countrymen,
And an honest Detestation of public Stews,
(The most certain Bane of Youth,
And the Disgrace of Government)

To engage in an Undertaking,
Which the most Partial cannot defend,
And yet the least Candid must excuse.

For thus indeliberately mixing with Rioters,
Whom he accidentally met with,

He was condemned to die:

And of 400 Persons concerned in the same Attempt,

He only suffered,
Tho' neither Principal, nor Contriver.

How

INSCRIPTIVE EPITAPHS. 207

How well he deserved Life,
 Appears from his generous Contempt of it,
 In forbidding a Rescue of himself.
 And what Returns he would have made to Royal Clemency,
 Had it been extended to him,
 May be presumed from his noble Endeavours
 To prevent the least Affront to that Pow'r,
 Which, tho' greatly importun'd, refused to save him.
 What was denied to his Person was paid to his Ashes,
 By the Inhabitants of *St. Clement's Danes*;
 Who order'd him to be interr'd among their Brethren,
 Defray'd the Charges of his Funeral,
 And thought no Mark of Pity or Respect too much
 For this unhappy Youth;
 Whose Death was occasioned by no other Fault,
 But a too warm Indignation for their Sufferings.
 By his sad Example, Reader, be admonish'd
 Of the many ill Consequences that attend an intemperate
 Zeal.

Learn hence to respect the Laws—
 Even the most oppressive:
 And think thyself happy under that Government,
 "That doth truly and indifferently administer Justice,
 "To the Punishment of Wickedness and Vice,
 "And to the Maintenance of God's true Religion
 and Virtue."

Sister, Viator!
 Noverisque mirans,
 Reliquias *Thomæ*,
 A *Thomæ et Margarita Hall*,
 Hic jacere sepultas:

Qui
 Nondum Anniculus,
 Pubuit:
 Triennis necdum
 In Quatuor fere Pedes
 Adoleverat:
 Ingenti robore
 Partium Symmetriâ rectâ,
 Stupendâ voce

Præditus

Præditus:
 Sexennis neque,
 Profectâ quasi Aetate,
 Mortuus est.
 Accepit in hac Villâ vitam,
 Prædiè Kalend. Novemb. MDCCXLI.
 Inque eadem reddidit illam,
 Septembris iitio,
 MDCCXLVII.

This Boy lies buried at *Wellingham*, near *Cambridge*.
 I know not for certain, whether or not this Inscription is
 really on his Grave; but it was written by Mr. *Dawkes*,
 a Surgeon of *St. Ives*, near *Huntingdon*, who published
 also an Account of this Boy, called *Prodigium Willingamense*.
 Mr. *Dawkes* viewed him after he was dead, and
 says the Corpse had the Aspect of a venerable old Man.—
 The *English* of the Inscription is thus: 'Stop, Traveller,
 ' and wondering know, that here lies the Remains of
 ' *Thomas*, Son of *Thomas* and *Margaret Hall*. Before he
 ' was a Year old, he arrived at Puberty; and was near four
 ' feet high before he was three Years old; endowed with
 ' great Strength, exact Symmetry of Parts, and a stu-
 ' pendous Voice. He had not quite reached his sixth Year
 ' when he died, as of an advanced Age. Here he was
 ' born, and here he gave way to Fate, September the 3d.
 ' 1747.'—HACKET.

On JOHN BARBER, Esq.

Under this Stone are the Remains of
John Barber, Esq.
 Alderman of *London*.

A constant Benefactor to the Poor;
 True to his Principles in Church and State:
 He preserved his Integrity, and discharged the Duty
 Of an upright Magistrate
 In the most corrupt Times.
 Zealous for the Rights of his Fellow-Citizens,
 He opposed all Attempts against them;
 And, being Lord-Mayor of *London*

In the Year 1733,
Was greatly instrumental in defeating
A Scheme of a *General Excise*,
Which (had it succeeded)
Would have put an End to the *Liberties of his Country*.
He departed this Life Jan. 2d, 1740, Aged 65.

[*Mortlake, Surry.*]

On JAMES BARKER.

Reader,
If fond of what is rare, attend!
Here lies an *honest Man*,
Of perfect Piety,
Of Lamblike Patience,
My Friend *James Barker*;
To whom I pay this mean
Memorial for what deserves the greatest.
An Example
Which shone thro' all
The Clouds of Fortune,
Illustrious in low Estate,
The Lesson and Reproach of those above him.
To lay this little Stone
Is my Ambition;
While others rear
The pompous Marbles of the Great.
Vain Pomp!
A Turf o'er Virtue charms us more.
E. Y. 1749.

[*Welwyn, Hertfordshire.*]

On Sir THOMAS HANMER.

Honorabilis admodum Thomas Hanmer, Baronettus,
Wilhelmi Hanmer Armigeri, e Peregrina, Henrici North
DeMildenhall in Com. Suffolciæ Baronetti Sorore & Hærede,
Filius;

Johannis

Johannis Hanmer de Hanmer Baroneſſi

Hæres Patruelis

Antiquo Gentis ſuæ & Titulo & Patrimonio ſucceſſit.

Duas Uxores fortitus eſt,

Alteram Iſabellam, Honore à Patre derivato, de Arlington Comitiffam,

Deinde ceſſiffimi Principis Ducis de Grafton Viduam dotariam :

Alteram Elizabetham, Thomæ Folkes de Barton in Com. Suff. Armiger

Filiam & Hæredem.

Inter Humanitatis ſtudia feliciter enutritus,

Omnes liberalium Artium Diſciplinæ aſſidue arripuit,

Quas Mœrum Suavitate haud leviter ornavit.

Poſtquam exceſſit ex Ephebis,

Continuo inter populares ſuos Fama eminens,

Et Comitatus ſui Legatus ad Parliamentum miſſus,

Ad ardua Regni Negotia, per annos propè triginta, ſe accinxit

Cumq; apud illos ampliffimorum Virorum Ordines

Soleret nihil temere eſſutire,

Sed probe perpènſa diſerte expromere

Orator gravis & preſſus,

Non minus Integritatis quam Eloquentiæ Laude commendatus,

Æque omnium, utcunq; inter ſe alioqui diſſidentium,

Aures atq; Animos attraxit.

Annoq; demum MDCCXIII, regnante Anna,

Feliciffimæ florentiffimæq; Memoriæ Regina,

Ad Prolocutoris Cathedram

Communi Senatus univerſi voce designatus eſt.

Quod Munus,

Cum nullo tempore non difficile,

Tum illo certe, negotiis

Et variis & lubricis & implicatis difficillimum,

Cum dignitate ſuſtinuit.

Honores alios, & omnia quæ ſibi in Lucrum cederent Munera,

Sedulo detrectavit,

Ut Rei totus inſerviret publicæ ;

Juſti Rectiq; tenax,

Et Fide in Patriam incorrupta notus.

Ubi omnibus, quæ virum Civemq; bonum decent, Officiis ſatiſfeciffet,

Paulatim ſe à publicis Conſiliis in Otium recipiens,

Inter Literarum Amœnitates,

Inter ante-actæ vitæ haud inſuaves Recordationes,

Inter

INSCRIPTIVE EPITAPHS. 211

Inter Amicorum Convictus & Amplexus,
Honorifice consenuit :
Et bonis omnibus, quibus charissimus vixit,
Desideratissimus obiit.

ON W. and S. ROBINSON.

William Robinson, aged 2,

And

Sally Robinson, aged 4,

Children of

William Robinson, of the Inner Temple,
London, Gt.

And Anne his wife,

Anno Dom. 1750.

Fled from Scenes of Guilt and Misery,

Without partaking of them ;

And their Bodies sleep in this Monument,

United by mutual Tendernefs.

Their sympathizing Souls, impatient of a Separation,

And eager to rejoin their Kindred Angels,

With a Smile took leave of their weeping Parents here,

And together ascended to their immortal

Sire above,

To sit at his Right Hand,

To be cherished in his Paternal Bosom,

To enjoy ineffable Happiness,

And part no more !

These Reflections, inspired by Heaven,

Have taught their, otherwise inconsolable,

Parents to dry up their Tears,

And yield a perfect Resignation to the

Divine Will,

Insomuch that they congratulate the dear

Deceas'd

On their timely Departure,

And mourn only for the Living !

[Willefden Church-Yard, near Harrow, Middlesex.]

On

On a BLACK-SMITH.

Here lieth T—— S——,
 Who, whilst he liv'd, was *botly employ'd*
 In the Service of his Country:
 He had Abilities for Matters of *Weight*,
 And, whatever came upon the *Anvil*,
 He turn'd to Advantage.
 He was *dextrous* in *penetrating* into Things;
 Few were so *hard* or *close*,
 But he would *screw* into them, and *spy thro'* them:
 He shew'd *great Strokes* of his *strong Parts*,
 As well in *cutting asunder* the *firmest Connections*,
 Which lay in his Way,
 As in *uniting* what he found asunder
 To answer his Purpose.
 Whatever *black Contrivances* were *forged*,
 He soon blew them up,
 And was successful in *quenching*
 The *red-hot Fury* of those he had in Hand:
 His Station was an *unquiet* one;
 But by a *judicious Use* of *Instruments*,
 Of which he was Master,
 And by making even *Vice* itself
 Subservient to his Work,
 He secured his *Points*;
 And, by *hitting the right Nail on the Head*,
 Arriv'd to the *Height* of his Desires,
 And lived with *Spirits*,
 In the *common Way*:
 In which Situation,
 He bent himself to be serviceable
 To his Neighbourhood,
 Among whom he wrought a good *Understanding*,
 And when things went *wrong*, or *lame*,
 Would stoop
 To set them on a *better Footing*.
 He was not linked to any Party;
 Old and New
 Were equally his Interest:
 He made a *great Noise* in the World.

And

INSCRIPTIVE EPITAPHS. 213

And *shone* in his Station,
Till Age spread a *Rust* over him,
And Death put out his *Fire*,
And here are laid his *Dust* and *Ashes*.

For that divers of
His ancestors
Since 1514
And that many
of his near'st Relations
lie here inter'd
to protect henceforth
the quiet of their bones
that have long unguarded lain
Freely beneath in trust are plac'd
6 guardian figured stones
Thro' debt of honour fitly laid
By J. Holbech of
Whitehal Esq;
1745.

[*Solyhull, Warwickshire.*]

On Sir JOHN ARMITAGE, *Baronet.*

To every Briton,
Whose Breast knows what it is to glow
With Honour's generous Warmth,
For ever dear, for ever sacred,
Must the Remembrance be
Of that much-lamented Youth,
Sir JOHN ARMITAGE, *Baronet*;
With whom
Rank, Condition, Fortune,
With each Advantage besides,
(And he had many)
All weigh'd as nothing
Against that Love of his Conn^try
Which sent into the Field
The Volunteer of active Patriotism.

In the Senate uncorrupt;
 In War intrepid;
 To others he left to prove
 Their Zeal by Speeches,
 He fought!
 And, alas! fighting, died
 In the Behalf of Britain,
 On the Gallic Shore, by him press'd with
 Hostile Foot;
 But not with him can die his Fame.
 No!

Not Death, not Tombs, nor Graves were ever
 made
 To claim the Whole of him.
 Still, still he lives
 In Friendship's mournful Memory;
 Whilst added to the splendid List of Heroes
 Gracefully fallen in their Country's Cause,
 His Title to Patriot Virtue
 Stands written with his Blood,
 In Characters indelible,
 On the Records of Immortality.

On JOHNNY ARMSTRONG.

Here lies the mortal Part of poor Johnny Armstrong,
 Who from his setting out in Life
 Gave an early Promise of what he afterwards performed.
 He enter'd upon the Service of the Field
 With incredible Intrepidity,
 And run for a few Years
 Almost an uninterrupted Course of Victories.
 He got the Start of every Thing that oppos'd him,
 Was more expeditious than Cæsar,
 And was never known to insult those he had conquer'd;
 Or detract from those who were superior to himself.
 His Temper was always equal,
 Never too much elated with Success,
 Or dejected in Distress:
 His numerous Conquests testify the former,
 And the Scarcity of his Defeats is sufficient to certify the latter.
 He

He wanted no other Spur,
 Than his own Ambition and Thirst of Glory :
 If they at any Time hurried him on too rashly,
 He could patiently bear the Curb of him,
 Who was set over him.
 To sum up his public Character in a few Words :
 If any Body ever was,
 He certainly was cut out by Nature for the Field,
 In which Service he persevered to his dying Day,
 A Credit to his Master, and an Honour to his Country.

Reader, however you may admire his public Character, his private Life will much more charm you. All his good qualities were entirely the gift of Nature ; and like a true *Houyhnhmn*, he never spoke the thing which was not. Want of humanity was never objected to him by such as properly considered the rank of life he filled. He was moderate ; neither costly, nor mean in his diet ; sober even to abstinence, for he was never known to drink a glass of wine in his life ; or eat of more than one, or two things at most at a meal ; so virtuous that he never knew woman. He was rather tall in his person, of excellent parts, well proportioned, and of a beautiful complexion. If he had any religion, it was the religion of nature ; but the whole tenor of his life shews he was no atheist. And if he did not live in the observance of all the Commandments, it is but justice to his ashes to say, he never broke one of them to his dying day.

[*Windsor.*]

On RICHARD NASH, *Esq.*

Here lies
 RICHARD NASH, Esquire,
 Who died the 13th of February 1761,
 Having lived to a great Age,
 In one continued Scene of Felicity.
 For
 He was
 Gay, innocent, humane, sagacious,
 Pleasant,
 Affable, courteous, charitable, debonnaire,

Com-

In the Senate uncorrupt;
 In War intrepid;
 To others he left to prove
 Their Zeal by Speeches,
 He fought!
 And, alas! fighting, died
 In the Behalf of Britain,
 On the Gallic Shore, by him press'd with
 Hostile Foot;
 But not with him can die his Fame.
 No!
 Not Death, not Tombs, nor Graves were ever
 made
 To claim the Whole of him.
 Still, still he lives
 In Friendship's mournful Memory;
 Whilst added to the splendid List of Heroes
 Gracefully fallen in their Country's Cause,
 His Title to Patriot Virtue
 Stands written with his Blood,
 In Characters indelible,
 On the Records of Immortality.

On JOHNNY ARMSTRONG.

Here lies the mortal Part of poor Johnny Armstrong,
 Who from his setting out in Life
 Gave an early Promise of what he afterwards performed.
 He enter'd upon the Service of the Field
 With incredible Intrepidity,
 And run for a few Years
 Almost an uninterrupted Course of Victories.
 He got the Start of every Thing that oppos'd him,
 Was more expeditious than Cæsar,
 And was never known to insult those he had conquer'd;
 Or detract from those who were superior to himself.
 His Temper was always equal,
 Never too much elated with Success,
 Or dejected in Distress:
 His numerous Conquests testify the former,
 And the Scarcity of his Defeats is sufficient to certify the latter.
 He

INSCRIPTIVE EPITAPHS. 215

He wanted no other Spur,
Than his own Ambition and Thirst of Glory :
If they at any Time hurried him on too rashly,
He could patiently bear the Curb of him,
Who was set over him.

To sum up his public Character in a few Words :
If any Body ever was,

He certainly was cut out by Nature for the Field,
In which Service he persevered to his dying Day,
A Credit to his Master, and an Honour to his Country.

Reader, however you may admire his public Character, his private Life will much more charm you. All his good qualities were entirely the gift of Nature ; and like a true *Houyhnhmn*, he never spoke the thing which was not. Want of humanity was never objected to him by such as properly considered the rank of life he filled. He was moderate ; neither costly, nor mean in his diet ; sober even to abstinence, for he was never known to drink a glass of wine in his life ; or eat of more than one, or two things at most at a meal ; so virtuous that he never knew woman. He was rather tall in his person, of excellent parts, well proportioned, and of a beautiful complexion. If he had any religion, it was the religion of nature ; but the whole tenor of his life shews he was no atheist. And if he did not live in the observance of all the Commandments, it is but justice to his ashes to say, he never broke one of them to his dying day.

[*Windfor.*]

On RICHARD NASH, *Esq.*

Here lies

RICHARD NASH, Esquire,
Who died the 13th of February 1761,
Having lived to a great Age,
In one continued Scene of Felicity.

For

He was

Gay, innocent, humane, sagacious,
Pleasant,

Affable, courteous, charitable, debonnaire,

Com-

Commode,
 Countenanced and esteemed by the Great,
 Beloved by All,
 Born to rule.

Illustrious Potentate!
 By his superior Address,
 He established for himself an extensive
 Monarchy over the Pleasures of Mankind.
 Admirable Legislator!

Whose Laws were carried into immediate
 Execution,

By the most cogent Powers;
 Expediency and Good Sense.

Venus, Cupid, and Comus,
 Were

In perpetual Alliancē with him.

The Wars he waged, and the Conquests
 He made

Over Indecency, Riot, and Ill-breeding,
 Equal him

To the greatest Conquerors.

He alone disarmed Ferocity.

He civilized a rude Age,

And

Taught British Bluntness,

Humanity;

Urbanity.

His Understanding

Was

Comprehensive, and just;

His Figure singular, but comely and royal.

In him the Female World

Lament

Their kind Protector.

His Attention to the Fair Sex

Exceeded in Tenderness

That of Parent, Husband, or Brother.

Unmarried!

He watch'd over them with a Lover's Eye;

His extensive Charity

Ever wish'd to cover

Every Source of Female Frailty.

Mischief he abhorred,
 But loved Play.
 He sacrificed his Time,
 He lost his Money,
 To increase the Amusements of Mankind.
 A grateful Age erected Statues
 To his Honour.
 The Town of BATH is a Monument
 Of his Address.
 He revived Architecture;
 He made Society sociable.
 Proud Peers, solid Patriots, smooth
 Courtiers,
 Lascivious Prudes, trifling Coquets,
 Grave Matrons, flippant Dowagers,
 All
 Revered him.
 The British Provinces contend for the
 Honour of his Birth,
 Each asserting their national Failing
 Center'd,
 Corrected,
 Resplendent in him.
 Impotent Posterity
 In vain shall fumble to make his Fellow,
 Alas!
 The afflicted Graces cry,
 Here lies RICHARD NASH,
 Whose Bosom was ever open
 To every Impression of generous Virtue.
 J. T. *fec. & inv.*

On the same.

H. S. E.

RICARDUS NASH

Obscuro loco natus,

Et nullis ortus majoribus:

Cui tamen

O rem miram, et incredibilem!

Regnum opulentissimum florentissimumque
 Plebs, procures, principes,
 Liberis suis suffragis

Ultero detulerunt,

Quod et ipse summâ cum dignitate tenuit,
 Annos plus quinquaginta,
 Universo populo consentiente,
 approbante, plaudente.

Una voce præterea, unoque omnium
 ordinum consensu,

Ad imperium suum adjuncta est
 Magni nominis * Provincia:

Quam admirabili consilio et ratione
 Per se, non unquam per legatos,
 Administravit;

Eam quotannis invisere dignatus,
 Et apud provinciales, quoad necesse fuit,
 Solitus manere.

In tantâ fortunâ

Neque fastu turgidus rex incessu patuit,
 Neque, tyrannorum more, se jussit coli,
 Aut amplos honores titulosque sibi
 arrogavit:

Sed cuncta insignia, etiam regium
 diadema rejiciens,

Caput contentus fuit ornare

GALERO ALBO,

Manifesto animi sui candoris signo.

Legislator prudentissimus,

Vel Solone et Lycurgo illustrior,

Leges, quasunque voluit

Statuit, fixit, promulgavit;

Omnes quidem cum civibus suis,

Tum vero hospitiibus, advenis, peregrinis
 Gratas, jocundas, utiles.

Voluptatum arbiter et minister,

Sed gravis, sed elegans, sed urbanus,

Et in summâ comitate satis adhibens
 severitatis,

Imprimis curavit,
 Ut in virorum et foeminarum coetibus
 Nequis impudenter faceret,
 Neque in iis quid inesset
 Impuritatis, clamoris, tumulti.
 * Civitatem hanc celeberrimam,
 Delicias suas,
 Non modò pulcherrimis ædificiis auxit,
 Sed præclarâ disciplinâ et moribus
 ornavit :
 Quippe nemo quisquam
 To *αγαθον* melius intellexit, excoluit,
 docuit.
 Justus, liberalis, benignus, facetus,
 Atque amicus omnibus, præcipuè miseris,
 et egenis,
 Nullos habuit inimicos,
 Præter magnos quosdam ardeliones,
 Et declamatores eos tristes et fanaticos,
 Qui generi humano sunt inimicissimi.
 Pacis et patriæ amans
 Concordiam, felicem et perpetuam,
 In regno suo constituit,
 Usque adeò
 Ut nullus alteri petulanter maledicere,
 Aut facto nocere auderet ;
 Neque, tanquam sibi metuens,
 In publicum armatus prodire.
 Fuit quanquam potentissimus,
 Omnia arbitrio suo gubernans :
 Haud tamen ipsa libertas
 Magis usquam floruit
 Gratiâ, gloriâ, auctoritate.
 Singulare enim temperamentum invenit,
 (Rem magnæ cogitationis,
 Et rerum omnium fortasse difficillimam)
 Quo ignobiles cum nobilibus, pauperes
 cum divitibus,

Indocti cum doctissimis, ignavi cum
fortissimis

Æquari se putârunt.

REX OMNIBUS IDEM.

Quicquid peccaverit,

(Nam peccamus omnes).

In seipsum magis, quàm in alios,

Et errore, aut imprudentiâ magis quàm

scelere, aut improbitate,

Peccavit;

Nusquam verò ignorance decori, aut
honesti,

Neque ita quidem usquam,

Ut non veniam ab humanis omnibus

Facilè impetrârit.

Hujus vitæ morumque exemplar

Si cæteri reges, regulique,

Et quotquot sunt regnorum præfecti,

Imitarentur;

(Utinam ! iterumque utinam !)

Et ipsi essent beati,

Et cunctæ orbis regiones beatissimæ.

Talem virum, tantumque adeptum,

Lugeant Musæ, Charitesque !

Lugeant Veneres, Cupidinesque !

Lugeant omnes juvenum et nympharum
chori !

Tu verò, O BATHONIA,

Ne cesses tuum lugere

Principem, præceptorem, amicum,

patronum ;

Heu, heu, nunquam posthac

Habitura parem !

Dr. KING.

On Admiral BOSCAWEN.

Stop and behold,

Where lies

(Once a stable Pillar of the State)

Admiral EDWARD BOSCAWEN,

Who

Who died
 January the 10th, 1761,
 In the fiftieth Year of his Age;
 Equally in the Lustre of Renown
 As in the Meridian of Life.
 His Birth, tho' noble,
 His Titles, tho' illustrious,
 Were but incidental Additions to his Greatness.
 Be these, therefore, the lesser Theme of Herald's,
 Whilst the Annals of adverse Nations,
 If they faithfully record
 What our own History,
 Proud to adorn her Page,
 Must perpetuate;
 Shall even to latest Posterity convey,
 With what ardent Zeal,
 With what successful Valour,
 He serv'd his Country,
 And taught her Foes to dread
 Her Naval Power:

Also,
 What an inflexible Attachment to Merit
 Flourishing beneath his happy Auspices,
 What an Assemblage

Of
 Intrepidity, Humanity, and Justice,
 United

To form his Character,
 And render him
 At once beloved and envied.

Yet know, insidious Gaul!
 Eternal Enemy of this our Isle!

Howe'er our Grief
 May seem to give thee present Exultation,
 Yet, even after Death,

BOSCAWEN's Triumphs
 Shall to succeeding Ages stand
 A fair Example,

And rouse the active Sons of Britain,
 Like him,

To start the Terror of their Thunders
 On Gallic Perfidy!

So shall the Conquests which his Deeds inspired,
 Indelibly transmit his Virtues
 (A Blaze of martial Glory)
 Far beyond
 The mural Epitaph,
 Or
 The local and perishable Monuments
 Of Brass or Stone.

ON GENERAL WOLFE.

To the Memory of
 JAMES WOLFE, Esq.
 Major General and Commander in
 Chief of the British Land Forces
 On an Expedition against Quebec,
 Who,
 Surmounting by Ability and Valour
 All Obstacles of Art and Nature,
 Was slain,
 In the Moment of Victory,
 At the Head of his conquering Troops,
 On the 13th of Sept. 1759,
 The King
 And the Parliament of Great Britain
 Dedicate this Monument.

[Westminster-Abbey.]

On the MARQUIS DE MONTCALM, who fell in
 the Action at Quebec, when we lost the brave
 Gen. WOLFE.

Utroque in orbe æternum victurus,
 Ludovicus Josephus de MONTCALM GOZON,
 Marchio Sancti Verani, Baro Gabriaci,
 Ordinis Sancti Ludovici Commendator,
 Legatus Generalis Exercituum Gallicorum;
 Egregius et Civis & Miles,
 Nullius rei appetens præterquam veræ laudis,
 Ingenio

INSCRIPTIVE EPITAPHS. 223

Ingenio felici; & literis exulto;
 Omnes Militiæ gradus per continua decora emensus,
 Omnium Belli Artium, temporum, discriminum gnarus,
 In Italia, in Bohemia, in Germania
 Dux industrius.

Mandata sibi ita semper gerens ut majoribus par haberetur.
 Jam clarus periculis

Ad tutandam Canadensem Provinciam missus,
 Parva militum manu Hostium copias non semel repulit,
 Propugnacula cepit viris armisque instructissima.
 Algoris, inediæ, vigiliarum, laboris patiens,
 Suis unice prospiciens, immemor sui,
 Hostis acer, Victor mansuetus.

Fortunam virtute, virium inopiam peritia & celeritate compensavit;
 Imminens Coloniae fatum & consilio & manu per quadriennium sustinuit.

Tandem ingentem Exercitum Duce strenuo & audaci,
 Classẽque omni bellorum mole gravem,
 Multiplici prudentia diu ludificatus,
 Vi pertractus ad dimicandum,

In prima acie, in primo conflictu vulneratus,
 Religioni quam semper coluerat innitens,
 Magno suorum desiderio, nec sine hostium interore,
 Extinctus est.

Die XIV. Sept. A. D. MDCCLIX. ætat. XLVIII.

Mortales optimi ducis exuvias in excavata humo,
 Quam globus bellicus decidens dissiliensque defoderat,
 Galli lugentes deposuerunt,
 Et generosæ hostium fidei commendârunt.

By the FRENCH ACADEMY of INSCRIPTIONS.

[In a Church at Quebec, Canada.]

TRANSLATION.

Here lieth,
 In either Hemisphere to live for ever,
 LEWIS JOSEPH DE MONTCALM GOZON,
 Marquis of St. Veran, Baron of Gabriac,
 Commendatory of the Order of St. Lewis,
 Lieutenant-general of the French Army;
 Not less an excellent Citizen than Soldier,
 Who knew no Desire but that of true Glory;

Happy in a natural Genius, improved by Literature,
 Having gone through the several Steps of military Honours
 With uninterrupted Lustre,
 Skill'd in all the Arts of War,
 The Juncture of Times, and the Crisis of Dangers,
 In Italy, in Bohemia, in Germany,
 An indefatigable General.
 He so discharged his important Trusts,
 That he seemed always equal to still greater.
 At length, grown bright with Perils,
 Sent to secure the Province of Canada,
 With a Handful of Men
 He more than once repulsed the Enemy's Forces,
 And made himself Master of their Forts
 Replete with Troops and Ammunition.
 Inured to Cold, Hunger, Watchings, and Labours,
 Unmindful of himself,
 He had no Sensation but for his Soldiers;
 An Enemy with the fiercest Impetuosity,
 A Victor with the tenderest Humanity.
 Adverse Fortune he compensated with Valour,
 The Want of Strength with Skill and Activity;
 And, with his Counsel and Support,
 For four Years protracted the impending Fate of the Colony,
 Having with various Artifices
 Long baffled a great Army,
 Headed by an expert and intrepid Commander,
 And a Fleet furnished with all warlike Stores.
 Compelled at length to an Engagement,
 He fell, in the first Rank, in the first Onset,
 With those Hopes of Religion which he had always cherished,
 To the inexpressible Loss of his own Army,
 And not without the Regret of the Enemy's,
 XIV. September, A. D. MDCCLIX. of his Age XLVIII.
 His weeping Countrymen
 Deposited the Remains of their excellent General
 In a Grave,
 Which a fallen Bomb in bursting had excavated for him,
 Recommending them to the generous Faith of their Enemies.

On Dr. KING, of St. Mary's Hall, Oxford.

[Written by Himself.]

EPITAPHIUM
GULIELMI KING;

A seipso scriptum

Prædie nonas Junii

Die natali Georgii III.

MDCCLXII.

Fui

GULIELMUS KING, L. L. D.

Ab anno MDCCXIX. ad annum

MDCC—

Hujus Aulæ Præfectus.

Literis humanioribus a Puero deditus :

Eas usq; ad supremum Vitæ Diem colui.

Neque Vitiis carni, neq; Virtutibus ;

Imprudens et improvidus, comis et benevolus ;

Sæpe æquo iracundior,

Haud unquam ut essem implacabilis.

A Luxuriâ pariter ac Avaritiâ

(Quam non tam Vitium

Quam Mentis Insanitatem esse duxi)

Prorsus abhorrens.

Cives, Hospites, Peregrinos

Omnino liberaliter accepi.

Ipse et Cibi parcus, et Vini parcissimus.

Cum magnis vixi, cum plebeis, cum

omnibus,

Ut Homines noscerem, ut me ipsum

imprimis :

Neque, eheu, novi !

Permultos habui Amicos,

At veros, stabiles, gratos,

(Quæ fortasse est Gentis Culpa).

Perpaucissimos.

Plures habui Inimicos,

Sed invidos, sed improbos, sed inhumanos.

Quorum nullis tamen Injuriis

Perinde commotus fui

Quam Deliquiis meis.

L 5

Summam

Summam, quam adeptus sum
 Senectutem
 Neque optavi, neque accusavi.
 Vitæ Incommoda neque immoderate
 ferens,
 Neque commodus nimium contentus.
 Mortem neque contempfi,
 Neque metui.
 Deus optime,
 Qui hunc Orbem & humanas Res curas,
 Miserere Animæ meæ!

TRANSLATION.

EPITAPH
 Of WILLIAM KING:

Written by himself
June the Fourth,
Birth-Day of George III.
 MDCCLXII.

I was
 WILLIAM KING, L. L. D.
 From the Year MDCCXIX. to the Year
 MDCC—

Principal of this Hall.
 Given to Polite Letters from a Boy:
 I cultivated them even to the last Day of my Life.
 I wanted neither Vices, nor Virtues;
 Imprudent and improvident,
 Gentle and benevolent;
 Often too prone to Anger,
 Never implacable.
 To Luxury as well as Avarice
 (Which last I considered not as a Vice
 But as Madness)
 Totally averse.
 Citizens, Guests, and Foreigners,
 I received with the most open Hospitality:
 Myself temperate in eating,
 In drinking most temperate.
 I lived with the high, with the low,

With

With all,
 That I might know Mankind,
 And chiefly myself;
 Both which, alas! I knew not.
 I had very many Friends,
 But true, firm, grateful,
 (Which perhaps is the national Failing)
 Very, very few.
 I had many Enemies,
 But envious, but wicked, but inhuman;
 With those Injuries, however,
 I was never so deeply affected
 As with my own Transgressions.
 The extreme old Age to which I attained,
 I neither wished for, nor accused:
 Neither bearing the Evils of Life too impatiently,
 Nor too much delighted with its Blessings.
 Death I neither despised,
 Nor feared.
 Most Highest,
 Who takest care of this World
 And the Affairs of Men,
 Have Mercy upon my Soul!

On Sir JOHN MASON.

To the Memory of Sir JOHN MASON,
 Who, though but threescore and three Years old at his
 Death, yet lived and flourished in the Reigns of four
 Princes, viz. Henry the Eighth, Edward the Sixth, Queen
 Mary and Queen Elizabeth, and was a Privy-Counsellor to
 them all, and an Eye-Witness of the various Revolutions
 and Vicissitudes of those Times. Towards his latter End,
 being on his Death-bed, he called for his Clerk and Stew-
 ard, and delivered himself in these Terms: "Lo! here have
 " I lived to see five Princes, and have been a Privy-Coun-
 " sellor to four of them: I have seen the most remarkable
 " Things in foreign Parts, and have been present at most
 " Transactions for thirty Years together: and I have learn-
 " ed this, after so many Years Experience, that Serious-
 " ness is the greatest Wisdom, Temperance the best Physic,

" and a good Conscience the best Estate ; and were I to
 " live again, I would change the Court for a Cloister, my
 " Privy-Counsellor's Bustles for an Hermit's Retirement,
 " and the whole Life I have lived in the Palace for an
 " Hour's Enjoyment of God in the Chapel : All Things
 " else forsake me, besides my God, my Duty, and my
 " Prayer."

On Mrs. ELIZABETH MONK.

Near this Place lies the Body of
 ELIZABETH MONK,
 Who departed this Life on the 17th Day of Aug. 1753,
 Aged 101.

She was the Widow of John Monk, late of this Parish,
 Blacksmith,

Her second Husband,

To whom she had been a Wife near fifty Years.

By him she had no Children ;

And of the Issue of her first Marriage none lived to the
 Second.

But Virtue

Would not suffer her to be Childless.

An Infant, to whom, and to whose Father and Uncles,

She had been Nurse,

(Such is the Uncertainty of temporal Posterity !)

Became dependent upon Strangers for the Necessaries of
 Life ;

To him she afforded the Protection of a Mother.

This parental Charity was returned with filial Affection ;

And she was supported in the Feebleness of Age

By him whom she had cherished in the Helplessness of
 Infancy.

LET IT BE REMEMBERED,

That there is no Station in which Industry will not

Obtain Power to be liberal,

Nor any Character on which Liberality will not confer
 Honour.

She had long been prepared,

By a simple and unaffected Pie y,

For that awful Moment which, however delayed,

Is universally sure.
 How few are allowed an equal Time of Probation!
 How many by their Lives appear to presume upon more!
 To preserve the Memory of this Person,
 But yet more to perpetuate the Lesson of her Life,
 This Stone was erected by voluntary Contribution.

Dr. HAWKESWORTH.

[*Bromley Church-Yard, Kent.*]

On Lady ANNE DAWSON.

Sacred to the Memory
 Of the Right Hon. Lady Anne Dawson,
 Sixth Daughter of Thomas Fermor Earl of
 Pomfret,
 By Henrietta Louisa Jefferys his Wife.
 With all the external Advantages
 Which contribute to form a shining Distinction
 On Earth,
 She constantly practised in their sublimest
 Excellence
 All those Evangelical Duties
 Which improve and adorn the Soul for Heaven.
 A more particular Description of her exalted
 Virtues,
 To such as were Strangers to them,
 Would appear extravagant:
 While All to whom they were best known,
 Would feel it to be defective.
 May those Virtues remain fixed in the
 Remembrance,
 And imitated in the Lives,
 Of her surviving Friends!
 To the World they can never be completely
 known
 'Till that awful Day,
 When in the Sight of Men and Angels
 They will be proclaimed and rewarded.
 Of her two Children,
 Richard Thomas survives her:

Henrietta

Henrietta Anne, who lived long enough
To justify all the fairest Hopes of a Mother,
By her Death afforded a triumphant Exercise

To the Resignation of a Christian.

She died March 1st, 1769, aged 36 Years.

In a grateful and affectionate Sense
Of the Blessings he enjoyed in such a Wife,

This Monument is raised

By the Right Hon. Thomas Dawson

Lord Dartrey.

Mrs. ELIZ. CARTER.

*[In a Temple at Lord Dartrey's Seat in the County of
Monaghan, Ireland.]*

Here lieth the Body of

WILLIAM STRUTTON,

Of Pattrington,

Buried the 18th of May 1724, aged 97;

Who had by his first Wife twenty-eight Children,

And

By a second Wife seventeen;

Was Father to forty-five,

Grandfather to eighty-six,

Great Grandfather to ninety-seven,

And

Great Great Grandfather to twenty-three;

In all two hundred and fifty-one.

[Heydon, Yorkshire.]

This Monument was erected by

GEORGE DALBY,

Of Palace-Yard, Westminster,

STATUARY,

In Memory of his

Four NATURAL Children,

Had by FOUR DIFFERENT WOMEN,

ALL of this Parish.

God in his Mercy took them off betimes,

To spare their BLUSHES for a Father's CRIMES.

[Newington Church-Yard, Surry.]

Epita-

Epitaphium
 Hominis Christiani, vitæ regulam
 Exprimens.
 D. O. M.

Siste gradum, viator;
 Hic terminus vitæ, et vitæ, tuæ ac meæ.
 Ille ego qui natus pridem,
 Ac notus eram sæculo;
 En denatus hoc jam lateo
 Nudus nullusque Sepulchro.
 Pulvis, cinis, esca vermium.
 Vixi annis (N) paucis,
 Si spectetur Aeternitas;
 Ad hanc tamen currendum mihi fuit
 In stadio fugacis vitæ.
 Tempus vivendi, ut bene morerer,
 Et vitam mererer immortalem.
 Dedit mihi, & dat etiamnum tibi clemens Deus
 Illius, & omnium quoque momentorum
 Stricta à me iusto iudici reddenda fuit ratio;
 Utique erit & tibi.
 Vixi in eo (N) statu,
 Ac id. (N) munus gessi.
 Qui mihi honos, idem onus fuit;
 O molestum & grave!
 Miserum esse qui non capiant;
 Mirum, non deesse qui cupiant.
 O quam me iussit rigidam
 Supremus pater-familias
 Reddere rationem villicationis meæ!
 Si sapias, & credis amico
 Sincere monenti,
 Huc tu quoque te para quotidie;
 Nam ex meo periculo te cautum reddi;
 Felicis simul & sapientis erit.
 Possedi de terræ bonis modica;
 (Attamen satis ad usum vitæ; satis ad votum,
 quod necessitas rexit, non cupiditas.)
 Etiam horum, ad novissimum usque quadrantem
 Reddenda fuit ratio.
 Esto, res angusta fuit mihi;
 Sed (experto fas est credere)

Sic

Sic tutius ad augusta pergitur.
 O viri divitiarum thesaurizatis;
 Et ignoratis, cui!
 Ego nihil intuli in hunc
 Mundum, nihil extuli.
 Quod in Cœlum præmisi per manus pauperum,
 Inveni; & hoc solum:
 Vos similiter cum dormieritis somnum vestrum,
 Aliud invenietis nihil.
 O Amici, vivite læti; at
 Non immemores lethi;
 En quondam lætus vobiscum, vos jam reliqui,
 Et à vobis relictus,
 Inivi solus æternitatis iter.
 Quod estis, fui: quod sum, eritis:
 Quis scit an cras, an hodie,
 An hac ipsa forsan hora.
 Memores estote judicii mei, sic enim
 Erit & vestrum.
 O homo bulla, quam brevis hæc vita!
 Quam longa æternitas!
 Vere momentum unde
 Pendet æternitas;
 Æternitas gloriæ & poenæ.
 Ad illam virtus ducit;
 Ad hanc voluptas.
 Elige, semel periisse,
 Æternum est.
 Hoc postremum te alloquor:
 Desiderans te habere consortem mecum in terra
 Viventium, una cum Christo Jesu,
 In quo solo salus est et vita mortalium.
 Illi, O viator, vive, illi morere,
 Et æternum vives.
 Ante mortem mori vitiiis, mors est optima.
 Beati mortui, qui in Domino moriuntur.

On Sir D—Y R—R, K—T.

Here
 Rests at last
 From all his sanguinary Desires,

Sir

INSCRIPTIVE EPITAPHS. 233

Sir D****Y R***R, Knt.
 Whose love of Money
 Was only exceeded
 By his Lust of Punishment :
 Form'd by Nature for all the Chicanery
 Of the Law,
 Improved by the double
 And deceitful Education
 Of a
 Presbyterian,
 By unwearied Application
 To his own Interest,
 By prostituting his Conscience,
 And
 A true time-serving Spirit,
 In Spite of Genius,
 From the basest Original,
 He acquired the immense Sum
 Of Three Hundred Thousand Pounds ;
 And wriggled himself into the Post
 Of Att——y G——l.
 In the Execution of this Office,
 His Heart constantly felt Affliction,
 His Eye ever flow'd with Sorrow,
 When the Innocent escaped unpunished.
 Hence, by slavish Obedience
 To M——l Mandates,
 In wresting Laws to arbitrary Purposes,
 He ascended the Seat
 Of
 Lord Ch——f J——e.
 The same Thirst of Vengeance
 Still waited on his Footsteps ;
 Those whom he long'd to punish
 As Att——y,
 He now condemn'd,
 With Delight,
 As Judge :
 Truth found no Justice,
 Virtue no Favour,
 Innocence no Mercy,
 When in Opposition to C——rt Measures :
 Zealous

Zealous to establish Tyranny
 In the Crown Law,
 Against all but * Robbers
 Of the Public Money,
 To whom, from Sympathy,
 He was merciful beyond Measure;
 Enemy to Liberty,
 Steady in his Country's Ruin,
 Encouraged and adapted
 By all the Qualities in Head and Heart
 Which disgrace human Nature
 To request Nobility;
 He asked,
 And it was granted.

Heaven and Monarchs
 Behold with different Eyes :
 Him, whom his S———n summoned
 To a Peerage,
 God snatched to answer for his Crimes.
 For know, the Almighty will not
 Always, unrepenting,
 Permit the Ambitious to receive,
 Nor Kings to bestow those Honours,
 On the Nefarious,
 Which are only the just Reward
 Of
 V I R T U E.

Here,
 In a Tempest of Fatigue, Anxiety, and Imprecation,
 Self-raised and prolonged thro' half an Age,
 Foundered at length,
 H. L.

* *Vide* LE--P's Trial, where, after being found guilty of illegally possessing twenty thousand Pounds, he was only fined the Interest of the Money he had in his Hands, still preserving all his Places but one.

Who
 Without Strength of Head, Suavity of Tongue,
 Or Readiness of Hand,
 Natural or acquired,
 Without private Patrimony, or publick Esteem,
 Accumulated
 During Ten Years Collection of the Crown Revenue
 At Barbadoes,
 Ten Times Ten Thousand Pounds.
 Studious that his Labours should not be confined
 In that narrow Spot,
 Wearied the succeeding twenty Years
 In amassing from the Orphan, the Mariner, the Planter,
 And the Public,
 Through various Provinces of the British Empire,
 Thrice that enormous Sum.
 Divine Vengeance,
 Having wrought its Purposes on a desolate Generation
 By his Agency,
 Deprived him of Sight:
 But
 Impatient of looking only within
 (Where none could look more hopeless of Comfort or
 Entertainment,)
 He rashly incurred, for once, the Charge of Inconsistency,
 And by miserable Suicide, October 6th, 1753,
 Did Justice to Himself, to his Country,
 And to Mankind.
 Reader,
 When the Lust of Riches
 Shall hereafter prompt thee to wish their illicit Attainment,
 Remember
 This Record of Providence,
 And suffer not H. L.
 To have lived unbeloved, died unlamented,
 And perished irretrievably
 In vain.

On MARY GREERE, *Æt.* 57.

Reader!
 If elegant Simplicity of Manners,
 If genuine Benevolence of Temper,

If unaffected Piety of Heart,
 Claim, when departed,
 The decent Tear of Respect ;
 Stop here, and sympathize with those
 Who once enjoy'd the Society,
 But now lament the Loss,
 Of so much Merit.
 After a Life spent in the exemplary
 Practice of every Virtue
 That can adorn the Female Character,
 Or exalt the Christian,
 She chearfully resign'd her Soul
 Into the Hands of God.

[*St. Andrew's Holborn New Burying-Ground.*]

On JOHN HACKETT.

*Let me die the Death of the Righteous, and let my last End
 be like his. PSALMS.*

*Oh ! that one might plead for a Man with God, as a Man
 pleadeth for his Neighbour. JOB.*

Here rests
 (With five of his Children)

All that was mortal
 Of

JOHN HACKETT,
 Late of this Parish of Covent-Garden.

In the humble Sphere of Life,
 In which he was ordain'd to move,

Ever blameless :

By his unaffected Piety towards God,
 And Sincerity in his Dealings with Men,

He made many Friends,
 But, unless of the Ignorant and Worthless,
 He never made a Foe.

Tho' his Abilities were but small,
 Yet as far as in him lay

He delivered the Poor that was ready to perish,
 And caused the Widow's Heart to sing for Joy.

In a Word,

He was, if ever there was one,

A Man

A Man without Fault,
 Unless extreme Meekness and Good-Nature
 Be considered as such.
 After a severe Illness of six Months,
 Which he bore with the greatest Patience
 And Resignation,
 This good Christian
 Yielded up his Spirit into the Hands of his Maker,
 June the 22d, A. D. 1755, in the 52d Year
 of his Age,
For Flesh cannot inherit the Kingdom of God.
 Reader,
 You have heard what he was;
 Yet you see what he is:
 Be wise in Time.

At length thy Soul has reach'd the Land of Peace,
 Thy Pains are ended, and thy Sorrows cease;
 Heav'n has thee now:—We will not then repine;
 Heav'n has thee now; and all its Joys are thine.—
 Yet, ah! 'tis more than human reason can,
 We hail the Saint, but still deplore the Man.

May we, whom thou hast left, thy Virtues see,
 'Tread in thy Steps, and sleep at last with thee.
 Then, when the Trumpet sounds to raise our Clay,
 And at the Lord's Command the Grave gives way,
 Together thou and thine shall seek the Realms of Day. }

*Here the Wicked cease from troubling, and here the Weary
 be at rest. JOB.*

[In Covent-Garden Church-Yard.]

Near to this Place,
 Sequestered from the World, by Choice,
 Tho' qualified for its most arduous Scenes,
 Lived the discerning, prudent, sincere,
 And conjugal * Portius.
 With a Mind unsullied by Bigotry,

* John Close, Esq.

With

With a Heart replete with Humanity,
 He was firmly attached to the Dictates
 Of pure Religion, whose Revealer
 He venerated and adored.
 Rigidly just in his Intentions, he ever meant
 Or practised Truth with undeviating Ardor.
 Familiar in the moral and natural Systems of the World
 According to generally received Opinions,
 He was profitably instructive.
 His favourite Author, for he read liberally, was Milton,
 Whose Works he delivered with uncommon
 Taste and Energy, as if his Feelings and the Paradise
 He so well understood, were to be the
 Harbingers of that Happiness,
 We fully confide, he now inherits.
 He died on the 4th of April, 1772, of an Imposthume
 In his Lungs, aged fifty-one Years.

THO. MAUDE, Esq.

[*St. Agatha's Monastery, Yorkshire.*]

On the Earl of STAFFORD.

In this Chapel lies interred
 All that was mortal
 Of the most illustrious and most benevolent
 JOHN PAUL HOWARD, Earl of Stafford,
 Who in 1738 married Elizabeth, Daughter
 Of A. Ewens, in the County of Somerset,
 Esq; by Elizabeth his Wife, eldest
 Daughter of
 • John St. Alban,
 Of Alfoxton, in the same County, Esq.
 His Heart was as truly great and noble
 As his high Descent;
 Faithful to his God,
 A Lover of his Country,
 A Relation to Relations,
 A Detester of Detraction,
 A Friend of Mankind;
 Naturally generous and compassionate:
 His Liberality and his Charity to the Poor

Were

Were without bounds.
 We therefore piously hope, that at the last Day
 His Body will be received into Glory
 Into the eternal Tabernacles.
 Being snatched away suddenly by Death,
 Which he had long meditated and expected
 With Constancy,
 He went to better Life the first of April, 1762,
 Having lived sixty-one Years, nine Months,
 And six Days.
 The Countess Dowager, in Testimony of her
 Great Affection and Respect to her Lord's
 Memory,
 Has caused this Monument to be placed here.

[*In St. Edmund's Chapel, Westminster Abbey.*]

On BAPTIST, *Lord Viscount Campden.*

Here resteth
 BAPTIST NOEL, *Lord Viscount Campden,*
Baron of Ridlington and Ilmington,
Lord Lieutenant of the County of Rutland.
 His eminent Loyalty to his two Sovereigns,
 King CHARLES the First and Second,
 His conjugal Affection to Four Wives,
 His paternal Indulgence to nineteen Children,
 His Hospitality and Liberality
 To all that desired or deserved it,
 (Notwithstanding inestimable Losses in his Estate,
 Frequent Imprisonments of his Person,
 Spoil and Havock of several of his Houses,
 Besides the burning of that noble Pile of *Campden*)
 Have justly rendered him
 The Admiration of his Contemporaries,
 And the Imitation of Posterity.
 He left this Life,
 For the Exchange and Fruition of a better,
 The 29th Day of Oct. in the 71st Year of his Age,
 A. D. 1683.

[*Exton, Rutlandshire.*]

On CHARLES, Earl of Carlisle.

Near this Place lies interred,
CHARLES HOWARD, Earl of *Carlisle*,
 Viscount *Morpeth*, Baron *Dacres* of *Gilliland*,
 Lord Lieutenant of *Cumberland* and *Westmoreland*,
 Vice-Admiral of the Coasts of *Northumberland*,
Cumberland, Bishoprick of *Durham*,
 Town and County of *Newcastle*,
 And Maritime Ports adjacent :
 Governor of *Jamaica*,
 Privy-Counsellor to King **CHARLES** the Second,
 And his Ambassador Extraordinary to the Czar of
Muscovy,
 And the Kings of *Sweden* and *Denmark*,
 In the Years 1663, and 1664 :
 Whose Effigy is placed at the Top of this Monument.

He was not more distinguished
 By the Nobility and Antiquity of his Family,
 Than he was by the Sweetness and Affability
 Of a natural charming Temper ;
 Which being improved
 By the peculiar Ornaments of solid Greatness,
 Courage, Justice, Generosity,
 And a publick Spirit,
 Made him a great Blessing to the Age
 And Nation wherein he lived.

In Business he was sagacious and diligent ;
 In War, circumspect, steady, and intrepid ;
 In Council wise and penetrating ;
 And tho' this may secure him a Place in the
 Annals of Fame,
 Yet the filial Piety of a Daughter may be allow'd
 To dedicate this Monumental Pillar to his Memory.

Obiit 24 Feb. 1684. Ætatis 56.

[*York Cathedral.*]

On PETER the Great.

Here, under deposited,
Lies all that could die of a Man immortal,
PETER ALEXOWITZ;
It is almost superfluous to say,
Great Emperor of *Russia*;
A Title,
Which, instead of adding to his Glory,
Became glorious by his wearing it.
Let Antiquity be dumb,
Nor boast her ALEXANDER,
Or her CÆSAR.
How easy was Victory
To Leaders who were followed by Heroes!
And whose Soldiers felt a noble Disdain
To be thought less awake than their Generals!
But he!
Who in this Place knew Rest,
Found Subjects base and unactive,
Unwarlike, unlearned, untractable;
Neither covetous of Fame,
Nor liberal of Danger;
Creatures with the Name of Men,
But with Qualities rather Brutal than Rational:
Yet even these
He polished from their native Ruggedness;
And, breaking out like a new Sun,
To illuminate the Minds of a People,
Dispelled their Night of hereditary Darkness!
'Till, by Force of his invincible Influence,
He had taught them to Conquer
Even the Conquerors of *Germany*.
Other Princes have commanded victorious Armies,
This Commander created them.
Blush, O Art!
At a Hero who ow'd thee Nothing!
Exult, O Nature!
For thine was this Prodigy.

On CHARLES, *Earl of Carlisle.*

Near this Place lies interred,
 CHARLES HOWARD, *Earl of Carlisle,*
Viscount Morpeth, Baron Dacres of Gilsland,
Lord Lieutenant of Cumberland and Westmoreland,
Vice-Admiral of the Coasts of Northumberland,
Cumberland, Bishoprick of Durham,
Town and County of Newcastle,
And Maritime Ports adjacent :
Governor of Jamaica,
Privy-Counsellor to King CHARLES the Second,
And his Ambassador Extraordinary to the Czar of
Muscovy,
And the Kings of Sweden and Denmark,
In the Years 1663, and 1664 :
 Whose Effigy is placed at the Top of this Monument.

He was not more distinguished
 By the Nobility and Antiquity of his Family,
 Than he was by the Sweetness and Affability
 Of a natural charming Temper ;
 Which being improved
 By the peculiar Ornaments of solid Greatness,
 Courage, Justice, Generosity,
 And a publick Spirit,
 Made him a great Blessing to the Age
 And Nation wherein he lived.

In Business he was sagacious and diligent ;
 In War, circumspect, steady, and intrepid ;
 In Council wise and penetrating ;
 And tho' this may secure him a Place in the
 Annals of Fame,
 Yet the filial Piety of a Daughter may be allow'd
 To dedicate this Monumental Pillar to his Memory.

Obiit 24 Feb. 1684. Ætatis 56.

[*Yerk Cathedral.*]

On PETER the Great.

Here, under deposited,
Lies all that could die of a Man immortal,
PETER ALEXOWITZ ;
It is almost superfluous to say,
Great Emperor of *Russia* ;
A Title,
Which, instead of adding to his Glory,
Became glorious by his wearing it.
Let Antiquity be dumb,
Nor boast her ALEXANDER,
Or her CÆSAR.
How easy was Victory
To Leaders who were followed by Heroes!
And whose Soldiers felt a noble Disdain
To be thought less awake than their Generals !
But he !
Who in this Place knew Rest,
Found Subjects base and unactive,
Unwarlike, unlearned, untractable ;
Neither covetous of Fame,
Nor liberal of Danger ;
Creatures with the Name of Men,
But with Qualities rather Brutal than Rational :
Yet even these
He polished from their native Ruggedness ;
And, breaking out like a new Sun,
To illuminate the Minds of a People,
Dispelled their Night of hereditary Darkeness !
'Till, by Force of his invincible Influence,
He had taught them to Conquer
Even the Conquerors of *Germany*.
Other Princes have commanded victorious Armies,
This Commander created them.
Blush, O Art !
At a Hero who ow'd thee Nothing !
Exult, O Nature !
For thine was this Prodigy.

The following Inscription is engraved on a magnificent Cenotaph erected by Sir WILLIAM DRAPER, in his Garden at Clifton, in Honour of the late 79th Regiment, of which he was Colonel during the last War.

This Cenotaph is sacred
 To the Virtues and Memories
 Of those departed Warriors
 Of his Majesty's 79th Regiment;
 By whose excellent Conduct,
 Cool deliberate Valour,
 Steady Discipline, and Perseverance,
 The formidable and impetuous Efforts
 Of the French Land Forces in India
 Were first withstood and repulsed,
 Our own Settlements rescued from impending Destruction,
 Those of our Enemies finally reduced.
 That ever memorable Defence of Madras,
 The decisive Battle of Wandewash,
 Twelve strong and important Fortresses,
 Three superb Capitals,
 Arcot, Pondicherry, Manilla,
 And the Philippine Islands,
 Are witnesses of their irresistible Bravery,
 Consummate Abilities, unexampled Humanity:
 Such were the Men of this victorious Regiment,
 And by such as these their surviving Companions,
 The Conquests and Glory of our Sovereign,
 The Renown and Majesty of the British Empire,
 Were extended to the remotest Parts of Asia;
 Such were their Exploits,
 That would have done Honour even to the Greek or Roman Name,
 In the most favourite Times of Antiquity;
 And well deserve to be transmitted down to the latest Posterity,
 And held in Esteem and Admiration,
 As long as true Fortitude,
 Valour, Discipline, and Humanity,
 Shall have any
 In Britain.

* * * Three Field Officers, ten Captains, thirteen Lieutenants, five Ensigns, three Surgeons, and 1000 private Men, belonging to this Regiment, fell in the Course of the late War.

I N D E X

HUMOROUS and WHIMSICAL.

A.		Cook, Anthony	42
A DAMS, Richard	72	Coxe, Robert	117
Adamson, John	55	Creswell, Mrs.	57
Aire, Mr.	49	Crofts, Henry	36
Arc, Joan of	106	Cruker, John	3
Armine, Lady Mary	56	D.	
A'Treen, John	114	Dale, John	101
B.		Daniel, Nicholas, Esq.	107
Batchelor, Nell	17	Dashe, Jenkin	75
Bell, Johnny	96	Death, John	58
Benson, Mr.	77	——, Mrs.	69
Berry, John	44	——, On	91
Bird, William	33	——, On	94
Blake, Admiral	6	Demar, Mr.	10
Bridges, Cecily	39	Denny, Sir Anthony	27
Brooke, Richard	118	Dias, Martha	106
Brown, John	52	Dick, Bumbo	70
Buff, Mrs.	116	Doncastere, Robyn of	1
Burnett, Doctor	54	Drunkard, on a	57
Butler, on a	58	Dunch, John	30
C.		D'Urfey, Tom	84
Cabbott, John	67	Dyer, Captain	71
Cadman, on —	101	Dyke, Richard	74
Caldwell, Florence	48	E.	
——, Florens and Mary	67	Earth, Mr.	23
Calf, Sir John	45	Elderton, Henry	92
Calthorpe, Dorothy	71	Evans, Doctor	111
Carrier, The Cambridge	3	Exeter, Mayor of	76
Ditto, Ditto	4	Eyre, Vincent	63
Carnegie, Johnie	74	F.	
Carter, on an honest	104	Fairhurst, Matthew	116
——, Anne	110	Fawn, on a	80
Carthew, Joan	103	Fido, Signor	81
Chandler, on a	49	Fisher, Kitty	108
Charles, King of Spain	9	Fleetwood, Sir Thomas	113
—— the Second	73	Fletcher, David	19
Chartres, Francis, Esq.	11	Flin, John	19
Ditto, Ditto	61	Foot, Mr.	81
Child, on a	49	Footman, on a	45
Ditto	72	Ford, Mrs.	75
Cobler, on a	50	Franklin, Benjamin	62
Cole, the Rev. William	33	Frazer, John	93
——, Bridget	24	Freeman, Thomas	110
Coleman, Mr.	7	Fuller, Doctor	75
Colwell, Richard	28	G.	
Combe, John a	2	Gallop, Timothy	84
Combe, Tom a	2	M	

Gamester, on a	60	Lawrence, the Rev. William	34
—, on a Libertine	37	Lawyer, on a	107
Garden, Walter	113	Layton, Alexander	34
Gardener, on a	46	Lea, Cromwell	38
Gardner, Roger	34	Leicester, Earl of	2
Garrard, Mr.	31	Leigh, Sir Henry	38
Gay, Mr.	7	—, Andrew	90
Gay, John	153	Lilburn, John	51
Giles, Edward and Lady	31	Littleton, Sir Edward	112
Gill, Master John	14	M.	
Godfrey, Boyle	63	Maddox, Mr.	17
Gold, Mr.	50	Maggot, Maria	97
Goldsmith, Doctor	109	Maid, on an old	86
Gosling, Humphry	31	Ditto	106
Gray, Katharine	27	Ditto, on a very chaste	61
—, Andrew	75	Marlborough, John Duke of	32
Green, Anne	76	Marten, Henry	37
Greene, Mary	215	Masters, Robin	14
Gudgeon, William	110	Matthysen, William	51
Guise, Sir John	110	Medford, Grace	40
H.		Miller, on a	47
Hall, Catharine	114	Mills, John	14
Hammond, Thomas	115	Miser, on a	19
Harvey, Sir Stephen	40	Ditto	28
Haynes, Dr. Edward	98	Ditto	108
Hearne, Thomas	73	Mitchell, Joseph	83
Hector, on (a dog)	85	More, Robert	59
Hicks, Tom	91	—, Mr.	90
Hildibroad, John	44	Mum, Timothy	108
Hill, Otwell, Doctor	2	Munday, Mr.	93
—, John	85	Murray, James	29
Hinde, Richard	67	N.	
Hobson the Carrier	46	Newis, John	117
Holt, Christopher	27	None, Mr.	43
Hone, John	94	Ditto	44
Horse, on a	71	Nott, Mrs.	105
Hudibras, on	29	O.	
I.		Oldfield, Mrs.	84
James, John	118	P.	
Jester, K. Henry the VIIIth's	46	Palfryman, John	95
infant, on an	69	Parker, Jane	24
Jobson, on	93	Parry, Blanch	113
Johns, Ralph	109	Partridge, Mr.	11
Johnson, Ben	75	Patison, Susan	100
—, Shadrach	79	Pawson, Mary	32
Jones, Alderman	38	Peter, Randolph	33
Jukes, Peninah	41	Pettygrew, John	39
K.		Pickard, Elizabeth	116
Kemp, Thomas	44	Pink, (a Lap Dog)	108
Kildare, the Earl of	110	Poet, on a	82
L.		Pompey, (a Lap Dog)	109
Lady, on a young	57	Porter, on a	51
Lawes, William	6	Porter,	

Pottinger, Mrs.	79	Snip, Jack	45
Povey, Mrs.	185	Snow, Mr.	69
Prettyman, Catharine	36	Soldier, on a	58
Pringe, Martin	77	Spargis, Father	41
Prior, Mr.	6	Sprong, John	9
Prynne, William	5	Stafford, Earl of	95
Purdon, Edmund	74	Stephen, on (a Fidler)	27
Pye, John	51	Steerlin, Robert	58
		Stone, Mr.	48
Quelch, Elizabeth	97	—, Captain	78
		Stockdale, Edward	101
R.		Strange, Mr.	48
Randall, John	17	Strong, Walter	71
Raper, Henry	118		
Ravenscroft, Thomas	89	T.	
Rawlinson, Dr. & 2 Daughters	41	Taylor, John	50
Regnier,	63	Terry, John	118
Remnant, Mr.	100	Thetecher, Thomas	28
Reson, Ellen	55	Thompson, Francis	8
Richman, Mr.	50	Tiffey, John	65
Riggs, Catha. Ann, Mary and		Tonson, Jacob	29
Andrew	76	Trappis, Robert	99
Rivers, Thomas and Mary	114	Tredplaid, John	31
Rogerson, Henry	94	Trott, John	110
Rose, a House Dog	108	Truman, Joan	28
Row, Frank	38	True, on, a Dog	82
Rumbold, Stephen	92	Twigg, Mr.	60
Rymour, William	59		
		V.	
S.		Vall, Du, on	90
Saffin, Thomas	114	Vanburgh, Sir John	10
Sailor, on a	69	Vert, Lady Mary	97
Saul, Daniel	5	U.	
Say, Richard	32	Undertaker, on a	86
Scold, on a	42	Upholsterer, on a	60
Scott, Margaret	25	W.	
—, Saunders	25	Walker, Dr.	75
Scrivener, on a	59	Warner, Jo.	43
Ditto	93	Webbe, William	42
Sexton, Mary	87	Webster, John	48
—, on a	94	West, Daniel	60
—, on a Country	95	Wheatly, William	33
Sharpe, Joseph	68	White, John	91
Shaw, William	52	—, John	115
Sherlock, Doctor	72	Whitenoise, Timothy	26
Sheridan, Dr. Thomas	97	Whore, on a	48
Sherry, John	30	Williamson, Mary	116
Shorthofe, Tom	77	Woodgate, John	52
Shrew, on a	40	Wootton, Samuel	43
Ditto	41	Wray, William	95
Shrider, Christopher	76	Wynal, John	5
Skelton, Mr.	66		
Smith, Christopher	17	Y.	
—, Samuel	52	Yeatsly, William, and Wife	66
—, John	59	Yoush, on a	49
		M. 2.	

A.

Alas! Alas! here free from Care and Strife	64
Alas! no more I could survive	112
Alive indeed, 'twas honest Jack	88
A Monster in a Course of Vice grown old	73
As Nurses strive to Bed their Bates to hie	36
At length, my Friends, the Feast of Life is o'er	88
A Zealous Locksmith died of late	41

B.

Banes among Stanes do lie fou still	118
Below an Husband and a Wife are laid	39
Beneath this Stone, fair Ladies, lies	12
Beneath this Stone ———'s Dust is laid	15
Beneath this place, in Paper Case	26
Beneath this Stone, to Worms a Prey	83
Beneath this Stone doth lie a Lais	100
Beneath this Stone lies our dear Child who's gone from We	112

C.

Come, let us rejoice, merry Boys, at his Fall	18
---	----

D.

Death came to John	60
Death, by a Conduct strange and new	84
Death is a Pursuivant with Eagle Wings	108

F.

For me decess'd weep not, my Dear	65
From OrCADE Isles to Egypt's Coast	12
Half burnt alive, beneath this Dung-hill lies	23
Hard was thy Fate, alas! unhappy Maid	104
He dy'd of a Quinsey	112
Here snug in Grave my Wife doth lie	5
Here fast asleep upon his Back	8
Here lies a round Woman who thought mighty odd	11
Heroes, and Kings! your Distance keep	10
Here Delia's buried at Four-score	12
Here he lies beside a Witch	13
Here lies one who was born and cried	13
Here! hark ye! old Friend! what will pass, then, without	15
Here lies little ——— a Yard deep or more	16
Here old ——— lies	18
Here lies the Corpse of Lady Ann	20
Here lies a Head that often ach'd	20
Here lies (her Debt of Nature paid)	24
Here Trillo lies, a laughing, merry Priest	26
Here lies Father, Mother, Sister and I	38
Here lies the Son, here lies the Mother	39
Here lies one, was born and cry'd	40
Here lies an Organist quite blown out of Breath	43
Here lies my poor Wife without Bed or Blanket	44
Here Stitch the Taylor in his Grave doth lie	47
Here lies P——pe Lady R——h	57
Here lies honest Stephen, with Mary his Bride	61
Here rests my Wife, poor Phillis! let her lie	68
Here rests a wearied Youth, by Death reliev'd	69

Here-lyes, the Lord have Mercy on her	71
Here lies R. C. believe it who can	74
Here lies upon her nuptial Bed of Earth	78
Here lies within his Tomb, so calm	85
Here lies a Wretch 'midst other Clay	86
Here lies the Quintessence of Noise and Strife	87
Here lies interr'd beneath these Stones	87
Here sleep, whom neither Life, nor Love	88
Here lies one More, and no more than he	96
Here lies honest Ned	184
How apt are Men to lie! how dare they say	13
I.	
I bowl'd, I struck, I caught, I stopt	100
I dreamt that bury'd in my fellow Clay	73
Interr'd beneath this Marble Stone	21
Joy of her Friends, her Parents only Pride	88
N.	
Nigh to the River Ouse, in York's fair City	37
No longer for my Loss deplore	105
O! cruel Death, how cou'd you be so unkind	79
Old Will, who kept the Gate at Kew	68
On this fair Marble drop a Tear	15
Our Bodies are like Shoes which we cast off	107
Q.	
Qu: an: tris: di: c: val, fra:	113
R.	
Reader, behold this Stone keeps Kilty down	43
S.	
Stay, Batchelor, if you have Wit	13
Stay, Traveller, stay, and peruse a sad Story	98
Stop, gentle Traveller, and stop your Horse	87
Sweet Stream, that doth with equal Pace	92
T.	
Take heed, O good Traveller, and do not tread hard	25
That he was born, it cannot be denied	13
The Lord saw good, I was lopping of Wood	34
The Queen was brought by Water to Whitehall	41
This was a Man, who labouring hard	112
Two Grandmothers with their two Grandaughters	107
U.	
Under this Marble, or under this Sill	10
Under this Stone lies honest Sill	34
Under this Stone cramm'd in a Hole doth lie	23
Under this Stone lies here	112
W.	
We all must die, alas! and Life's a Bubble	108
Well, then, poor G—— lies under Ground	12
What we have been, or what we are	78
Within this Tomb the fam'd Politian's Head	9
Y.	
You see Old Scarlet's Picture stand on high	36
You'd have me say, Here lies T. U.	80

INSCRIPTIVE EPITAPHS.

A.			
Ailwin, on St.	120	Edward, Prince of Wales	122
Alban, St.	119	Edward the Third	123
Alfred, King	121	Elizabeth, Queen	131
Anne, Queen to Rich. II.	121	Elizabeth and Mary	131
—, Queen to James I.	141	Elizabeth, Queen	132
Arnold, George, Esq.	197	Ditto Ditto	133
Armitage, Sir John	213	Ditto Ditto	134
Armstrong, Johnny	213	Ditto Ditto	134
Arthur, Prince	124	Eyre, Simon	139
Augustine, St.	119	F.	
B.		Fane, Sir Edward	205
Barber, John	208	Foster, James	202
Barker, James	209	Fox, John	122
Barrow, Isaac	204	Freind, John	190
Beauclerk, Lord Aubrey	191	G.	
Bingham, Richard	136	Gore, Sir William	149
Blacksmith, on a	212	Gresham, Sir Thomas	141
Bolingbroke, Henry Viscount	200	Greville, Fulke, Esq.	143
Boscawen, Admiral	220	H.	
Boulter, Doctor	163	Hackett, John	236
Bovey, Catharine	159	Hall, Thomas	208
Bringfield, James	176	Hanmer, Sir Thomas	209
Busby, Richard	173	Herwood, Peter	148
Bütler, Samuel	155	Henry, King, the Vth	123
Burt, Samuel	196	—, the VIIth	125
C.		—, the VIIIth	127
Camden, William	142	Hiseland, William	201
—, Lord Viscount	239	Hookes, Nicholas, Esq.	186
Carlisle, Earl of	240	Hough, John	194
Casaubon, Isaac	140	J.	
Chamberlain, Doctor	187	Jenkins, Henry	164
Chambers, Ephraim	193	Jessop, Mrs.	165
Chaucer, Godfrey	127	Inglethorp, —, on	138
Congreve, William	162	K.	
Constable, Amey	203	Kendall, Mary	152
Cotton, Sir John Hinde	198	King, Doctor	225
Cowley, Abraham	169	—, Ditto	226
—, Clement	169	L.	
Creed, Major	175	Langham, Simon de	120
Croft, William	186	Locke, John	146
Cromwell, Oliver	145	Lonsdale, Henry, Viscount	199
D.		Lucy, Joyce	168
Dalby, George	230	M.	
Dawson, Lady Ann	229	Manningham, Elizabeth	153
Denis, Cha. de St. Eyremont	174	Marvell, Andrew, Esq.	171
Digby, Lady	145	Mary, Queen	130
—, John	185	Matham, Dame Damaris	182
Drake, Sir Francis	141	Mason, Sir John	227
Dryden, John	172	Mead, Richard	203
E.		Montague, Charles	180
Edward, the Confessor	121	Montealm, Marquis de	222
		Ditto Ditto	223

I N D E X.

249

Monk, Elizabeth	228	South, Doctor Robert	182
N.		Spencer, Edmond	136
Nash, Richard, Esq.	215	Spert, Thomas	126
Ditto, Ditto	217	Spragge, Anne	147
Newton, Isaac, Sir	162	Spratt, Dr. Thomas	178
P.		Stafford, Lady	138
Parr, Thomas	144	——, Earl of	238
Pembroke, Catharine	145	Strutton, William	230
Penlez, Bosavern	206	T.	
Phillips, John	149	Taylor, Robert	184
Phipps, Sir William	147	V.	
Prior, Matthew, Esq.	156	Vernon, Penelope	142
Pultney, Daniel, Esq.	161	W.	
Purcell, Henry	173	Wager, Sir Charles	193
R.		Wagstaffe, Sir Thomas	151
Raleigh, Sir Walter	141	Walsingham, Sir Francis	135
Ray, John	153	Warwick, Richard, Earl of	123
R . . . r, Sir D . . . y	233	Watts, Isaac	196
Robinson, Wm. and Sarah	211	Wolfe, General	222
S.		Wotton, Nicholas	127
Shaughsware, Hodges	143	Wynne, Sir Watkin Williams	167
Shovell, Sir Cloudefley	176		

For that Divers of	=====	=====	213
Here under rests	=====	=====	170
Here in a Tempest	=====	=====	234
Near to this Place	=====	=====	237



MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM